

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

BY

MONS. MICHELET.

PRIESTS, WOMEN, AND FAMILIES.

THE PEOPLE.

THE LIFE OF LUTHER.

JESUITS AND JESUITISM,

INCLUDING

MONS. QUINET'S LECTURES.

LONDON:
WHITTAKER AND CO., AVE MARIA LANE.

PRIESTS,

WOMEN, AND FAMILIES.

BY

M. J. MICHELET,

AUTHOR OF THE "HISTORY OF FRANCE," &c.

TRANSLATED BY

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LONDON:
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CONTENTS.

PART THE FIRST.

ON DIRECTION IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

PART THE SECOND.

ON DIRECTION IN GENERAL, AND ESPECIALLY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

PART THE THIRD

FAMILIES.

PRIESTS, WOMEN, AND FAMILIES.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

This edition has been carefully revised by the author. After the most diligent scrutiny he has been able to discover only one questionable fact, and this he has expunged.

He has also verified the greater number of the quotations he had made, by reference to the originals—to St. François de Sales, Bossuet, &c.; and has not found a single one incorrectly given. Besides, as he has generally inserted the date, (especially when quoting the letters), as well as specified the page, the original may easily be examined in any edition.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

This book has produced an effect on my opponents I could never have anticipated. It has driven them beyond all bounds, and made them forget, not only their own self respect, but that respect for God's own temple which they ought to be the first to impress upon us. From the pulpit, and before their congregations, they preach against an individual of their own day, name him by his name, and hold up both book and author to the hatred of those who cannot read, and who never will read the book. The heads of the clergy must have been keenly sensible of the blow to have launched these furious preachers against me.

Apparently, I have gone too straight to the mark. Woman is their sensitive point. The spiritual direction and government of women is the vital part of ecclesiastical power; to be defended unto the death. Strike anywhere else, if you like, but not here. Attack doctrines, and no harm is done. Your attack can be met with affected indignation *, or frigid declamation. But, if you take it into your head to touch this reserved point the matter grows serious, and they lose themselves in their wrath.

'Tis a sorry spectacle to see pontiffs, elders of the people, gesticulating, foaming at the mouth, gnashing their teeth †. Turn your eyes from them, young people; epileptic convulsions are sometimes catching. Let us leave them, renounce their company, and resume our study without loss of time; "Art is long, life short."

I remember reading in the correspondence of San Carlo Borromeo that one of his friends, a grave personage, of high rank, having blamed some Jesuit for his predilection for confessing nuns, was made the object of a fierce and virulent attack. The Jesuit felt his strength; a fashionable preacher, in high favour at court, and still higher at the court of Rome, he felt that he was free to go any lengths, and so allowed himself full scope, and was violent and insolent at pleasure. Still, his grave censor remained unmoved. On this, he lost all command of himself, and descended to the lowest

* They will not be at the trouble. A young eclectic declares himself opposed to all revealed religions, and can hardly tolerate them provisionally; but he, at the same time, commences an attack on an opponent of the clergy's—forthwith, he is welcomed and caressed.

† These expressions will not appear exaggerated to such as have read the furious libel of the bishop of Chartres, so furious that a public print has expressed its surprise at my not having brought an action for defamation.—But this silly violence is less culpable than the insinuations they gently whisper in their books, newspapers, and in society, &c. At one time, they lay to my charge all that may have been done by other Michelets, to whom I am not even related (for instance, Michelet of Langued c, a poet and soldier during the Restoration); at another, they pretend, notwithstanding the contradiction in my preface, that the present work formed the course of Lectures delivered by me in 1844. Next, a petition is trumped up and forwarded from Marseilles, praying that I be dismissed my Professor's chair.—However, so far from wishing to impose silence on my adversaries, I have asserted their right to the same freedom of teaching which I claim for myself:—

"I see among you," were my words in my Lecture of February 27th, 1845, "most of those who have aided us in maintaining freedom of speech for this chair; and we shall respect this same freedom in our adversaries. This is not an act of chivalry, but of the merest duty. It is, too, essential to the cause of truth, that no objections should be suppressed, but free expression given to all arguments on both sides. Rely on truth's enduring and conquering. We pass away, truth endures and triumphs; but as long as her opponents have a word left unsaid, her triumph must be sullied with a doubt."

abuse. The other, calm and collected, made him no reply, but let him declaim, threaten, and flourish his arms about without interruption: all that he did was to keep his eyes fixed on his feet. "Why did you look so at his feet?" inquired a witness of the scene, when the Jesuit was gone.—"Because," was the reply, "I expected every moment to see the cloven hoof; this madman might well be taken for the tempter under the guise of a Jesuit."

A prelate sheds tears by anticipation over the fate of the priests whom I doom to martyrdom.

Alas! this martyrdom is that which they are all claiming for themselves, either aloud or in a whisper—namely, marriage.

Not to dwell on the only too well-known disadvantages of the priest's actual state, it seems to me that if he is to be the family adviser, it would be well for him to be able to speak out of the fulness of his own knowledge; that as a married man, (or, still better, a widower,) ripened by age and by experience, having known love and the feelings it brings in its train, and enlightened by domestic affections on those mysteries of moral life which must be felt to be known, he would come to his task with at once a finer feeling and a surer judgment.

True it is, that the champions of the clergy have lately drawn such a picture of marriage, as may, perhaps, be likely to deter many from entering the state. They have improved upon the most formidable of the allegations brought by our novelists and modern socialists against the *legal tie*; and, according to which, marriage, imprudently sought by lovers as the confirmation of love, is nothing but warfare, and people marry only to fight. To degrade the virtue of the sacrament lower than this is impossible.

The sacrament of marriage, according to these doctors, is of no earthly use, except a third party stand ever between those whom it has united, rather, between the combatants, to separate them.

It has been generally supposed, that marriage required only two persons. Not so, now-a-days. The new system, according to their own showing, is as follows:—Marriage consists of three elements; 1st, *Man*, the strong, the violent; 2nd, *Woman*, the being weak by nature; 3rd, *the Priest*, born man and strong, but who chooses to make himself weak, to grow like unto woman, and who, in virtue of his affinity to both, can interfere between them.

To interfere, to place oneself between those who ought to constitute only one! . . . This is effecting a singular change in the idea that has been formed of marriage, ever since the beginning of the world.

But this is not all. They acknowledge that they do not mean an impartial interference which would favour either party alternately. No; 'tis the wife only they address; 'tis she whom they take upon themselves to protect against her natural protector. They offer *to unite with her in reforming* the husband.

If it were a recognized fact, that marriage, instead of being unity in two persons, were the union of one of the two with a stranger, it would grow into disuse. Two against one would be too unequal a match; and few would be brave enough to dare the hazard. The only marriages contracted would be marriages for money, already far too numerous. Men in difficulties would go on marrying; as, for instance, the mercantile man, driven by a pitiless creditor to the alternative of marriage or a prison.

To reform oneself—to re-make oneself, to re-cast oneself, to change one's nature! A great and a difficult matter. But the change would have no merit except it were a free act, and not brought about by a kind of domestic persecution, of fire-side war.

Above all, we ought to know whether *reformation* means *improvement*; whether the act of reforming oneself means the act of mounting, of rising in the moral scale, of becoming better and wiser. If so, if to rise, well and good: but, suppose it be to sink

And, in the first place, the wisdom proposed as our object does not mean knowledge. "What is the use of knowledge and literature? They are mere luxuries; vain and dangerous trappings of the mind, but alien from the soul." . . . We will let this pass; we will not dispute this empty distinction which would distinguish between mind and soul, as if ignorance were innocence, and as if a poor insipid, idiotic, literature could enrich one with the gifts of the soul and the heart.

But this said thing, the heart, where is it? Let them give us a glimpse of it. How happens it that they who undertake to develop the heart in others, manage to show no signs of it themselves? . . . When the living fount of the heart is really within, there is no hiding it, for its springs will gush forth. Dam them up here; they will overflow close by. Try to choke the springs of the Rhone, or of the Rhine; you would find it an easier task than sealing up the fount of the heart.

Idle images, and out of place here, I acknowledge. Into what an *Arabia Deserta* must I now plunge, with such a subject before me!

We are in a church! 'Tis crowded, filled with human beings, who, after long wanderings, have entered athirst, in the hope of finding some relief. There they wait, open-mouthed—will but one poor drop of dew fall to refresh their parched tongues?

No; the preacher mounts the pulpit; a decent, respectable, dry personage, who never moves you, but contents himself with proving. You have a grand show of reasoning, high pretensions to logic, premises laid down with infinite solemnity . . . and then trenchant conclusions, but never the middle term of the argument. "These things require no proof." . . . Why, then, wretched reasoner, raise such a clamour about proofs?

Don't prove, then; love—and we will forgive you all the rest. Speak one word from the heart to support this longing crowd. . . . Those heads, mark me, fair or dark, clustered round the pulpit, are not blocks of stone, but so many living souls. . . Those, yonder, are the young; they are the future, and, to-morrow, will be the world; happy are they, elastic and buoyant in spirit, all fresh and whole from their Maker's hand, untamed by the lessons of life, and bounding along the precipice's edge without a thought of danger. What! and cannot youth move you,—youth, with its uncertain future, its probable perils, its hopes ever full of anxious fears; can nothing awaken paternal feelings within you?

There, where your eye falls on a dazzling group,

on those women, and flowers, and gay and graceful array that gladdens the sight, there, in the midst of all that brilliancy, is much of suffering. . . . One word, I pray you, for them. . . . You know they are your daughters; the dear ones who every evening unreservedly throw themselves weeping and in frank confession at your feet. On you they rely; they have no secrets from you. You know their every wound. Give them, then, one word of comfort. You can find no difficulty in so doing. What man, on seeing a woman's heart bleeding in his hand, but would feel the words that heal gushing from his own! . . . In default of words, the dumb would give that which outweighs all words—tears!

What must we think of those who can offer no other remedy to this crowd of sick, suffering, confiding beings, than academic lore, showy commonplaces, antiquated paradoxes, Bonapartism, socialism, and heaven knows what besides!

The fact, there is no denying, betrays great aridity, great want of heart.

Ah! dry and hard ye are; this I felt sensibly the other day (in December last), on reading a public notice of the archbishop's, which stared at me from the walls. It related to an unhappy being who had committed suicide in the church of St Gervais. Had he been driven to the rash act by want, or ungovernable passion, or by madness; or, at this gloomy season, by spleen, by prostration of the moral powers? Nothing had transpired to throw light upon the cause: there were the body, and the blood on the pavement, for all explanation. By what accumulated griefs, disappointments, agonies, had he been impelled to do this violence to nature? Through how many circles of moral hell had he sunk before sounding the bottom of the abyss? This none could tell; still, no human being with a grain of imagination in his heart, but discerns, within the silent shadows which thicken round such an end, a something that calls for tears and prayer.

That man, however, is not M. Affre. Read the notice, and see. It gives compassion to the defiled church, pity to the sullied flagstone—to the deceased, anathema. Yet, Christian or not, guilty or not, was he not still a man, my lord? Could you not, whilst condemning the suicide, let fall a word of pity by the way? . . . No, not one human sentiment; not a word for that poor soul which, over and above its own misery (a fearful misery, since, apparently, it was insupportable), is gone, all alone and accursed, to try the great adventure of the life to come and of the Judgment. . . . Ah! may the misery he endured, and this very severity * which pursues him after death, be counted unto him for something!

A similar impression had been produced upon me some time before, by another and a very different circumstance.

I had called, on business, on the venerable sister * * *. She was from home. Two persons were sitting in the little parlour, waiting for her return, —a lady, and a priest advanced in years. The lady had apparently come on some charitable errand; the priest, as being one of the masters and lords of every pious foundation, seemed quite at home; and, to while away the time, was writing his letters at sister * * * 's desk. As he concluded each letter, he would pause for a moment, and give his ear to the lady. The latter, a gentle-looking being, on whom the cares of life had left their traces, would not, perhaps, have attracted any particular attention, but for the peculiar air of goodness she wore, and the interest she awakened by some absorbing passion or grief, which evidently occupied her whole soul. . . . I heard, without listening . . . she had lost her son. . . .

An only son, full of heart, enthusiasm, and of courage; an heroic child, who, on quitting the Polytechnic school, turned his back on all—on wealth and the enjoyments of wealth; on pleasure, ease, and on a mother like herself! . . . and, without looking to the right or to the left, hurried to Marseilles, to Algiers, to the enemy, to death! . . .

The poor woman, engrossed by one idea, seized an opportunity, as she could, to put in a word; she felt the want of speaking, of appealing to the sympathies. It was a highly touching and natural, and by no means melodramatic scene—whispered complaints and sighs, but no tears; and the more affecting from the self-restraint imposed.

She plainly lost her words; the priest's mind was elsewhere. He could not help listening, and making an occasional reply (the lady was wealthy, and her carriage at the door); but he extricated himself by the cut and dried formulæ, "Yes, madam; Providence tries us. . . . We are chastised for our own good. . . . Such things seem hard. . . ." Not discouraged by these cold and unmeaning phrases, the lady drew her chair nearer to him, thinking to make him hear better. . . . "Ah! sir, how find words to tell you? . . . Ah! how make you comprehend so terrible a blow? . . ." She would have drawn tears from a corpse.

Have you ever seen the harrowing spectacle of the poor hound, which, having received, through accident, the contents of his master's gun, drags himself to him and licks his hands, as if beseeching his help? . . . The comparison will seem a strange one to those who have not witnessed the circumstance; yet, at that moment, the image rose up before me. . . . This woman, wounded unto death, yet so gentle in the midst of her sufferings, seemed to drag herself to the feet of the priest, and to implore for pity.

I looked at the priest, a vulgar, hard man, like so many of his brethren, and neither bad nor good. There was nothing to lead one to suppose him iron-hearted; he was simply a block of wood. It was clear that not a word which had reached his ear, had entered. One sense was wanting to him. Why tease a blind man, by speaking to him of colour? He will answer at random, and may sometimes make almost a lucky guess; but to what end? He cannot rise to any distinct perception.

Do not suppose that the workings of the heart are more easily guessed at. A man without wife or child may study for ten thousand years, both in books and in the world, the mysteries of family life, and yet will know nothing of them when he has done. Look at these said priests: they do not

* This severity has been conspicuous in the archbishop's conduct in regard to the ecclesiastical publishers of Paris, who print for the whole of France. M. Affre's predecessors refrained from enforcing against these ancient and pious firms the strict letter of the law, *strictum jus*, which seems to grant a monopoly to the bishops. They feared they might be suspected of coveting the enormous gains it would produce.

lack time, opportunity, or means for acquiring such knowledge: they pass their lives with women who tell them more than they do their husbands; they know, and yet do not know; whilst let into all of woman, her acts and thoughts, they remain ignorant of what is best within her, of her inmost self, of her life of lives. They can hardly comprehend her as mistress (whether of God or man), still less as bride, not at all as mother. There is nothing more painful than to see the sorry figure they make when flattering a mother, by awkward attempts at nursing her child. They look like so many fawning courtiers attached to the baby, instead of any thing fatherly.

What I most pity in a man condemned to celibacy is not only the privation he has to undergo of the heart's sweetest joys, but that innumerable objects, both in the natural and moral world, are and must remain a sealed book to him. Many have fancied that by so isolating themselves they gave up their whole life to knowledge; when the truth is, the depths of knowledge never can be sounded in a dry and truncated existence. Their knowledge may be various, and, superficially, immense; but it is all on the surface, and never sinks within. Celibacy stimulates to restless activity in researches, in intrigues, and in worldly matters, to a sort of hunter's stern eagerness of chase, to the sharp, sour, disputatious subtilty of the schoolman; at least, such is the effect it produced at its best epoch. If it sharpens the senses and renders them weak against temptation, it does not soften the heart *. Our terrorists of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were monks †. The monastic prisons were ever the most cruel ‡. A systematically negative life, a life of death, develops in man instincts hostile to life; he who is himself made to suffer, readily inflicts suffering on others. The harmonious and productive qualities of our nature, which are connected on the one hand with goodness, on the other, with genius and the highest order of invention, can seldom withstand this partial suicide.

There are two classes of persons, who necessarily contract much insensibility—surgeons and priests. The constant sight of suffering and of death is gradually destructive to the sympathetic faculties. There is this difference, however, between the two, that the insensibility of the surgeon is not without its usefulness: he would operate with a trembling hand were his heart to be touched: whilst the business of the priest, on the contrary, requires his feelings to be aroused, since sympathy would, in many cases, be the most efficacious remedy for the troubles of the soul. And, independently of what we have just remarked as to the natural desiccation produced by this sterile life, we must further bear in mind that the priest, who stands in our days opposed to the spirit of the age, and condemns all progress, is less than ever inclined to pity such sinners, such rebellious natures. The physician who dislikes his patient, is the least fit to cure him.

It is sad to think of, that these men, of small sympathies, and additionally embittered by opposition, should happen to have in their power the sweetest half of human kind,—the one which has preserved the most heart, which has remained closest to nature, which, in the general corruption of manners, has been the least corrupted by interest and the envious passions.

In other words, they who love the least rule those who love the most.

To know the use they make of this sovereignty over women, we must not stop at their wheedling and insinuating ways with the great and fashionable, but inquire into their conduct towards those poor women whom they need not "stand mammering on" with, especially towards those who, imprisoned in their nunneries, are at the mercy of their ecclesiastical superiors, whom they hold under their key, undertaking to be their sole protectors.

We are not too sure about this protection. We gave credence to it for a long time, and were simple enough to say to ourselves, that the law had no share in this realm of grace. . . . And, lo! from these peaceful asylums, these little paradises, we hear sobs and wailings. . . .

I am not alluding to convents turned into houses of correction, nor to the affairs of Sens, Avignon, Poitiers, nor to suicides committed, alas! much nearer home.

No; I am alluding solely to the most honourable houses, the most holy nuns. What sort of a protection is it that they receive from the spiritual power.

As regards the soul, first of all, the conscience, that first of goods, to which they sacrifice all the goods of the world. . . . . Is it true that the *Sœurs d'Hôpital*, who passed for Jansenists, were not long since persecuted in order to force them to denounce the secret directors, whom they were supposed to have, and that it was only the threatening interference of a magistrate, a celebrated orator, and eminent Gallican, that procured them a respite?

And as regards the body, as regards that personal liberty which becomes the slave's the instant he touches the sacred soil of France, does the spiritual power secure it to the nuns? Is it true that a Carmelite nun, in a convent sixty leagues from Paris was kept *in chains* there for several months, and afterwards *confined for nine years in a madhouse?*

Is it true that a Benedictine nun has been immured in a kind of *in pace* *, then in an apartment amongst mad women, amidst the fearful cries, the howls, the impure exclamations of the dissolute, who, from excess to excess, have been hurried on to madness †?

* The heart may be insensible, whilst the senses are very inflammable. Let no one object to me that this statement is in contradiction to the dangers I point out in the present work; it is only an apparent one.

† See, above all, as regards the fifteenth century, my History of France (b. viii. vol. ii., in Whittaker's "Popular Library").

‡ Mabillon; *De l'Emprisonnement Monastique*, Œuvres Posthumes, ii. 327.

* (The *In Pace*,—the last words addressed to the poor nun or monk, before being walled up for ever:—"Sinful brother, or sister, go *in peace!*") TRANSLATOR.

† It may be that I should not have alluded to these circumstances, had they not already been made known by the papers and reviews. However, many magistrates have already signified their opinion as regards various similar occurrences in the same neighbourhood. An attorney general writes to the sub-prefect:—"I have come to the same conclusion *as you*, that sister * * * *was perfectly sane*. Longer confinement would only, perhaps, *have served to drive her*

This unhappy being, whose sole crime is her intellectuality, her love of writing, of painting flowers, was for many years both the manager and instructress of her house; she taught most of her sisters to read.* What is it that she now asks—the punishment of her enemies? No; the comfort of confession, of communicating—the food, in fact, of her advanced years.

"But the bishop knew nothing of all this?" . . . The bishop knew all, "and was much moved," . . . and he did nothing. . . . The chaplain to the house knew that a nun was about to be put *in pace*. "He sighed," and did nothing. . . . The vicar-general did not sigh, but sided against the nun. His ultimatum was that she should be left to die of hunger, or return to her dungeon.

Who showed himself the true bishop in this business? The magistrate. . . . Who showed himself the priest? The barrister, a studious young man, who had left the bar for the pursuits of science, but who, perceiving the unhappy woman to be totally unfriended, and that no one dared undertake her defence, or publish in her behalf, (deterred by this silly terrorism,) took the matter in hand, spoke, acted, wrote, travelled in the depth of winter, followed up all necessary proceedings, and made every sacrifice both of money and of time. . . . Six months of his life. . . . May God reward him for it!

Who is the good Samaritan here? Who has shown himself the neighbour of the distressed? who has set upon his legs the victim left senseless on the highway, whilst the Pharisees passed to the other side? . . Who is the true priest, the father?

A witty writer of the day calls all those magistrates who interfered in church-matters, *my fathers*. He speaks ironically. However, they deserve the name*. By whom is it given to them? By the afflicted, who are members of Christ, and who, as such, are, in my opinion, the Church as well. . . . Yes; they are called *fathers*, on account of their fatherly sense of justice.

Too long has their praiseworthy interference been met at the threshold of nunneries, by these crafty words:—"What are you about to do? . . . Would you force your way in here to disturb the peace of these pious asylums, to scare these fearful virgins? . . . Nay; it is they who are calling out "Help, Help;" we hear them as we stand here.

Laymen, all of us, whosoever and whatsoever we may be,—magistrates, statesmen, writers, solitary thinkers, we ought, from this day forward, to take in hand the cause of woman, in a very different manner from what we have hitherto done.

We cannot leave them in the hard, unfeeling, and, moreover, in more than one particular, unsafe hands in which they are now placed.

There can be no greater incentive, or one more worthy of banding us together as one man. Let us come to an understanding hereupon, I beseech you. This is the one thing holy, above all. Let us agree to *the truce of God;* we can afterwards renew our disputes at leisure.

And, first of all, let us frankly confess to ourselves. When the ailment is once confessed and known, the probability of cure is the nearer. Whom are we to accuse, in the present juncture of affairs?

Not the Jesuits, who are prosecuting their trade of Jesuits. Not the priests; who are dangerous, restless, violent, only because they are unhappy.

No; it is we ourselves whom we ought to accuse.

If the dead revisit the open day, if those Gothic spirits haunt our streets under the noontide blaze, it is because the living have suffered the spirit of life to grow faint within them. Deposited by history by the side of the dead of antiquity, duly buried and blessed, and all funereal rites observed, how comes it that they reappear? . . . The sight of them alone is a great sign, a grave warning.

And this has been permitted, ye men of the present day, to call you back to yourselves and remind you of what you ought to be.—Were the future that is in you to shine forth in full light, who would then revert his eyes to the shades and night that are evanishing?

It is for you to discover the future, for you to make it. The future is not a thing already made, which you are to look to receive some fine morning. If the future is already within you, as a germ transmitted from the furthest past, let it also be within you as a desire for progress, a wish for improvement, a paternal vow for the happiness of those that are to come after you. Love by anticipation the unknown son which is called the future, work for it, and it will be born.

That day on which ye shall feel within you the future man, the man of magnanimous will, the family bond is restored. Woman will follow you everywhere, when once she can say to herself—"I am the wife of the strong man."

The strength of the modern world is manifested in the powerful liberty with which you go on disentangling reality from forms, the spirit from the dead letter.* . . . Why not reveal to your com-

out of her senses, &c." Letter from the Attorney-General, M. Sorbier, referred to in the *Mémoire de M. Tillard* on behalf of the sister Marie Lemonnier, p. 65.

* And they have long deserved it. The history would be a long and a glorious one to write. It is enough to recall to the reader's mind, that in 1629, a decree was passed, at the instigation of the attorney-general, prohibiting monks from inflicting perpetual imprisonment, the *In pace*, &c. Nevertheless, these cruelties went on; and, towards the close of the century, the good and learned Mabillon composed (for himself alone, apparently for the comfort of his heart) the little treatise entitled *De l'Emprisonnement Monastique*, which was not published until after his death. He states therein that as early as 1350 the parliament (that of Toulouse, noted for its severity) was obliged to restrain the cruelty of the monks:—"The king was horror-struck by this inhumanity, and ordained that the superiors should visit these poor beings (*the prisoners*) twice a month, and should allow them to be visited by what other monks they might require twice likewise (that is, he secured their being visited at least once a week). He expedited letters-patent to this effect; and, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of the mendicant orders to procure the repeal of the ordinance, they were compelled to observe it—*His Majesty and his council conceiving it barbarous to deprive of all consolation poor wretches overwhelmed with griefs and suffering*. Registres du Parlement du Languedoc, A.D. 1350. Strange, indeed, to find monks and priests, who ought to be models of mildness and compassion, obliged to learn from secular princes and magistrates the first principles of that humanity which should guide their conduct towards their brothers" Mabillon, *De l'Emprisonnement Monastique*, Œuvres Posthumes, ii. 323, 326.

* Whether as regards the highest sciences, or the minutest details of business.

panion for life that within you which is your breath of life? She passes days, years, by your side, without seeing or knowing you, in your real greatness. Were she to behold you walking forward free, strong, and fecund in the paths of action and of knowledge, she would not remain chained down to material idolatries, enslaved to the dry letter, but would elevate herself to a freer, purer faith, and you would be one in the faith. She would be the guardian of the common treasure of your religious life, for you to draw upon in your hour of weariness; and when the vital unity waxed weak within you, through the distraction of your labours, studies, and business, she would re-infuse into your thoughts and life, the true and only unity—God.

I will not attempt to crowd a volume * into a small preface, and so shall add but one more argument, but which will, at the same time, serve both fully to develop and to render more definite the idea I wish to impress.

Man should nourish woman. He ought to feed spiritually (and materially, if he can) her who nourishes him with her love, her milk, and her blood.

Our opponents give bad food to woman; we give her none.

Woman, in easy circumstances; woman, sweetly sheltered, apparently, in the bosom of her family; woman, the gay, the dazzling, the happy—at least, so esteemed to be—we leave without spiritual food.

Woman, poor, solitary, hard-working, and miserable, engrossed by the care of earning her daily bread, we leave without contributing to her material food.

All these women, who are or who will be mothers, we leave fasting (both in soul and body), and we are punished, therefore, especially by the rising generation, for our neglect to supply them with the props of life.

I am well pleased to believe that this does not proceed from want of good-will, generally, but from want of time and attention. We live in one continued hurry, hardly to be called life; and, chasing this or that petty object with the hunter's earnestness, neglect the great ones.

You, a man of energy and persevering labour, whether devoted to study or plunged in the active business of life, want time, you say, to make your wife the partner of your daily progress, and leave her to weariness, to frivolous conversations, to attending vain sermons, to silly books, so that, sinking below herself, becoming less than woman, less than infant, she will be unable to mould your son, and will enjoy neither a mother's influence nor authority. . . . Well! you will find time, as years go on, to labour in vain to remake that which cannot be remade, and to run after a son, who, from the day he enters school, and thence the University, and thence the world, is hardly cognizant of his family; and who, should he travel a little, and meet you on his return, will ask you your name. . . . The mother alone would have formed your son for you; but, to this end, you ought to have formed her as wife; you ought to have fortified her with your own sentiments and ideas, to have nourished her with your life.

If I look beyond the family-circle, and the domestic affections, I find that our neglect of woman amounts to hard-heartedness. And this neglect is attended by cruel results, which rebound on ourselves.

You conceive yourself a good and a feeling man; you are not insensible to the fate of the poor among the other sex: the old among them remind you of your mother, the young of your daughter. But you have not time to see or to know that, old or young, they are literally dying of hunger.

There are two machines incessantly at work for their extermination—the grand factory, the convent, which manufactures for little or nothing, not requiring to live out of its labour; and next, the large partnership concern, or wholesale house * (*magasin en commandite*) which buys of the convent, and is gradually breaking up the small shops that used to give employment to the workwoman. There are two chances left for the latter—the Seine, or to find at night some heartless profligate to take advantage of her hunger. . . .

Man receives almost as much from public charity as woman. This is unjust, for his resources are infinitely more numerous. He is the stronger. A greater variety of employments is open to him; and he has more facilities for making a beginning, for pushing his way; more power of moving from place to place in search of work. He can travel, enlist, emigrate. Without mentioning foreign countries where manual labour fetches high wages, I know provinces in our own country, where there is a scarcity of day-labourers and men-servants, and where, consequently, they are in great request.

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Ye moneyed men, if I must meet you on your own ground of money, I tell you that the moment we shall have an economical government, it will not hesitate at extending relief to the poor of the other sex, so as to enable them to support themselves, and to work †.

Not only do these sickly women crowd our hospitals, alternately entering and being discharged from them; but the offspring of these poor exhausted beings, supposing that they do not die in the *Enfants-Trouvés* (the Foundling), will resemble their mothers, and be the constant inmates of the hospitals. A sickly woman is a whole family of patients in perspective.

Philosophers, physiologists, economists, statesmen, we all know that the excellence of the race, the strength of the people, depends upon the lot of woman. She who carries the child for nine months, has much more to do with its formation than the father. Strong mothers make the strong.

We all are, and ever shall be, debtors to women. They are mothers; this is to sum up every thing in one word. One must be born in misery and in damnation, to stand haggling about the labour of those who constitute the whole joy of the present and the destiny of the future. What they make with their hands is a very secondary matter; it is our part to work. What do they make? They make us . . . and this is a superior work to ours. To be loved, to bring forth, then, to bring forth morally, to rear man (our barbarous age does not well understand this), is the whole and sole business of woman.

"Fons omnium viventium" (mother of all living). What can be added to this grand saying?

Whilst writing the above, I have had constantly present to my mind a woman, whose firm and thoughtful spirit would not have failed me in these struggles. I lost her thirty years ago (whilst a stripling), and, nevertheless, she accompanies me from stage to stage of my life, and still lives for me.

She bore my evil days, and did not live to profit by my prosperous ones. I gave her trouble when young, and now am not allowed to give her comfort. . . . . I do not even know where her bones lie; I was too poor at the time to buy a burial place.

And yet I owe her much. . . . Deeply do I feel myself the son of woman. Every moment, in my thoughts, my words, (not to speak of manners and features), I remind myself of my mother. The sympathy I feel towards past ages, my tender recollection of all those who are no more, is indeed the blood of woman.

What means have I of returning, I, who am myself advanced in years, my numberless obligations to her? Only one, but for which she would have thanked me—this protest on behalf of women and of mothers.

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THE happiness of family life is at stake—

Of that asylum in which we would all fain rest our hearts, after so many vain efforts and vanished illusions. We come wearied home. . . . . Do we find rest there?

We must not dissemble the truth, but frankly own to ourselves the real state of things. A serious disagreement, the most serious of all disagreements, is destroying the peace of families.

We can address our mothers, wives, or daughters, on general subjects such as we talk of to strangers, on the affairs or news of the day, but must not speak to them of those matters which concern the heart and the moral conduct of life, of things eternal, of religion, of the soul, of God.

Take the moment when you would most love to start and enjoy a sentiment in common with those who are dearest to you, as you rest your-

self of an evening, or at the supper-table ; and dare to hazard a word on these things, there, seated as you are, by your own fireside. Your mother sadly shakes her head ; your wife contradicts you ; your daughter, though she refrains from speaking, clearly disapproves. . . . They are on one side of the table; you on the other, and alone.

One would fancy that in the midst of them, and right opposite to you, there sits an invisible man, contradicting every word you say.

And wherefore should we be surprised at this state of things in families? Our wives and our daughters are brought up and governed *by our enemies.*

It pains me to pronounce this word, and that for many reasons (I will state them at the end of the volume) ; but I have not devoted my whole life to the inquiry after truth, to sacrifice it now to my personal feelings.

By *the enemies*, I say, *of modern mind*, the enemies of liberty and of the promise of the future. It is no use quoting this preacher or that democratic sermon ; one voice to plead for liberty, when there are fifty thousand denouncing it. . . . Whom can they look to deceive by so gross a manœuvre?

By *our enemies*, I repeat, in a directer sense, inasmuch as they are the natural enviers of marriage and of family life ; though this, I am well aware, is more their misfortune than their fault. An old, dead system, which works mechanically, can only seek to produce the dead ; still, life claims her share in them, and they can only comfort themselves for their agony in being deprived of domestic happiness by troubling ours.

The destruction of the system will be the apparent strength which it has recently derived from its unity, and the mad confidence with which this has inspired it.

What, moral unity? a real association of souls? By no means. In a dead body, every element, if left to itself, would gladly disperse ; but that does not hinder from putting a dead body into an iron frame-work, so as to hold it more firmly than a living body, making it into a compact mass, and launching it forth.

The spirit of death—let us call it by its true name, Jesuitism,—formerly neutralized by the diverse life of orders, fraternities, and religious parties, is the common spirit which is now being infused into the clergy by a special education, as the superior clergy make no scruple of confessing. A bishop has said, "We are all Jesuits, all of us." None have given him the lie.

The majority, however, are less frank. Jesuitism works powerfully through the agency of those who are supposed to be strangers to it—through the Sulpicians, who educate the clergy ; through the Ignorantins, who educate the people; through the Lazarists, the directors of six thousand Sisters of Charity, and who are connected with the hospitals, the schools, and various charities, &c.

So many establishments, so much money, so many pulpits to speak aloud in, so many confessionals to whisper in, the education of two hundred thousand boys *, of six hundred thousand girls, the direction of many millions of women—a grand machine, indeed ! The unity which it now presents might, seemingly, warrant the state in taking the alarm ; but so far from it, the state, whilst prohibiting laymen from association, has encouraged it amongst the clergy, and has allowed them to take the initiative amongst the humbler classes in the most dangerous form, by instituting societies of workmen, companies of apprentices, associations of servants,—which are to render an account to the priests, &c.

Unity of action, monopoly of association : here, beyond a doubt, are two great levers.

Well ; with all this, strange to say, the clergy are weak : and this will be made apparent the instant they shall no longer be supported by the state. In fact, it is becoming evident already.

Armed with these arms, and with the weapon of an active press besides, which they have recently acquired, and tampering underhand with fashionable circles, with the papers, and the Chambers, yet they have not advanced one step.

Wherefore do you not advance? . . . . If you will stop your cries and gesticulations for one moment, I will tell you. You are many, and you are dangerous ; you are strong in a thousand material means—in money, credit, intrigue, in all worldly weapons. . . . . You are weak only in God!

Do not burst forth at this. Let us reason rather; let us endeavour, if you are men, to make out together what religion really is. Ghostly men as you are, you apparently suppose it to consist in material things, in holy water and incense. God ought to be in your eyes, as in ours, the God of the spirit, of truth, of charity.

The God of the true has revealed himself these two last centuries, more than he did in the ten preceding ages. By whom has this revelation been accomplished? Not by you, but by those whom you style laymen, and who have been the priests of the soul. You cannot claim as yours one of the great discoveries, of the enduring works, which have been reared on the road to knowledge.

The God of Charity, of equity, of humanity, has allowed us to substitute a human for the cruel law of the middle age. You keep up its barbarism *. This exclusive law only suppressed contradiction by killing the contradictor. Ours admits of differences, and evolves harmony out of the different tones ; it does not seek the death of our enemy, but to convert him into a friend and give him life. . . . "Save the conquered †," was the cry of Henry IV., after the battle of Ivry. "Kill all," said Pope Pius V., to the soldiers he despatched into France previous to the massacre of St. Bartholomew ‡.

* There is not a single word in the present work on the strange question that has been raised, to wit,—whether those who have the daughters should have the sons as well, whether they are to go on increasing their monstrous monopoly, whether France should confide her children to the subjects of a foreign prince—I rely upon the good sense of the Chambers.

* Numerous proofs are given further on.

† Not only Frenchmen but Swiss. *Discours Véritable*, published in 1590 (Mem. de la Ligue, iv. 246).

‡ In 1569. He complained, says the panegyrist, of his general, "Che non avesse il commandamento di lui osservato d'ammazzar subito qualunque heretico gli fosse venuto alle mani" (Who did not observe his *command* to KNOCK

Your principle is the old exclusive and homicidal principle, which kills that which contradicts it. You speak much of charity; and charity is not difficult when one takes care, as you do, to except one's enemies from its benefits.

Why do you not recognize the God who has appeared in our days in the light of the sciences, in the amelioration of manners, in the equity of the laws?

The reason is, that you are weak in this respect, that in this respect you are impious. Amongst all you have, you want one thing—religion.

What constitutes the gravity of this age, nay, I presume to say, its sanctity, is the conscientious labour which continues without intermission to forward the common work of mankind, and which facilitates, at its own expense, the labour of the future. Our ancestors have dreamed much, disputed much. We are labourers; and hence, our furrow has been blessed. That soil which the middle age left us all full of brambles, has, by our efforts, produced so powerful a harvest, that it already covers, and will soon conceal the old, inert land-mark that thought to stop the plough.

And it is because we are labourers, because we return home tired every evening, that we, more than others, feel the want of a resting-place for the heart. We want to have this home really our home, this table ours, and not to find, instead of rest, the old dispute which is now over both in knowledge and in the world; not to have our wife or our child repeat, whilst lying beside us, the words and lessoning of another man.

Women readily follow the strong. How comes it, then, that they have followed the weak?

AT ONCE ON THE HEAD *whatever heretic* might fall into his hands.) Catena, *Vita di Pio V.* p. 85, (ed. Rome), and p. 55. (ed. Mantua).

There must be some art which lends strength to the weak; and it is this darksome art, which is that of surprising, fascinating, lulling, and annihilating the wills which I have tracked throughout this volume. Its theory was known in the seventeenth century, its practice is kept up in our own.

Usurpation does not constitute right. For all their stealthy usurpation, the usurpers are neither the stronger nor the better. Heart alone, and reason, give the strong a right over the weak, not to weaken the weak, but to render them stronger.

Modern man, the man of the future, will not yield woman up to the man of the past. The *direction* usurped by the latter, is, as we shall see, a marriage, and a more powerful one than marriage itself—a spiritual marriage. . . . But who has the spirit, has everything.

Bethink ye, young man; to marry her whose soul is another's is to marry divorce.

Things cannot go on thus. Marriage must once again become marriage; the husband must make his wife his companion in his train of ideas and progressive path onwards, more intimately than he has hitherto done; must bear her up if she grow weary, and help her to keep pace with him. Man is not innocent of what he is now suffering, and has himself to accuse for it. In this age of ardent competition and impetuous research, in his impatience to make further progress daily towards the future, he has left his wife behind. He has hurried forward, and she has receded back. . . . This must happen no more. Come, link arms once again. Do you not hear your child crying? . . . You were seeking the past and the future by two different roads; but they are here. You will find both together by your child's cradle.

January 10th, 1845.

DIVISION OF THE WORK.

THE course of Lectures delivered by me in 1844, will soon be published, under the title of *Rome and France*.

I could not treat in them of the subject of the present volume, as being of too delicate a character; but only alluded to it in two or three.

It presented a serious difficulty; namely, how to speak in becoming terms, of a matter which our adversaries have handled with incredible freedom. *Omnia munda mundis* (To the clean, all things are clean), I know well. However, I have often preferred to allow them to escape, when I had them in my grasp, to following them into the mire.

FIRST PART. *On Direction in the Seventeenth Century.*—I have selected my historical proofs from the purest and the best of my adversaries, not from those who afforded me the easiest handle. The seventeenth century was that which offered me written testimony; being the only one which has not shrunk from bringing out into full belief the theory of *direction*.

I could multiply instances *ad infinitum*. Nay, those who have read the account I give of Louis XI., in my History of France, are aware of the value I attach to minutiæ of detail. I quote little, but exactly; and with punctilious care to verify my quotations. The falsifiers whom I detect in the very act, at each step of my historical studies, are brazen-faced indeed, to talk of exactness. They may go on talking at their ease; they will never succeed in inducing me to parallel their names with those of writers whose good faith is beyond suspicion.

SECOND PART. *On Direction generally; and on Direction in the Nineteenth Century in particular.*—This second part has been the result of a serious inquiry into contemporaneous facts. I have seen, listened, questioned; have well weighed various testimonies, and compared them with numerous analogous facts with which I had long been acquainted. And I have submitted both these older facts, and the new ones gleaned in my recent inquiries, to the judgment of that inward jury which I bear within myself.

THIRD PART. *On Family Life.*—I have by no means aspired to a discussion of this vast subject; but simply to indicate the true meaning of marriage and of family life, and the means of restoring

panion for life that within you which is your breath of life? She passes days, years, by your side, without seeing or knowing you, in your real greatness. Were she to behold you walking forward free, strong, and fecund in the paths of action and of knowledge, she would not remain chained down to material idolatries, enslaved to the dry letter, but would elevate herself to a freer, purer faith, and you would be one in the faith. She would be the guardian of the common treasure of your religious life, for you to draw upon in your hour of weariness; and when the vital unity waxed weak within you, through the distraction of your labours, studies, and business, she would re-infuse into your thoughts and life, the true and only unity—God.

I will not attempt to crowd a volume * into a small preface, and so shall add but one more argument, but which will, at the same time, serve both fully to develop and to render more definite the idea I wish to impress.

Man should nourish woman. He ought to feed spiritually (and materially, if he can) her who nourishes him with her love, her milk, and her blood.

Our opponents give bad food to woman; we give her none.

Woman, in easy circumstances; woman, sweetly sheltered, apparently, in the bosom of her family; woman, the gay, the dazzling, the happy—at least, so esteemed to be—we leave without spiritual food.

Woman, poor, solitary, hard-working, and miserable, engrossed by the care of earning her daily bread, we leave without contributing to her material food.

All these women, who are or who will be mothers, we leave fasting (both in soul and body), and we are punished, therefore, especially by the rising generation, for our neglect to supply them with the props of life.

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Of that asylum in which we would all fain rest our hearts, after so many vain efforts and vanished illusions. We come wearied home. . . . . Do we find rest there?

We must not dissemble the truth, but frankly own to ourselves the real state of things. A serious disagreement, the most serious of all disagreements, is destroying the peace of families.

We can address our mothers, wives, or daughters, on general subjects such as we talk of to strangers, on the affairs or news of the day, but must not speak to them of those matters which concern the heart and the moral conduct of life, of things eternal, of religion, of the soul, of God.

Take the moment when you would most love to start and enjoy a sentiment in common with those who are dearest to you, as you rest your-

self of an evening, or at the supper-table; and dare to hazard a word on these things, there, seated as you are, by your own fireside. Your mother sadly shakes her head; your wife contradicts you; your daughter, though she refrains from speaking, clearly disapproves.... They are on one side of the table; you on the other, and alone.

One would fancy that in the midst of them, and right opposite to you, there sits an invisible man, contradicting every word you say.

And wherefore should we be surprised at this state of things in families? Our wives and our daughters are brought up and governed *by our enemies*.

It pains me to pronounce this word, and that for many reasons (I will state them at the end of the volume); but I have not devoted my whole life to the inquiry after truth, to sacrifice it now to my personal feelings.

By *the enemies*, I say, *of modern mind*, the enemies of liberty and of the promise of the future. It is no use quoting this preacher or that democratic sermon; one voice to plead for liberty, when there are fifty thousand denouncing it. . . . Whom can they look to deceive by so gross a manœuvre?

By *our enemies*, I repeat, in a directer sense, inasmuch as they are the natural enviers of marriage and of family life; though this, I am well aware, is more their misfortune than their fault. An old, dead system, which works mechanically, can only seek to produce the dead; still, life claims her share in them, and they can only comfort themselves for their agony in being deprived of domestic happiness by troubling ours.

The destruction of the system will be the apparent strength which it has recently derived from its unity, and the mad confidence with which this has inspired it.

What, moral unity? a real association of souls? By no means. In a dead body, every element, if left to itself, would gladly disperse; but that does not hinder from putting a dead body into an iron frame-work, so as to hold it more firmly than a living body, making it into a compact mass, and launching it forth.

The spirit of death—let us call it by its true name, Jesuitism,—formerly neutralized by the diverse life of orders, fraternities, and religious parties, is the common spirit which is now being infused into the clergy by a special education, as the superior clergy make no scruple of confessing. A bishop has said, "We are all Jesuits, all of us." None have given him the lie.

The majority, however, are less frank. Jesuitism works powerfully through the agency of those who are supposed to be strangers to it—through the Sulpicians, who educate the clergy; through the Ignorantins, who educate the people; through the Lazarists, the directors of six thousand Sisters of Charity, and who are connected with the hospitals, the schools, and various charities, &c.

So many establishments, so much money, so many pulpits to speak aloud in, so many confessionals to whisper in, the education of two hundred thousand boys*, of six hundred thousand girls, the direction of many millions of women—a grand machine, indeed! The unity which it now presents might, seemingly, warrant the state in taking the alarm; but so far from it, the state, whilst prohibiting laymen from association, has encouraged it amongst the clergy, and has allowed them to take the initiative amongst the humbler classes in the most dangerous form, by instituting societies of workmen, companies of apprentices, associations of servants,—which are to render an account to the priests, &c.

Unity of action, monopoly of association: here, beyond a doubt, are two great levers.

Well; with all this, strange to say, the clergy are weak: and this will be made apparent the instant they shall no longer be supported by the state. In fact, it is becoming evident already.

Armed with these arms, and with the weapon of an active press besides, which they have recently acquired, and tampering underhand with fashionable circles, with the papers, and the Chambers, yet they have not advanced one step.

Wherefore do you not advance? . . . . If you will stop your cries and gesticulations for one moment, I will tell you. You are many, and you are dangerous; you are strong in a thousand material means—in money, credit, intrigue, in all worldly weapons. . . . . You are weak only in God!

Do not burst forth at this. Let us reason rather; let us endeavour, if you are men, to make out together what religion really is. Ghostly men as you are, you apparently suppose it to consist in material things, in holy water and incense. God ought to be in your eyes, as in ours, the God of the spirit, of truth, of charity.

The God of the true has revealed himself these two last centuries, more than he did in the ten preceding ages. By whom has this revelation been accomplished? Not by you, but by those whom you style laymen, and who have been the priests of the soul. You cannot claim as yours one of the great discoveries, of the enduring works, which have been reared on the road to knowledge.

The God of Charity, of equity, of humanity, has allowed us to substitute a human for the cruel law of the middle age. You keep up its barbarism*. This exclusive law only suppressed contradiction by killing the contradictor. Ours admits of differences, and evolves harmony out of the different tones; it does not seek the death of our enemy, but to convert him into a friend and give him life. . . . "Save the conquered†," was the cry of Henry IV., after the battle of Ivry. "Kill all," said Pope Pius V., to the soldiers he despatched into France previous to the massacre of St. Bartholomew‡.

* There is not a single word in the present work on the strange question that has been raised, to wit,—whether those who have the daughters should have the sons as well, whether they are to go on increasing their monstrous monopoly, whether France should confide her children to the subjects of a foreign prince—I rely upon the good sense of the Chambers.

* Numerous proofs are given further on.

† Not only Frenchmen but Swiss. *Discours Véritable*, published in 1590 (Mem. de la Ligue, iv. 246).

‡ In 1569. He complained, says the panegyrist, of his general, "Che non avesse il commandamento di lui osservato d'ammazzar subito qualunque heretico gli fosse venuto alle mani" (Who did not observe his *commands* to KNOCK

Your principle is the old exclusive and homicidal principle, which kills that which contradicts it. You speak much of charity; and charity is not difficult when one takes care, as you do, to except one's enemies from its benefits.

Why do you not recognize the God who has appeared in our days in the light of the sciences, in the amelioration of manners, in the equity of the laws?

The reason is, that you are weak in this respect, that in this respect you are impious. Amongst all you have, you want one thing—religion.

What constitutes the gravity of this age, nay, I presume to say, its sanctity, is the conscientious labour which continues without intermission to forward the common work of mankind, and which facilitates, at its own expense, the labour of the future. Our ancestors have dreamed much, disputed much. We are labourers; and hence, our furrow has been blessed. That soil which the middle age left us all full of brambles, has, by our efforts, produced so powerful a harvest, that it already covers, and will soon conceal the old, inert land-mark that thought to stop the plough.

And it is because we are labourers, because we return home tired every evening, that we, more than others, feel the want of a resting place for the heart. We want to have this home really our home, this table ours, and not to find, instead of rest, the old dispute which is now over both in knowledge and in the world; not to have our wife or our child repeat, whilst lying beside us, the words and lessoning of another man.

Women readily follow the strong. How comes it, then, that they have followed the weak?

AT ONCE ON THE LEAD *whatever heretic* might fall into his hands.) Catena, *Vita di Pio V.* p. 85, (ed. Rome), and p. 55. (ed. Mantua).

There must be some art which lends strength to the weak; and it is this darksome art, which is that of surprising, fascinating, lulling, and annihilating the wills which I have tracked throughout this volume. Its theory was known in the seventeenth century, its practice is kept up in our own.

Usurpation does not constitute right. For all their stealthy usurpation, the usurpers are neither the stronger nor the better. Heart alone, and reason, give the strong a right over the weak, not to weaken the weak, but to render them stronger.

Modern man, the man of the future, will not yield woman up to the man of the past. The *direction* usurped by the latter, is, as we shall see, a marriage, and a more powerful one than marriage itself—a spiritual marriage. . . . But who has the spirit, has everything.

Bethink ye, young man: to marry her whose soul is another's is to marry divorce.

Things cannot go on thus. Marriage must once again become marriage; the husband must make his wife his companion in his train of ideas and progressive path onwards, more intimately than he has hitherto done; must bear her up if she grow weary, and help her to keep pace with him. Man is not innocent of what he is now suffering, and has himself to accuse for it. In this age of ardent competition and impetuous research, in his impatience to make further progress daily towards the future, he has left his wife behind. He has hurried forward, and she has receded back. . . . This must happen no more. Come, link arms once again. Do you not hear your child crying? . . . You were seeking the past and the future by two different roads; but they are here. You will find both together by your child's cradle.

January 10th, 1845.

DIVISION OF THE WORK.

THE course of Lectures delivered by me in 1844, will soon be published, under the title of *Rome and France.*

I could not treat in them of the subject of the present volume, as being of too delicate a character; but only alluded to it in two or three.

It presented a serious difficulty; namely, how to speak in becoming terms, of a matter which our adversaries have handled with incredible freedom. *Omnia munda mundis* (To the clean, all things are clean), I know well. However, I have often preferred to allow them to escape, when I had them in my grasp, to following them into the mire.

FIRST PART. *On Direction in the Seventeenth Century.*—I have selected my historical proofs from the purest and the best of my adversaries, not from those who afforded me the easiest handle. The seventeenth century was that which offered me written testimony; being the only one which has not shrunk from bringing out into full belief the theory of *direction.*

I could multiply instances *ad infinitum.* Nay, those who have read the account I give of Louis XI., in my History of France, are aware of the value I attach to minutiæ of detail. I quote little, but exactly; and with punctilious care to verify my quotations. The falsifiers whom I detect in the very act, at each step of my historical studies, are brazen-faced indeed, to talk of exactness. They may go on talking at their ease; they will never succeed in inducing me to parallel their names with those of writers whose good faith is beyond suspicion.

SECOND PART. *On Direction generally; and on Direction in the Nineteenth Century in particular.*—This second part has been the result of a serious inquiry into contemporaneous facts. I have seen, listened, questioned; have well weighed various testimonies, and compared them with numerous analogous facts with which I had long been acquainted. And I have submitted both these older facts, and the new ones gleaned in my recent inquiries, to the judgment of that inward jury which I bear within myself.

THIRD PART. *On Family Life.*—I have by no means aspired to a discussion of this vast subject; but simply to indicate the true meaning of marriage and of family life, and the means of restoring

that home which is now shaken by a foreign influence.

I have thought it my duty to conclude by a few words to my opponents, spoken without a particle of hate. I can, indeed, say, and from my heart, (in language the reverse of that of the Pagan,) "O my enemies, there is no such thing as enemies." Should this work, severe as it may be on the priests, eventually produce the effect at which it aims, they are the party that it will have served; and so have thought many of their number who have made not the least objection to reply to the questions I put to them. . . . Yea; may this book, weak as it is, hasten the time when the priest, become man once more, and liberated from an artificial system (in our day equally absurd and impossible), shall resume the laws of nature, and take his place amongst his fellow men!

PART THE FIRST.

ON DIRECTION* IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

CHAPTER I.

RELIGIOUS REACTION IN 1600. INFLUENCE OF THE JESUITS OVER WOMEN AND CHILDREN.—SAVOY, THE VAUDOIS; VIOLENCE AND GENTLENESS. ST. FRANÇOIS DE SALES.

Every one has seen Guido's charming Annunciation in the gallery of the Louvre. It is defective in drawing and faulty in colouring, and yet its effect is irresistible. You must not look in it for the high, severe feeling of the older schools†, nor yet for the young, vigorous handling of the masters of the *Renaissance.* The sixteenth century had passed away, and all had acquired a softer character. The angel—the figure in which the painter has evidently taken most delight, is, in conformity with the refining process of this jaded age, the pet Adonis of the choir, a parish-clerk's cherub of some sixteen years of age; whilst the virgin is eighteen or twenty. This virgin, without a particle of ideality, thoroughly real, and the reality impoverished, is a young Italian lady whose likeness Guido had taken in her own house, in her little oratory, and at her convenient praying-desk (*un prie-Dieu commode*), such as was in use among the ladies of that period.

If the painter has been inspired by anything, it has not been by the Gospel, but rather by the religious romances of the day, or by the fashionable sermons preached by the Jesuits in their coquettish churches. The *Angelic Salutation*, the *Visitation*, the *Annunciation*, were the favourite subjects on which seraphic gallantry had long exhausted all its imagination. You might fancy as you are looking at this picture of Guido's that you are reading the Bernardino. The angel is speaking Latin like a learned young clerk, and the virgin, like a well-bred young lady, answering in her sweet Italian, "*O alto signore*," *&c.*

Hence, this pretty painting may be considered as a characteristic work of a vicious epoch; an agreeable and delicate work, which, by its very agreeableness and delicacy, only renders its suspicious grace and equivocal charm more apparent.

Let us call to mind the sugarish forms affected by the religious re-action of the period—that of Henry IV. The lispings of that gentle little voice strike one with astonishment when heard on the very morrow of the sixteenth century, after so many wars and massacres. . . . All of a sudden, the terrible preachers of the sixteenth, the monks who shouldered the musket in the processions of the League, have become humane, and are all benignity. The reason is to be sought in the necessity there exists for putting those to sleep they have been unable to kill. The undertaking, too, was not so difficult a one. The whole world, worn out by the religious wars, was asleep. All were tired of a struggle, which produced no result, in which no one was victor. Every man knew his own party, and his own friends too well. On the evening after so long a march, there was none so stout as not to wish for rest. Even the indefatigable Bearnese, going to sleep with the rest, or wishing to put them to sleep by his example, resigned himself with a good grace into the hands of father Cotton and the fair Gabrielle.

Henry IV. was Louis the Fourteenth's grandfather, Cotton, Father la Chaise's great uncle; here are two monarchies, two dynasties, one of kings, the other of Jesuit confessors. The history of the latter would be exceedingly interesting. These amiable fathers reigned throughout the whole century by dint of absolving, pardoning, shutting their eyes, and feigning ignorance. They reached great results by the smallest means; by petty capitulations, secret transactions, back doors, and private staircases.

The Jesuits might plead that being, compulsorily, the restorers of the papal authority, that is to say, physicians to a corpse, they had but little choice of means. Irrecoverably beaten in the world of ideas, where could they renew the war except on the fields of intrigue, of passion, of human weaknesses?

There, none could serve them more actively than women. And, when they did not act with or for the Jesuits, they were not less useful, indirectly, as agents and instruments, as being the medium of daily transactions and compromises between the penitent and the confessor.

The tactics of the confessor were not very different from those of the mistress. With him, as with her, the plan was occasionally to refuse, to put off, and inflame; to wean, but gently; and then to be prevailed upon through too great tenderness of heart. . . . These little manœuvres, which were indispensable to a monarch at once gallant and devout, and who was obliged, moreover, to confess

* That is, "Spiritual Guidance."

† Compare the annunciations of Giusto di Alamagna, of Lucas of Leyden, and of Vasari, all three in the Gallery of the Louvre.

on stated days, often brought the whole state within the power of the confessional. Caught and held here, the king was compelled to make satisfaction one way or other. He paid for his weaknesses as a man by weaknesses as a politician; this amour would cost him a secret of state, that bastard an ordinance. At times he would not be suffered to escape without giving hostages; for instance, to retain a given mistress, he was obliged to deliver over his son. How many indulgences did not father Cotton extend to Henry IV., in order to secure the education of the dauphin * !

In this great enterprise, by which they sought to secure the husband everywhere through the wife, and the child through the mother, the Jesuits had to encounter various obstacles; and one, a very serious obstacle—their reputation as Jesuits. They were already much too well known. See how they are described in the letters of San Carlo Borromeo, who had settled them in Milan, and shown them singular favour, as intriguers, firebrands, and insolent under a cringing exterior. Even their penitents, who found them exceedingly accommodating, had, nevertheless, their fits of disgust. The simplest could see that folk who held that there was a *probable* side to every opinion, had no opinion at all. These famous champions of the faith were sceptics in morals, and worse than sceptics, since speculative scepticism may be allied with some sentiment of honour: but a sceptic who carries his doubts into practice; who will say *Yes* to this act, and *Yes* to its exact contrary, must go on always lowering his moral tone, and lose, not only all principle, but, in the long run, all heart!

Their mien alone was their satire. These men, so skilful in cloaking themselves, sweated falsehood; it clung visibly and palpably about them. Their falsehood shone a hundred yards off, like brass badly gilt, or like the holy toys of their meretricious churches. Falsehood marked each expression, accent, gesture, attitude; in all which they displayed an affected mannerism, often over-done, and constantly changing; beguiling, indeed, by its variety, but at the same time, provoking to caution. They could assume a given attitude or deportment; but assumed graces, or manners scientifically oblique, undulating, and serpentine, are anything but calculated to inspire confidence. They laboured to seem simple, humble, poor, worthy folk, but the grimace of the actor betrayed them.

These equivocal-looking persons had, however, one merit in woman's eyes which redeemed all—they doted on children. No mother, grandmother, or nurse could flatter them more, or be readier at amusing and soothing them. We often find in their churches the favourite saints of the Society—St. Xavier or St. Ignatius—painted as comical looking nurses, holding the divine poppet † in their arms, and rocking and kissing him. It was upon their altars, too, in their tricked out chapels, that were first exhibited those little paradises in glass cases, in which women delight to see the waxen infant couched on flowers. So dearly did the Jesuits love children, that they would willingly have brought them all up. Not one of them, however profoundly learned, disdained to turn schoolmaster, to teach grammar and parsing.

Yet were there many, even of their friends and penitents, of those who entrusted their own souls to them, who, nevertheless, hesitated to entrust to them their children.

They would have had far less success with women and children, had not their good fortune given them an auxiliary in the person of a grown-up child, a good and apt child, who had the very quality in which they were deficient for inspiring confidence—a charming simplicity.

This friend of the Jesuits, who served them all the better from not being one of their own order, created in his simplicity to the advantage of these politicians, that which, without him, they might have attempted for ever, but in vain—the mode, the tone, the style of comfortable devotion (*de la dévotion aisée*). The false would never enjoy the shadow of life it manages to catch, but for a moment of truth.

Before speaking of François de Sales, I must say a word of the theatre on which he appeared.

The great efforts of Ultra-montane reaction, about the year 1600, were made in the Alps, in Switzerland, and Savoy. The work went on busily on either acclivity of the mountains, only different means were put in operation. They exhibited in the two quarters two different faces—the face of an angel and the face of a beast. The latter, the wild beast's face, was shown to the poor Vaudois; the angel's was turned towards Savoy and Geneva; since gentle measures only could be resorted to in the case of districts guaranteed by treaties, and which would be protected from violence by the lances of the Swiss.

The agent of Rome in these quarters, was the celebrated Jesuit Antonio Possevino *,—the professor, the scholar, the politician, the confessor of the kings of the North. He was the organizer of the persecutions against the Vaudois of Piedmont; and he instructed and tutored his pupil, François de Sales, how to win over by address the Protestants of Savoy.

Shall I speak of this fearful history of the Vaudois, or hold my tongue? To speak of it were too cruel a task; no one can tell it without the pen hesitating, and the ink, as he writes, being blanched with tears † ! Still, if I pass it over in total silence, the reader will be left in the dark as to the most odious part of the system, the artful policy which inspired the employment of directly opposite means in one and the same question — here ferocity, there unwonted mildness. One word, and I shall have done with the hateful theme. The cruellest executioners were women, the penitents of the Jesuits of Turin; the victims were children! In the sixteenth century, they were destroyed—four hundred children were burned to death at once in a cavern; in the seventeenth, they were kidnapped.

* His master stroke was to get the most frivolous man in France, the shepherd-poet Des Yveteaux, nominated preceptor, reserving the moral and religious education of the prince to himself.

† The word found in every page of St. François de Sales, and of the other writers of the period.

* See his life by Dorigny, p. 505; Bonneville, Vie de Saint François, p. 19, &c.

† Read the trilogy of the great historians of the Vaudois —Gilles, Léger, Arnaud, (1644, 1669, 1710), and have by you the valuable map and admirable description of the country contained in the first volume of M. Muston's History. Little did I think, when I welcomed this son of martyrs to my house, that a work full of moderation, forgetfulness, and of forgiveness would cost him his country.

The edict of pacification, granted to the Vaudois in 1655, sets forth as an especial favour, that their children shall not be taken from them under twelve years of age; above that age it is lawful to take them *.

This new mode of persecution, more cruel than the preceding massacres, characterizes the epoch when the Jesuits undertook to get into their own hands the education of children universally. The pitiless *plagiarii* †, who forced them from their mothers, sought nothing more or less than to bring them up after their own fashion, to make them abjure their faith, and hate their family, and to arm them against their own kindred.

It was, as I have said, a Jesuit professor, Possevino, who renewed the persecution about the time I am now speaking of. Whilst teaching at Padua, he had the young François de Sales for pupil, who had already passed a year at Paris, in the *Collége de Clermont* ‡. He was descended of one of those very militant and very devout families of Savoy, who have so long made war on Geneva. He had every weapon at his command for the war of seduction, which it was desired to begin—tender and sincere devotion, warm and lively eloquence, and a singular charm of goodness, beauty, and accomplished manners. Who has not felt this charm in the smile of the young Savoyards, simple beings, but so wary?

One cannot but believe that Heaven had rained all its grace upon him, since, despite of this evil age, this evil taste, this evil resolution, and the designing and false society which called him into action, he nevertheless remained St. François de Sales. All he said or wrote, though not utterly irreproachable, is delightful, full of heart, and marked by the original grace of a child of genius, who, whilst he made you smile, touched and affected you. Living springs gush around, flowers spring after flowers, and little rivulets flow, as after a shower of a lovely spring morning. It may, perhaps, be objected, that he is so full of flowery flourishes, that his posy is no longer a shepherdess's, but a flower-girl's, as his Philothea would say. He takes all, he takes too many; and, in the abundance, the colours are often badly contrasted, and have a whimsical effect. This, it must be owned, was the taste of the time. The Savoyard taste, in particular, does not shrink from the ugly; a Jesuit education does not teach hatred of the false.

But though he had not been so charming a writer, his singular personal attractions would not have exercised less influence. His sweet, fair countenance, which was always somewhat infantile, won the heart at the first look; and babies in their nurses' arms, could not take their eyes off him. He, too, loved them dearly, and would stroke their little heads, and exclaim, "Here is my little family, here is my little family." The children ran after him, and the mothers followed the children.

Little family—little trickery*—the one, at times is like the other. A child outwardly, the good man at bottom was very deep. If he indulges the nuns in this or that little falsehood †, can we suppose that he never allowed the same indulgence to himself? However this may be, the real falsehood was less in his words than in his position. He was made bishop, to set the example of immolating the rights of the bishops to the pope. Through love of peace, and to cover the divisions of the Catholics by a seeming union, he did the Jesuits the essential service of saving their Molina when he was accused at Rome, and prevailed on the pope to impose silence on the friends and on the enemies of grace.

Yet this man, naturally so mild, did not confine himself to gentle and persuasive measures. In his zeal for conversion, he employed less honourable means—interest, money, place, and finally, the strong arm of power, and of fear. He led the duke of Savoy from village to village, and counselled him to expel the last who refused to abjure their faith ‡, from his dominions. Money, a powerful agent in so poor a country, seemed to him so natural and irresistible a means, that he even went to Geneva to try to buy over the aged Theodore Beza, and offered him, from the pope, a pension of four thousand crowns a-year.

It was a sight to see him, bishop and titular prince of Geneva, manœuvring against his own town, laying siege to it, and organizing against it, through France and Savoy, a war of seduction. Money and intrigue were not enough; a gentler charm was wanted to soften and melt that inaccessible glacier of logic and criticism. Nunneries were founded to attract and receive *the new convertites*, to hold out to them a powerful bait of love and mysticism; nunneries on which the names of Madame de Chantal, and of Madame Guyon have conferred celebrity. The first originated the melting devotions of the Visitation; the second wrote there her little book, the *Torrents*, which seems as inspired by the Charmettes, Meillerie, and Clarens, as Rousseau's *Julia*, and the latter is assuredly the less dangerous of the two.

CHAPTER II.

ST. FRANÇOIS DE SALES AND MADAME DE CHANTAL. THE VISITATION.—RESULTS OF SPIRITUAL DIRECTION.

Saint François de Sales was exceedingly popular in France, and especially in the Burgundies, which, ever since the days of the League, had preserved a powerful leaven of religious passions. The parliament of Dijon invited him to come and

* The edict enacts that no Vaudois is to be forced to turn Catholic:—"Ne'i figliuoli potranno esser tolti alli loro parenti, mentre che sono in età minore, cioè li maschi di dodici, e le femine di dieci anni (Nor shall children be taken from their parents whilst in the infant state, that is to say, boys under twelve and girls under ten years of age).

† Plagiarius signifies strictly speaking *a man-stealer*.

‡ The fine portrait drawn by Sainte-Beuve, and which every body has read, allows me to omit a number of details; only, I have thought it necessary to point out precisely the influence which the Jesuits exercised over the saint and the manner in which they made use of him. See his various biographies—those of the Capuchin Bonneville, the Bernardin Jean de Saint-François, the Minim La Rivière, the Jesuit Talon, Longueterre, the bishop Maupas du Tour, and, above all, the saint's own letters. The edition of 1833 has been constantly before me.

* (The author plays here on the words *menage*, "family," and *manège*, "the art of the riding school.") Translator.

† Little lies, little stratagems, little subterfuges. See, for instance, *Œuvres*, t. viii., p. 196, 223, 342.

‡ *Nouvelles Lettres Inédites*, published by M. Datta, (1835) t. i. p. 247. See, also, as regards the saint's intolerance, p. 130, 131, 136, 141; and p. 335, t. ix. of the *Œuvres*, where he lays it down as the bounden duty of kings to visit with the sword all the enemies of the pope.

preach there. He was domiciliated in the house of his friend, André Fremiot, who, from being a counsellor to the parliament, had become archbishop of Bourges. The son of a highly esteemed president of the parliament of Dijon, he was Madame de Chantal's brother, and, consequently, grand uncle to Madame de Sevigné, the latter's grand daughter*.

In order to heighten their meeting into the romantic and marvellous, the biographers of the saint suppose, most improbably, that they did not know, and had scarcely heard speak of each other, and had only met in visions and dreams. At the Lent sermon preached by the saint at Dijon, he noticed her amongst all the other ladies, and, on leaving the pulpit, "Who," he said, "is that young widow who listened so attentively to the word of God?" "My sister," was the archbishop's reply, "the baroness de Chantal."

She was at this time (A.D. 1604) thirty-two years of age; Saint François was thirty-seven: consequently, she was born in 1572, the year of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. She had in her character, from her birth, a something austere, but impassioned and violent. When only six years old, a Huguenot gentleman happening to give her some sugar-plums, she flung them into the fire, saying: "Sir, that is how heretics will burn in hell, because they do not believe what our Lord has said. If you were to give the king the lie, my father would hang you up; what should be done with you, then, when you give our Lord so repeatedly the lie!"

With all her devotion and enthusiasm, she was a clear-headed woman. She managed her husband's house and fortune exceedingly well; and superintended with great prudence those of her father and her father-in-law. She lived with the latter; as otherwise he would not have left his property to her young children.

It is enchanting to read the lively and charming letters, by which the saint opens his correspondence with "his dear sister," "his dear daughter." Nothing can be purer, chaster, but also—and wherefore should we not say it—nothing more ardent. It is curious to observe the innocent art, the caresses, the tender and ingenious flatteries with which he encircles the two families of Frémiot and Chantal—first, the father, the good president Frémiot, who, seated in his easy arm-chair, in his library, begins to take to the reading of godly books, and to think of his latter end; then the brother, the ex-councillor, the archbishop of Bourges, for whose express use he writes a little treatise on the manner of preaching; nor does he by any means neglect the father-in-law, the rough old Baron de Chantal, a relic of the wars of the League, who is the cross of his daughter-in-law. But of all, the children are those to whom he pays his court best; he overflows with innumerable tendernesses and pious caresses, such as even a woman's, a mother's heart, could hardly suggest. He prays for them, and desires these little ones to remember him in their prayers.

One person alone of the household is difficult to tame, M. de Chantal's confessor. You may learn from this struggle betwixt the director and the confessor, how much address, skilful management, and cunning may co-exist with an ardent will. The confessor was a devout but limited personage, of little mind and little practices. The saint will be his friend; and submits, preliminarily, to his lights the counsels he would suggest to the lady. At the same time, he skilfully quiets Madame de Chantal, who was not without scruples as to her spiritual infidelity, and who, feeling herself on so easy a descent, feared she had left the rude path of salvation. He humours this scruple, the better to remove it. Should she avow it to the confessor? He adroitly gives her to understand that she may dispense with so doing.

At last, he declares as a true victor who has nothing to fear, that, very different from the confessor, who is uneasy, peevish, jealous, and wishes to be the only one obeyed, he, for his part, binds her to nothing, and leaves her altogether free. The only bonds in which he would bind her are those of Christian friendship, whose bonds are called by St. Paul the bonds of perfectness. All other bonds are temporal, even that of obedience; but that of charity waxes stronger with time, and is exempt from the scythe of death. *Love is strong as death*, says the Song of Songs. He tells her at another time, with infinite simplicity and elevation:—"I will not add a hair's breadth to the truth; I speak before the God of my heart and yours; each affection has its peculiar distinction from other affections; that which I bear you has a certain particularity which gives me infinite comfort, and which, to tell you all, is extremely profitable to me. *I did not mean to say so much*, but one word leads to another; and, besides, I know that you will give it the proper interpretation." (October 14th, 1604.)

From this moment, as she is ever present to him, he not only associates her with his religious meditations, but, astonishing to say, with his ceremonial duties as priest. He usually writes to her before or after mass; and it is of her and of her children that he thinks *at the communion table*. They do penance on the same days, and take the communion together, although separated; *he offers her to God, when he offers Him his Son* *.

This singular man, whose serenity was not for a moment disturbed by an intimacy of the kind, could not but soon perceive that Madame de Chantal's mind was far from being equally at ease. Her feelings were strong, her heart profoundly sensitive. The people, that is, the bourgeoisie, and the serious families connected with the bar (*familles de robe*), from whom she sprung, brought into the world a ruder, but sincerer and more genuine spirit than the elegant and noble families, that, by the sixteenth century, were effete. The late comers were fresh; and you meet them, ardent and earnest, everywhere,—in letters, in war, in religion; and it is to them the seventeenth century owes whatever it exhibits of grave and holy. Though a saint, Madame de Chantal had, nevertheless, within her an abyss of unknown passions.

It was hardly two months after their parting that she wrote to him she wanted to see him again. And they did, indeed, meet half-way, at

* See the biographers of Madame de Chantal (the Jesuit Fichet, bishop Maupas), and, above all, her letters, which are unfortunately incomplete; 3 vols. in 12mo, 1753.

* "I offer up you, and your widow's heart, and your children, every day to our Lord when I offer up to Him his Son" (Nov. 1st, 1605.) "The Lord knows that I have not taken the sacrament without you, since I left your town." (Nov. 24th, 1604.) *Œuvres*, t. viii. p. 311, 272, &c.

the celebrated pilgrimage of Sainte-Claude, in Franche-Comté. Here she was happy; here she poured forth all her heart, confessed to him for the first time, and pledged in his hands the vow so sweet to deposit in loved hands, the vow of obedience.

Before six weeks are over she writes to him that she wants to see him again. It is no longer storms that she has to face, but temptations ; she is surrounded by darkness, by doubts, *even as to faith ;* she has no longer power even to will ; she would fain fly, but, alas ! has no wings ! . . . Still, in the midst of these depressing and momentous subjects, this grave person will trifle like a child, and begs the saint no more to call her *Madame*, but *Sister*, *Daughter*, as he used sometimes to do.

At another time, the melancholy truth falls from her pen—"There is a something within me, which has never been satisfied." (November 21st, 1604.)

The conduct of the saint merits observation. Quick and shrewd as he is at other times, he persists in only half understanding now. Far from enticing Madame de Chantal to embrace that religious vocation which would have put her wholly in his power, he endeavours to confirm her in her post as mother and as daughter, and to keep her with her children and the two aged men, to whom she is a mother as well. He occupies her mind with her duties, her business, the debts she has to pay off, and will have no reflection or reasoning about her doubts. She may read good books at times, and he recommends to her some sorry mystical tracts. If the she-ass recalcitrate (*si l'anesse regimbe*), his expression for the flesh and sensual feelings, she must be tickled (*flatter*) with a few strokes of the scourge.

He seems to have been thoroughly sensible at this period of the inconveniences that may follow the proximity of two persons so much attached to one another, and prudently replies to Madame de Chantal's prayer :—"I am bound here hand and foot ; and, besides, my kind sister, are you not deterred by the disagreeables of the last journey ?" He is writing in October, on the eve of the rough weather usually experienced in the Jura and the Alps, and adds, "We will see between this and Easter."

About that time she visited him at his mother's ; but, feeling her loneliness on her return to Dijon, she fell ill. He was taken up with controversy, and appeared to neglect her. His letters become fewer and fewer. No doubt, he felt the necessity of putting on the drag down this rapid road. As for her, she passes the whole of this year (1605) violently agitated between temptations and doubts; until at length she becomes undecided whether to bury herself in a Carmelite nunnery, or marry again.

A great religious movement was taking place at this time in France, a movement far from spontaneous, long premeditated, and highly artificial, but leading, nevertheless, to vast results. It was forwarded, either through zeal or vanity, by the rich and powerful families of the long robe and the money market. By the side of the Oratory, founded by the cardinal de Bérulle, a singularly active and ardent-minded woman, a saint engrossed by the devout intriguings of the day—Madame Acarie (the blessed Mary of the Incarnation) settled the Carmelites in France, and the Ursulines at Paris. Madame de Chantal's natural austerity of character inclined her to the Carmelites, and she even consulted one of their superiors, a doctor of the Sorbonne *. St. François de Sales perceived the danger, and held out no longer. From that moment he humoured her ; and, in a charming letter, he begs her, in his mother's name, to take upon herself the education of his young sister.

No sooner, apparently, did she receive this dear pledge, than she became a little more tranquil ; but she did not keep it long. This child, so beloved and so tenderly cherished, expired in her house, in her arms. In the wildness of her grief, she cannot conceal from the saint that she had prayed God that she might die herself rather, nay, that she had gone so far as to beseech Him to take one of her own children instead !

This occurred in November, 1607. It is about three months afterwards that we find in the letters of the saint the first idea of bringing near him one so fully tried, and whom, besides, he considerered an instrument in God's designs.

The extreme impetuousness (I was near saying violence,) with which Madame de Chantal broke off from all her worldly ties, to give herself up to an impulse so cautiously imparted, shows but too clearly the passions which dwelt in that fiery heart. She had great difficulty in quitting the two aged men—her father and her father-in-law, and her son too, who is said to have slept on the threshold of the door to hinder her from leaving. The good old M. Frémiot was not so much gained over by his daughter as by the letters of the saint, whose interference she requested. The resigned letter, in which he gives his consent, resigned, but all bathed with tears, is still extant ; but his resignation does not seem to have been of long continuance. He died a year afterwards.

After having thus passed over the bodies of her son and her father, she arrives at Annecey. . . What will become of her, if the saint does not find an aliment to feed this powerful flame which he had lighted up more than he had wished ?

The day after Whitsunday, he summons her after mass :—"Well, my daughter, I have made up my mind what to do with you." "And I have made up mine to obey ;" and she threw herself upon her knees. "You must enter Sainte Claire." "I am ready." "No ; you are not strong enough : you must be a sister in the Hôpital de Beaune." "Whatever you choose." "That is not what I mean exactly; you must be a Carmelite." So he went on to try her in many ways, and found her equally obedient. "Well," he said, "nothing of the sort; God calls you to the Visitation."

There was none of the austerity of the ancient orders in the Visitation. Its founder himself declared that it was *almost no religion at all.* There were no painful observances, no vigils, few fasts, a short service, short prayers, no shutting up in the cloister (that is, in the beginning) ; the sisters, whilst waiting for the spirit of the divine Bridegroom, went to visit him in his poor, in his sick, who are his living members. Nothing could have been better calculated to calm the storms of the soul than these combinations of active charity. Madame de Chantal, an excellent mother of a family, and pru-

* Compare Saint François, Œuvres, viii., 336, April 1606, and Tabaraud, Vie de Bérulle, i. 57, 58, 95, 141.

dent housekeeper, felt happy in finding an employment in the bosom of mystic life, for her worldly and economical abilities, in devoting herself to the laborious details connected with the establishment of a great order, and in travelling under such beloved direction, from foundation to foundation. Here was a double trait of wisdom in the saint; he kept her occupied, and at a distance.

With all this prudence, however, it must be acknowledged that the happiness of conjointly forwarding the same object, of establishing foundations together, and so creating together, strengthened still more this strong attachment. It is curious to notice how they tighten the bond whilst trying to loosen it—touching contradiction: at the only time he is enjoining her to wean herself from him *who was her nurse*, he promises *that this nurse shall never fail her*. On the day he lost his mother, he addresses her in these strong terms:—"It is to you that I am speaking, to you, I say, to whom I have given the place this mother held in my recollection when commemorating the mass, without removing you from that which you had; for this I could not do, so firm a position do you take up in my heart; and, consequently, *you are in it both first and last!*"

A stronger declaration certainly never burst from the heart on a more solemn day. How burningly must it have entered a soul already on the rack of passion! . . . One cannot be astonished at finding her writing after this. . . . "Pray to God that I may not survive you!" Must he not see that he is every moment inflicting a wound, and curing only to wound again

The nuns of the Visitation, who have published some of the letters of their foundress *, have prudently suppressed many, which they themselves say, "are only fit to be locked up in the cabinet of charity!" Enough remains to show the profound wound which she bore with her to the tomb †.

As the Visitation was soon prohibited from exercising the active charity at first allowed it, and was unsustained by the intellectual culture which had been the life of the Paraclete and of the other convents of the middle age, nothing, apparently, was left for it but mystic asceticism. However, the moderation of the founder, in conformity with the lukewarmness of the time, had banished from the new institution the austerity of the ancient orders, and those cruel practices which killed the senses by killing the body as well. . . . There remained then neither activity, nor study, nor austerity. Two things showed themselves out of this void from the commencement: on the one hand, listleness of mind, a taste for trifling observances and fanatic devotional practices; thus Madame de Chantal tatooed her bosom with the name of Jesus—on the other hand, an unbounded, unmeasured, ill-regulated attachment to the director.

In all that regards St. François de Sales, the saint shows herself exceedingly weak. After his death she raves, and allows herself to be mastered by dreams and visions. At church, she believes that she recognizes the dear presence by heavenly odours, of which she alone is sensible. She presents at his tomb, a little book containing all he had said or written on the Visitation, "beseeching him to be pleased to erase whatever it might contain contrary to his sentiments."

In 1631, ten years after the death of St. François de Sales, his tomb was solemnly opened; when his body was found entire. "It was laid out in the sacristy of the monastery, where, about nine in the evening, when the visiters had retired, she led her community in procession, and knelt in prayer by the side of the body *in an ecstasy of love and humility*. As it was forbidden to touch the sacred corpse, she performed a signal act of obedience in abstaining from kissing his hand. The next morning, having obtained permission, she was stooping down to lift the hand of the blest one, so as to place it on her head, when, as if he had been living, he extended it and embraced her with a tender and paternal caress—and she was livelily conscious of this supernatural movement. The veil which she wore on this occasion is preserved to this day as a double relic."

Others may be reluctant to apply the true name to this respectable sentiment, and be stayed by a false reserve; they may call it filial or sisterly love. For my own part I shall simply give it a name, which I believe to be a sacred one, and shall call it—love.

We must believe the saint himself, who declares that this sentiment was of powerful aid to his spiritual progress. However, this is not enough; our business is to see what was its effect on Madame de Chantal.

The whole doctrine to be extracted from the writings of St. François, in the midst of many excellent practical counsels, might be summed up in the words—*Love, Wait.*

Wait for the visitation of the divine Bridegroom. Far from counselling action, or the wish to act, he is so fearful of movement as to reject the phrase—*union* with God, because it may imply a movement towards effecting it. He would substitute unity. It is incumbent to remain in *amorous indifference*. "I wish little," he says; "and what I do wish, I wish very feebly. I have scarcely any desires; but were I to be born again, I would have none at all If God came to me, I would also go to him. *If he would not come to me*, I would stay where I was, *and would not go to him.*"

This absence of desires extended even to the desire of virtue—the extreme limit at which the saint appears to have arrived shortly before his death. He writes, on Aug. 10th, 1619,—"Tell me that you renounce all virtues, desiring them only in proportion as God shall vouchsafe them to you, and *not wishing to take any care to acquire them*, except as his goodness may lead Him so to employ you according to His good pleasure."

* I have read nothing in any language, more impassioned, more earnestly argued, more simple, and yet more subtle, than a letter of Madame de Chantal's, *On Desire, and the sufferings of Self-denial*. It clearly proceeds from a soul striving to root out its dearest affections. That this letter should have been spared by the *Visitandines* (the nuns of the Visitation), was owing, no doubt, to its obscurity. Lettres de Madame de Chantal, t. i, p. 27, 30.—Compare another of her letters, published in the Œuvres de Saint François, t. x., p. 139, August, 1619.

† Twenty years after the death of St. Francis, the very year of her own death, whilst already revered as a saint, she writes some letters to the severe abbot of St. Cyran, at the time a prisoner in Vincennes, and it is to discourse with him still of the dear recollection. See, Lettres Chrestiennes et Spirituelles du Jean du Vergier de Hauranne, Abbé de Saint-Cyran, (1645.) in 4to, t. i. p. 53—86. The abbot, the austerest of men, seems for a moment touched and softened.

If personal will be thus mortified, what is to take its place? Seemingly, God's will. . . . Only, let us not forget that if this miracle is wrought, the result will be a state of unalterable peace, of immutable strength; and that we can recognize it by this sign and by no other.

But we learn from Madame de Chantal herself, that the effect was precisely the reverse; and, skilfully as her biography has been arranged and letters mutilated, sufficient is left to show in what a storm of passion she passed her days. Her whole life, a long life, wholly devoted to active cares, to the foundation and administration of religious houses, has no power to calm her. Time only consumes and destroys her, without ameliorating her inward martyrdom, until she ends with making this confession in her latter days,—"All the pains that I have suffered during the whole of my life, are not to be compared to the torments which I now endure, being reduced to such extremity of suffering, that nothing can content me, or give me any comfort, but the one word—*death*. . ."

I did not need to have her tell me so; I should have divined it without her. The infallible result of the exclusive culture of the sensibility, whatever virtues it may be ennobled by, is to disturb the soul, and render it weak and morbid in the highest degree. The will, in which consists the strength of man, and reason, which constitutes his peace, are not to be wholly absorbed by love with impunity.

Elsewhere *, I have spoken of the rare but eminently beautiful examples furnished by the middle age in its learned nuns, in whom knowledge and piety went hand in hand. They who formed them to this did not, it seems, fear to develop in them both the reason and the will. Knowledge is said to render the soul dissatisfied and over-curious, and to keep us removed from God. . . . As if there were any knowledge but what centered in Him; as if the divine light, reflected in knowledge, did not exercise a serene virtue, and a power to calm the heart, communicating to it the peace of the eternal truths and indestructible laws which will remain when the world shall have run its course.

Whom or what am I accusing in all this? Man? God forbid! His method only.

This method, which has been called *Quietism* when reduced to a system, and which, as we shall presently see, is that of *devout direction* † in general, is nothing else than the development of our passiveness, of our instincts of inertia. Its final result is the paralysis of the will, the annihilation of that which constitutes the essence of man's being.

St. François de Sales, apparently, was one of those best able to preserve life in the midst of a system of death; and yet the system was, nevertheless, introduced at this period by him, upright and pure as he was. It was he who opened to the seventeenth century the door of passive means.

We are in the dawn of the century, amidst the morning freshness of the breeze that blows from the Alps, and yet here is Madame de Chantal fainting and scarcely able to breathe. . . . What will it be in the evening?

* In a fragment on the Education of Women in the middle age, republished at the end of my *Introduction à l'Histoire Universelle*, third edition (1844).

† So inherent in *Devout Direction*, that you meet with it even in the opponents of *Quietism*. See Bossuet's letters to the nuns under his direction.

The worthy saint, in a charming letter, pictures himself as one day on the lake of Geneva, "in a small bark," guided by Providence, all obedience "to the steersman, who forbids the slightest movement, and delighted to find himself borne up by a plank of three finger's breath only." The world is embarked with him, and under such sweet guidance, he sails amidst the rocks. These deep waters, as you will see further on, are those of Quietism; and, if your eye is keen, in the transparent abyss you may already detect Molinos *.

CHAPTER III.

LONELINESS OF WOMAN.—COMFORTABLE DEVOTION.—MUNDANE THEOLOGY OF THE JESUITS AND OF ROME.—WOMEN AND CHILDREN USED AS INSTRUMENTS.—THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR, 1618—1648.—GALLANT DEVOTION. DEVOUT ROMANCES. CASUISTS.

As yet we have spoken of a rare exception, of a woman whose life was occupied by works, doubly occupied—as saint and foundress, but, before that, as a wife, a mother of a family, a prudent mistress of a house. Madame de Chantal's biographers dwell on the fact as remarkable, that both as wife and widow, she managed her own house, family, and dependents, and looked after her father's property, as well as that of her husband and children.

These are qualities becoming rare at that period. The taste for *housewifery* and domestic cares, which we find to be common in the sixteenth century, particularly among the legal families, and those of *bourgeoisie*, is much abated in the seventeenth. Every one aspires to live *after the fashion of the nobility*. A life of "idlesse" is the taste of this period; a taste, likewise, the result of circumstances. The day after the religious wars, the whole of the community is left without employment. All local action is at an end; and central life, that of the court, is hardly begun. The nobles have closed their adventures, and hung their swords on the wall. The *bourgeois* has no longer anything to occupy him; no more plots, revolts, or armed processions. The weariness of this want of occupation will weigh on woman most heavily of all; she will find herself at once unoccupied and isolated. In the sixteenth century, she was brought into contact with man by the great questions which were debated, even in the bosom of families, by common dangers, fears, and hopes. By the seventeenth century, all this excitement had disappeared.

There must also be taken into the account another serious point, which, it is to be feared, will become still more serious hereafter; namely, that the subdivisions introduced into each calling necessitate a minuteness of detail and closeness of attention which so absorb man's mind, that he is isolated in the midst of his family, and rendered,

* The principle is the same in St. François de Sales and all the Quietists, whatever the difference in their practice; and this is the *annihilation of the will* as the *ideal of perfection*. St. Francis does not recommend annihilation as the *habitual* state of the soul; others desire this state, which is that of perfection, to become *habitual*, if possible (Fénélon), or even *perpetual* (Molinos). See further on.—Bossuet discovers some passages in St. Francis contrary to his general doctrine; but they only prove the saint not to be perfectly consistent.

as it were, mute, as regards his wife and children. He no longer communicates his thoughts to them from day to day; and they cannot enter into the difficult questions, and numerous technicalities, that engross his thoughts.

But, at any rate, the wife has her children to comfort her? No; at the period in question the house, silent and empty, is no longer enlivened with the sound of children. Education at home becomes an exception; daily giving way to collective education. The son is brought up in the Jesuit seminary; the daughter in the Ursuline or some other convent. The mother is left alone.

Henceforth, mother and son are separated! An eminent evil, this, which contains the germ of a thousand family evils! . . . This is a subject to which I shall return.

Not only separated; but, as the consequence of a totally opposite kind of life, they will become more and more dissimilar in mind, and less and less able to understand each other—the child, a little pedant *in us* *; the mother, ignorant and worldly: they have no longer a language in common.

Thus dissolved, families will be much more exposed to external influences. Mother and child, once separated, are the more easily caught: only different means are employed to this end. The child is tamed and broken down by the oppressive nature of his studies; he is forced to write and write, to copy and copy: at furthest, to translate and imitate. The mother, on the contrary, is overcome by the very vacuity and weariness to which she is restricted. The lady of the castle is alone in the castle; the husband is engaged in the chase or at court. Madame, the president's lady, is alone in her mansion; her husband repairs in the morning to the law-courts and returns in the evening. A dismal mansion this, in the Marais or the city—a large, grey house, in a black and narrow street.

In the sixteenth century, the lady beguiled her idle hours by singing; often by writing songs. In the seventeenth, worldly songs were interdicted; and as to religious songs, she must be much more on her guard against them. To sing a psalm would be to make confession of Protestantism! What is left for her then? Nothing but gallant devotion, the conversation of her director or her lover.

The sixteenth century, with its violent fits of morality and shifting ideas, jumped abruptly from gallantry to devotion, from God to the devil: it oscillated between pleasure and penance. By the seventeenth, men are much more skilful. Thanks to the progress of equivocation, the two things can walk hand in hand, the two languages are confounded, and love and devotion can be carried on at one and the same time. Listen, an invisible witness, to the conversation of the fashionable coteries, and you will not always be able to distinguish the voice of the director from that of the lover.

To account for the singular success of the director, we must not forget the moral position of the time, the uneasy and perplexed state of conscience which every one was conscious of, as soon as the passions called into action by the religious wars were lulled. In the gloomy leisure to which men were left, and amidst the vacuity of the passing day, the past rose up in living guise, and the memory became the more importunate; so that in the generality of minds, especially in the weak and stormy mind of woman, the terrible question of salvation or damnation became the absorbing idea.

The whole success of the Jesuits, and confidence reposed in them by the great, and by ladies of rank, hung by the adroitness of the reply which they could return to this question. A word, therefore, on this point is indispensable.

Who can save us? . . . . The theologian, on the one hand, on the other the jurist or the philosopher, will reply very differently.

The theologian, if truly such, gives the greatest share to Christianity, and replies:—"Christ's grace stands us instead of justice *, and saves whom it wishes. Some are predestined to salvation; the greater number to damnation."

On the contrary, the jurist replies, that we are punished or rewarded according to the good or evil use we freely make of our will; we are paid, according to justice, in conformity with our works.

Here is the never-ending dispute betwixt the jurist and the theologian, betwixt justice and predestination.

To have a better idea of the opposition of the two principles, imagine a mountain suddenly shelving off on either side, its crest narrow and sharp as a razor's edge. On the one side, is predestination, which damns; on the other, justice, which strikes . . . . a fearful dilemma. . . . On the summit, poor man, with one foot on one side, the other on the other, constantly about to slip down.

And when was the fear of falling (or slipping), ever greater than after those great crimes of the sixteenth century? When did men find themselves so top-heavy, so ready to lose their footing? We all know of the terrors of Charles IX. after the massacre of St. Bartholomew: he died for want of a Jesuit confessor. John III., of Sweden, who murdered his brother, did not die; his wife took care to call in the good father Possevino, who *whitened* him, and made a Catholic of him.

The means employed by the Jesuits to tranquillize consciences are at first sight calculated to surprise †. They adopted, artfully and with limitation, but still they adopted the principle of the Jurists, namely, *that man is saved or lost by his works, by the use he makes of his free will.*

A liberal but severe doctrine, it would seem. You are free, and, therefore, responsible, punishable; you sin and you expiate.

The Jurisconsult, who does not trifle, requires here a serious expiation, falling on the person of the guilty,—"Let him lay down his head," he says; "the sword of the law will purge him of the disease of iniquity."

It is better to apply to the Jesuit; we shall get off more cheaply ‡. With him expiation bears no

* (Or, as we should say in his *hic, hæc, hoc,* that is, in his Latin Grammar.) TRANSLATOR.

* This, with differences of degree, is the common answer of the champions of grace, whether Protestants, Jansenists, Thomists, &c.—Put into the opposite scale all the shades of the opposite party, the juris-consults of antiquity and the middle age, the Pelagian and semi-Pelagian heretics, the modern philosophers.

† This is the eclectic attempt of Molina: *Concordia,* &c.

‡ Analogous in theory, they differ in practice. The Jurist

dreadful character. In the first place, he will often prove that there is nothing to expiate. The fault, skilfully interpreted, may become a merit. At the worst, if it remains a fault, it may be washed away by good works. Now, of all these, the best is to devote yourself to the Jesuits, to the Ultra-montane interest.

Do you perceive all the ability of these tactics of the Jesuits? On the one hand, the doctrine of liberty and justice, which the middle age had always objected to the Jurisconsults, or pagans, as irreconcilable with Christianity, the Jesuits adopt, and present themselves to the world as the friends and champions of free will.

On the other hand, as this free will entails responsibility and justice according to his works, the sinner is somewhat embarrassed! The Jesuit arrives in time to relieve him, undertakes to direct this inconvenient liberty, and reduce all works to the one capital work of serving Rome; so that moral liberty, theoretically professed, becomes in practice the best friend of authority.

Double falsehood. These men, calling themselves Jesuits, men of Jesus, teach that man is saved less by Jesus than by himself, than by his own free will. They are then philosophers, friends of liberty? On the contrary, they are the fiercest enemies of liberty and philosophy.

For, with the word *free will* they get rid of Jesus by a juggle, getting rid at the same time also of the liberty which they put forward.

The matter becoming thus simplified on both sides, a sort of tacit bargain was struck between Rome, the Jesuits, and the world.

Rome gave up *Christianity*, that is, the principle which constitutes its basis—(salvation by Jesus Christ). Called upon to decide between the two doctrines, she did not venture to express her opinion *.

The Jesuits gave up *morality* after religion, reducing the moral merits by which man may win his salvation to one only, the political merit of which we have spoken—that of serving Rome.

What did the world give up in return?

The world (the portion of the world most eminently worldly, the woman) gave up the most precious of all things—her family and home. Eve again betrayed Adam; woman betrayed man, her husband, her son.

Thus all sold their God. Rome sold religion, and woman sold domestic happiness.

The weak minds of women, after the great corruption of the sixteenth century, incurably spoilt, full of passion and of fear, of evil desires in the midst of remorse, eagerly seized on this means of sinning in accordance with conscience, of expiating without making amends, without amelioration, or return towards God. They were delighted at receiving in the confessional, in lieu of all other penance, some political commission, or intrigue. They infused into this strange mode of expiation, the very violence of the guilty passions which they desired to expiate; and in order to purchase the privilege of remaining in sin, they often committed crime *.

The impassioned enthusiasm of woman, morbid in everything else, was in this case sustained by the masculine perseverance of the mysterious hand which was at work behind her. To this action, at once gentle and strong, ardent and persevering, firm like iron, melting like fire, all characters and even all interests yielded at last.

Some examples will explain my meaning.

In France, the aged Lesdiguières had a great political interest in remaining a Protestant; as such, he was the leading man of his party. The king rather than the governor of Dauphiny, he assisted the Swiss and protected the population of Vaud and Romand against the house of Savoy. But the daughter of Lesdiguières was gained over by Father Cotton. She worked ably, patiently, upon her father, and succeeded at length in persuading him to abandon his high position for an empty title, and to receive in exchange for his religion the title of Constable.

In Germany, the character of the emperor Ferdinand I., his interest, and the part he had to play, inclined him to remain moderate, and not to make himself subordinate to his nephew Philip II. Violence and fanaticism would reduce him to be the follower of the latter. But the daughters of the emperor laboured to such effect that the house of Austria united itself by marriage with the houses of Lorraine and Bavaria. The children of these three houses were educated by the Jesuits †, who succeeded in reuniting in Germany the broken thread of the destiny of the Guises; and succeeded even better than the Guises. They made for their purpose blind instruments, workmen in diplomacy and in tactics; able workmen certainly, but mere workmen. I speak of those hardy and devout generals, Ferdinand the Second, of Austria, of Tilly, and of Maximilian of Bavaria; those conscientious state-servants of Rome, who, under the direction of their pedagogues, inflicted so long upon Europe a war at once barbarous and scientific, pitiless and methodical. The Jesuits launched them into it and then watched them closely. Over the ruins of cities reduced to ashes, and over fields covered with dead, the Jesuit trotted on his mule beside the war-horse of Tilly.

The horrid feature of this horrid war, the worst ever waged, was the total absence of free inspiration, spontaneous action. From its very commencement, it is artificial and mechanical ‡; it is like a combat of machines, or of phantoms. The strange beings, created only to fight, march without heart, and with vacant eye. How come to an understanding with them? How address them? What pity was to be expected from them? In our wars of religion, in those of the Revolution, it was men that fought; each died for his idea, and falling on the field of battle, shrouded himself in his faith. But the men of the thirty years' war had no personal life, no idea of their own; their breath was nothing but that of the evil genius which pushed them on.

maintains the penal code, the Jesuit suppresses penance. This is the real bait, *the little fish by which the great one is taken*; according to the expressive emblem, *Imago primi sæculi Societatis Jesu*.

* The Jesuits succeeded in causing silence to be imposed on both parties, that is to say, Rome silenced both Molina and Saint Thomas.

* See in Léger, the vast system of espionage, of intrigue, of secret persecution which the ladies of Piedmont and France had organized under the direction of the Jesuits.

† See Ranke's "History of the Popes;" Dorigny, Life of P. Canisius; and above all P. P. Zolf, Geschichte Maximilians, i. 58, 95.

‡ With the exception, of course, of the electrical period of Gustavus Adolphus.

These automata, though blind, are not the less eager or determined. No history could give an idea of this abominable phenomenon, if there did not remain some image of it in the accursed paintings of that *damned* Salvator*.

This then was the fruit of gentleness, of benignity, of paternity; this warfare having, in the first instance, by indulgence and connivance, exterminated morality, having surprised the family, fascinated the mother, and conquered the child, having by a devilish art raised up the *man-machine*, it was found that the creation was a monster, whose whole idea, life, and action, was *murder* and nothing else.

True politicians, amiable men, good fathers, who with so much gentleness have ably and from afar off, arranged the thirty years' war†, seductive Aquaviva, learned Canisius, good Possevino, the friend of Saint François de Sales, who can refuse to admire the flexibility of your genius? Whilst organizing the terrible intrigues of this long St. Bartholomew, you seem discussing with the good saints the difference to be made in the case of those "who died *in love*, and those who died *of love*."

What bye-path led from these gentle theories to these atrocious results? How did minds enervated by gallant devotion and devout gallantry, tainted by the daily facilities of an obliging casuistry, allow themselves to be caught asleep in the meshes of political intrigue‡? It would be a long story. To write it, it would be necessary to enter into the very heart of a nauseous literature, to wade into the mud—Who can do this without turning sick?

A few words, however, are essential. However prepared the world might be, by bad morals and bad taste, for the wretched productions poured on it by the Jesuits, all the torrent of troubled water would have passed away without leaving any traces, had they not mingled with it something of the amiable original who had carried away all hearts. The charms of St. François de Sales, his beautiful spiritual union with Madame de Chantal, the holy and gentle seduction he had exercised over women and children, served in an indirect but efficacious manner the cause of this great religious intrigue.

By means of this small morality and absolution at a low price, the Jesuits could corrupt consciences, but could not quiet them. They could play more or less skilfully on the rich instrument of falsehood, which their institution gave them, airs of science, art, literature, theology; but with all their false fingering, could they draw forth one true note? No; not one!

It was Saint François who taught them this true and sweet note. They had only to play in imitation of him to render their touch a little less discordant. The amiable qualities of his books, their pretty defects, were ably turned to account. His taste for littleness and humility, which led him to look partially on the lesser beings of the creation, as little children, lambs, birds, bees, established among the Jesuits a taste for the minute, the narrow, for lownesses of style, and littlenesses of heart. The innocent freedom of an angel pure as the light, who was constantly exhibiting God in his sweetest revelations,—in woman suckling, and the divine mysteries of love,—emboldened his imitators to the most ribald equivoques, and led them on so far by their doubtful light, that, between gallantry and devotion, the lover and the spiritual father, the line became insensible.

The friend of Saint François de Sales, the good bishop Camus, with all his little romances, contributed much to this. There was thenceforth nothing but pious sheepfolds, devout Astreas, ecclesiastical Amyntases*. Conversion sanctifies everything, I am aware, in these romances. The lovers always end in the convent or the seminary; but they reach it by a long roundabout road, and we dream by the way.

The taste for the romantic†, the insipid, for the paternal and benignant style easily gained ground. The innocent had thus laboured for the crafty. A Saint François and a Camus prepared the way for a father Douillet.

It was essential for the Jesuits to enfeeble, compress the mind, to render it weak and false, to make the little very little, the simple idiots; a soul nourished with trifles, amused with toys, would of course be easy to lead. The emblems, rebusses, and moral riddles in which the Jesuits delighted were very fit for this purpose. In stupid emblems few books can compete with the *Imago primi sæculi Societatis Jesu.*

All these nonsensical little ways succeeded wonderfully well with idle women, whose minds had long been corrupted by an unintellectual gallantry. To please them, in all times, only two things have been necessary: in the first place, to amuse them, to share in their taste for the small, the romantic, the false; secondly, to flatter their weaknesses, and to spoil them by becoming more feeble, more soft, more womanish than they.

This is the road marked out for all. How does the lover usurp the place of the husband? Less by passion, for the most part, than by assiduity and complaisance, by flattering their phantasy. Well! the director will employ no other means; he will flatter, and with so much the more success as from his character, from his cloth, some austerity was expected! But why may not another flatter still

* The expression is harsh; I am sorry for it. If this great artist painted war so cruelly, it was doubtless because he had more heart than any of his contemporaries, and better conceived the horrors of that terrible epoch.

† See especially in Ranke, how Aquaviva obtained a hold on the mind of the young Maximilian of Bavaria, who was to play so great a part in the thirty years' war.

‡ Should the astonishing facility with which at the outset this great enterprise prospered, be explained by the genius of the contrivers? In truth I think not. The spirit of intrigue, a certain diplomatic, patient, and artful cunning—is this genius? The celebrated Jesuits of the time, those who best succeeded in the world, if we judge by what now remains of them, were insipid writers, heavy pedants, or grotesque wits. M. Ranké, with his benevolent impartiality, in enumerating the heroes of the parties in this combat of the human mind, desires to find a great man to oppose to Shakespeare: he seeks, and finds Baldus.

* In the Alexis, Camus excuses himself for writing religious romances by saying that he wrote them to supplant profane ones: "He did as those nurses do who take medicine for the sake of their nurselings." The copy in the Library of the Arsenal is rendered curious by its manuscript notes.

† In a taste for the romantic our contemporaries have not degenerated. The last editor of St. François wishes he could write the history of the Saint and Madame de Chantal with "the pen which describes the death of Atala and the chaste love of Cymodocea." (t. i. p. 243.) Edition dedicated to the Archbishop of Paris.—The beau-ideal of flatness and absurdity in this style may be found in the life of the Virgin, by the abbé Orsini.

more? We have just been witnessing an example (respectable it is true) of these spiritual infidelities. From confessor to confessor, each more gentle, more indulgent the one than the other, there is a danger of falling very low. To gain the day over so many accommodating directors, a new degree of easiness and looseness is required. It is necessary that the new-comer should reverse the parts; that instead of a judge in the tribunal of penitence, he should become a suppliant; that justice should make excuses to the woman; that God should fall upon his knees!

The Jesuits, who by these means supplanted so many directors, testify of themselves that in this kind of competition they had nothing to fear. In easy indulgence, in disguised connivance, in subtilty to deceive God, they knew perfectly well that never would a superior be found to a Jesuit director. Father Cotton feared so little his female penitents leaving him, that he used to advise them sometimes to go to other confessors: "Go, go," he would say; "try them; you will come back to me *."

Only imagine this general emulation between confessors, directors, consulting casuists, to justify every thing; to form, every day, some adroit means of pushing indulgence further, and of representing as innocent, acts which until then had been believed culpable. The result of this war upon sin, actively prosecuted by so many learned men, was that, little by little, it disappeared from the whole of human life; sin knew not where to take refuge; and it might be believed that the time would come when evil would be no longer known in the world.

That great work, the *Provincial Letters*, with all the art of its method, leaves nevertheless one thing to regret. In showing the unanimity of the casuists, the author presents them in some sort on the same line, and as contemporaries. It would have been very much more instructive to have dated them, and awarded to each of them according to his deserts, in the progressive development of casuistry; to have shown how they went on perfecting, improving the one on the other, surpassing, eclipsing their predecessors.

With so great a competition it was necessary to make immense efforts, and to tax their ingenuity to the utmost. The penitent, having a choice, might be fastidious. Every day he required absolution on better terms; whoever would not lower his prices lost his customers.

It required an able man to find amid so much indulgence the means of pushing it still further. Beautiful science, elastic and easy, which, instead of imposing rules, made itself wide or narrow, and accommodated itself to the measure of all.

Every progress of this kind, being carefully noted, served as a point of departure from which to make a further advance.

In countries once attacked with fever, fever engenders fever; the sick inhabitants neglecting the cares necessary to health, every pool mantles with filth, the water spreads into marshes, the miasma thickens; a close, dull and heavy air weighs upon the land. Men drag themselves slowly along or lie down. Do not talk to them of any remedy; they are accustomed to the fever; they have had it from their birth; their fathers had it. Why think of remedies? The state of the country has been such from time immemorial; it would be almost a pity, according to them, to make any change.

* See on this subject the singular fatuity of the Jesuit Fichet, the contempt with which he speaks of the first director of Madame de Chantal, who was too jealous of her, and whom he goes so far as to call "This shepherd."—p. 123—135.)

CHAPTER IV.

CONVENTS — NEIGHBOURHOOD OF CONVENTS.—CONVENTS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.—CONTRAST WITH THE MIDDLE AGE.—THE DIRECTOR.—DISPUTE ABOUT THE DIRECTION OF THE NUNS.—THE JESUITS GAIN THE VICTORY BY MEANS OF CALUMNY.

A NAÏVE and witty German lady, once told me that on her first visit to Paris with her husband, they wandered for a long time through a strange, melancholy quarter, where they made a number of turnings and windings, without being able to find their way. Having entered by a public garden, they found at length another garden, which brought them out by the quay. I perceived that she was speaking of the learned and pious quarter, which contains so many convents and colleges, and which extends from the Luxembourg to the Jardin des Plantes.

"I saw," says this lady, "whole streets with gardens, bordered by high walls, which recalled to mind the desert quarters of Rome, in which the *malaria* reigns; with this difference, that these were not deserted, but mysteriously inhabited, closed, suspicious, inhospitable. Other streets, very gloomy, were as it were buried between two rows of lofty grey houses, which did not look upon the street, and which, as if in derision, exhibited long rows of bricked-up windows, or else blinds so constructed as to admit the light, but prevent the inmates from seeing the passers by. We asked our way several times, and were often shown it; but, I know not how, after having gone up, and down, and up again, we always found ourselves at the same point. Our uneasiness and fatigue increased. We always came out, invariably, fatally, in the same sad streets, and met the same sombre houses ungraciously closed, which looked upon us askance. Exhausted at length, and seeing no one, overcome more and more by the melancholy which seemed to ooze from the walls, I sat down upon a stone and began to weep."

Melancholy is in fact the feeling which seizes on and saddens the heart at the mere sight of these ill-favoured houses; the gayest are the hospitals. Built for the most part, or rebuilt at the beginning of the seventeenth century, in those times of solemn dulness, the reigns of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV., they display none of the lovely art of the Revival; the last memorial of which is the Florentine façade of the Luxembourg. All the houses since built, even those which affect a certain severe luxury, (for example the Sorbonne,) are sometimes great, never grand. With their high-pointed roofs, and rigid lines, they have always a dry, sad, monotonous *priestly* or *old-maidenish* air. In this they do not belie their origin; most of them having been built for the innumerable daughters of the nobility, and of the wealthier citizens who aped the nobility, and who thus got rid of their incumbrances to enrich the eldest son; the sisters were sent to these places to die sadly and decently.

The monuments of the middle age are melancholy, but not tiresome; they impress us with the force and sincerity of the sentiment which raised them; they are not for the most part official monuments, but living works of the people, the children of its faith. These, on the contrary, were raised by a class, by the noble classes which swarmed into being in the seventeenth century, through subserviency, the antechamber, and ministerial offices. They are hospitals opened for the daughters of such families. Their great number almost deceives us respecting the force and the extent of the religious reaction of that time. Look on them well, and tell me, I pray ye, if you perceive the least trace of the old asceticism; are they religious houses or hospitals, barracks or colleges? There is no distinctive mark by which you can tell. They may have been intended for all or none of these purposes. They have only one character, but a very determinate one; severe uniformity, decent mediocrity and ennui—ennui realized in an architectural form, palpable, tangible and visible ennui.

That which infinitely multiplied these houses was the austerity of the old rules having by that time become much softened; parents were less reluctant to make their daughters take the veil; it was no longer to bury them alive. The convent parlours were drawing-rooms, always crowded with company, collected under pretence of edification. Fine ladies came to confide their secret adventures, filling the minds of the nuns with intrigues and squabbles, and troubling them with vain regrets. With their thoughts thus carried back to the world, they felt the more keenly the dulness of their own life; a life, indeed, of little austerity, but of numerous insignificant and paltry practices, a life generally idle, an infinite void.

The monastic life was, it must be confessed, another, and more serious thing in the middle age; there was in the convent more training for death and a more active life. The system was generally based on two things, followed sincerely, and to the letter—the destruction of the body and the vivification of the soul. Against the body an exterminating fast was employed, along with excessive vigils, and frequent bleedings. For the development of the soul, monks and nuns were required to read, to copy *, to chant; and up to the eleventh century, they understood what they sang, as Latin differed but in a trifling degree from the language commonly spoken. The offices possessed then a dramatic character, which unceasingly sustained and kept alive attention; many things, since reduced to mere words, were then expressed by gestures, by pantomimes; what is spoken to-day was acted then †. When religious service assumed its present serious, sober, wearisome character, the nuns had still a compensation in lectures, legends, the lives of saints, and various translations; as, for example, the admirable French version of the *Imitation**. All these consolations were withdrawn in the sixteenth century: it was discovered that there was danger in rendering them too fond of reading. Even chanting in the seventeenth century, seemed suspicious to many confessors; it was feared that they would grow tender in singing the praises of God†.

How was all this to be replaced? Instead of these offices no longer understood, of reading, and of these forbidden chants; instead of so many things, which were successively taken away from them, what was substituted?

A thing? no, but a man, to speak plainly, the director.—The director was a novelty—little known in the middle ages, which had only possessed the confessor.

Yes, it is a man who inherits all that vast empty space; it is his conversation, his teaching that is destined to fill it up. Prayer, reading if it is allowed, everything is done under him and by him. God, whom they before received through the medium of their books, or of their eyes,—God is henceforth dispensed to them by this man, doled forth by him day by day according to the measure of his heart.

Here, a thousand ideas obtrude themselves. But they must have patience; we will listen to them by and by. Now they would break the thread of historical deduction.

At the first beginning of devout re-action, the nuns were commonly governed by monks of their own order; the Feuillantines by the Feuillants, the Carmelites by the Carmelites, the nuns of St. Elizabeth by the monks of the order of Picpus. The Capuchines were not only confessed and directed by the Capuchins, but supported by them, and the profits of their collections ‡.

The monks did not preserve this exclusive possession. During more than a quarter of a century, priests, monks, friars of all colours, carried on, on this subject, a fierce warfare. This mysterious kingdom of women, immured and dependent, and over whom an undivided dominion could be exercised, was, not without reason, the object of a general ambition. Such houses, apparently so still, and such strangers to the world, are often not on that account the less great centres of action. There existed here an immense power for the orders which could seize on it, and with individuals, priests, or monks, it was (whether they confessed it or not),—it was an affair of the heart.

What I say here, I say of the purest and the most strict, who are often the most tender. The honourable attachment cherished by the cardinal de Bérulle for the Carmelites, whom he had brought hither, was known to every one. He located them near him; he visited them at any hour of the day and evening,—the Jesuits said, even *of the night.* To them, when sick, he went, to seek convalescence. When Paris was visited by the plague, he said he would not quit the town, "because it contained his Carmelites."

The Oratorians and the Jesuits, natural enemies

* The Rules of St. Césaire and others prescribed to the nuns the duty of copying manuscripts. (See my memoir on the Education of Women in the Middle Ages, at the end of the third edition of the Introduction to Universal History.) Many of the beautiful miniatures which ornament them, which seem a labour of love and of infinite patience, betray a female hand.—Who would believe that now-a-days it is a crime for a nun to know how to draw, or to pick flowers in order to paint them? We have learnt this, however, with many other curious things respecting the interior of convents, from the revelations of the Sister Marie Lemonnier. Mémoire de M. Tillard, p. 45. Caen.)

† See my Origines du Droit.—D. Martene, de Ritibus, &c.

* History of France, t. ii. p. 109.

† Chateaubriand, Vie de Rancé, p. 227, 229.

‡ See Heliot, and for Paris especially, Felibien, who is very full on the subject.

and adversaries, joined in a common cause, in order to drive away the Carmelites from the direction of these nuns; and when they had succeeded, they began to fight amongst themselves.

The austere order of the Carmelites, which met with little success amongst us, was, nevertheless, important, considered as the ideal of repentance, as religious poetry; the enthusiastic spirit of St. Theresa still presided over it; here it was those came to die, who, like Madame de la Vallière, were so broken in spirit, that nothing but death could heal the wound.

But the two great institutions of the period, those which gave expression to its mind, and which were most popular were, those of the Visitandines and the Ursulines. The first possessed, in the reign of Louis XIV., nearly a hundred and fifty monasteries; and the second three or four hundred.

The Visitandines, as is known, were the mildest of all the orders; in a state of inaction they awaited the coming of the holy Bridegroom; their life of lassitude was admirably adapted to create visionaries. The surprising success of Marie Alacoque, and how it was turned to advantage by the Jesuits, is well-known.

The Ursulines, more useful, devoted themselves to teaching the three hundred and fifty convents belonging to them in this century, and educated, according to the most moderate calculation, thirty-five thousand young girls. This vast educational institution, directed by able hands, might become a great political instrument.

The Ursulines and Visitandines were subject to the bishops, who chose their confessors. St. François de Sales, so staunch a friend of the Jesuits and the religious orders in general, had shown himself distrustful of them in the affair which lay nearest his heart—the Visitation. "It seems to me (he remarks somewhere) that those good maidens know not what they desire, if they wish to subject themselves to the authority of the monks, who are in truth estimable servants of God; but it is a hard thing for women to be governed by those orders, *who have been accustomed to deprive them of the holy freedom of the spirit* *."

It is only too easy to perceive how the female orders servilely imbibe the spirit of the men who direct them. Those who were governed by the monks displayed a wild, eccentric, violently devotional character. Under secular priests, the Oratorians, and Doctrinarians, they show a certain amount of reason, a little narrow-minded, ordinary, dry, and sterile wisdom.

The nuns who received from the bishops their ordinary confessor, themselves chose an extraordinary confessor, who in his capacity of extraordinary, failed not to fill the place of the other, and supersede his authority; this man was most commonly a Jesuit. The new orders of the Ursulines and the Visitandines, created by priests, who desired to separate them from the monks, fell nevertheless under their influence. The priests laid the foundation, and the Jesuits reaped the profits.

Nothing served the purpose of the Jesuits better, than to say, and to repeat unceasingly, that their strict founder had forbidden them to undertake the government of nunneries. This was true of convents in general, but false of nuns in particular, and of their individual direction; they did not govern them collectively, but singly.

* Works, t. xi. p. 120. (ed. 1833.)

The Jesuit did not meddle with the daily details of spiritual management, the petty annoyances of trifling sins. He was never importunate, but interfered at the proper moment; he was, above all, useful in saving the nuns from relating to the confessor what they wished to conceal. The latter became, by degrees, a sort of husband who was considered as nothing.

If by accident he had any firmness of character, if he was capable of exerting any influence, calumnies were recklessly employed to effect his removal. The audacity of the Jesuits in these matters may be judged of when they did not fear to attack a man of such authority as the cardinal de Bérulle *. One of his kinswomen having become pregnant among the Carmelites, in a convent in which he had never set his foot, they boldly accused him. Finding no one to believe them, and perceiving that they should gain nothing by attacking him on the score of morals, they raised a cry against his books. They contained, said they, the concealed poison of a dangerous mysticism. The cardinal was too tender, too indulgent, too gentle, both as theologian and *Director*. Prodigious effrontery! when all the world knew and said what sort of directors they themselves were.

This operated, nevertheless, in the long run, if not against Bérulle, at least against the Oratory, which became disgusted and frightened with the direction of the nuns, and ended by deserting from it. This is a remarkable example of the all-powerful effects of calumny, when it is organized on a grand scale by a large body, spread with unanimity, and said and re-said in chorus. A chorus of thirty thousand men, every day repeating the same thing in the whole Christian world,—who could resist this? In this, properly speaking, consists the art of the Jesuits; and they have been incomparable in it. At their birth, they were addressed in much the same words that Virgil addressed to his Roman, in the well-known passage—(Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra, &c.). "Others will animate brass, or infuse life into marble; *they* will excel in other arts." —"Do thou, Jesuit, remember, thy art is calumny!"

CHAPTER V.

REACTION OF MORALITY.—ARNAUD, 1643.—PASCAL, 1657. ABASEMENT OF THE JESUITS.—HOW THEY SECURED THE SUPPORT OF THE KING AND OF THE POPE, AND SILENCED THEIR ENEMIES.—DISCOURAGEMENT OF THE JESUITS, THEIR CORRUPTION; THEY PROTECT THE FIRST QUIETISTS; IMMORALITY OF QUIETISM.—DESMARETS DE ST. SORLIN.—MORIN BURNT, A.D. 1663.

MORALITY was weakened, but was not quite extinct. Undermined by casuists, by Jesuitism, and the intrigues of the clergy, it was saved by the laity. This is the contrast presented by this period. Priests, even the best of them, like the Cardinal de Bérulle, mingle in the world and in politics. Illustrious laymen, like Descartes and Poussin, seek solitude. Philosophers become monks, and saints conduct the affairs of the world.

In this century, the natural order of things seems

* Tabaraud, Life of Bérulle, t. i. passim, especially p. 115.

to be reversed. The clergy, aspiring to political power, end by obtaining the expulsion of the Protestants, the proscription of the Jansenists, and the submission of the Gallicans to the Pope. The laity take the lead in science; Descartes and Galileo give the impulse, Leibnitz and Newton bestow the harmony. That is to say, the Church will triumph in temporal matters, and the laity will possess themselves of the spiritual power.

From the desert where our great lay monks have sought a retreat, a purer wind blows. Another age, it is felt, is beginning; the modern age, the age of work, after this of disputes. No more dreams, no more scholastic divinity. It is necessary to go seriously to work, early, before daybreak. It is a little cold, but never mind; it is only the invigorating cold of the dawn, as after those beautiful nights of the north, where a queen, twenty years of age, seeks Descartes at four in the morning, to learn algebra and geometry. This serious and exalted spirit, which remodelled philosophy and modified literature, could not be without its influence upon theology. It found a resting-place, small and imperceptible as yet, in the community of the friends of Port-Royal; to their austerity it added grandeur, and morality asserted its claims, religion awoke to a sense of her danger.

Every thing prospered with the Jesuits; confessors of kings, of the great, of beautiful ladies, they beheld everywhere their morality blooming; when, over that calm sky, the thunder suddenly bursts, and the bolt falls. I am speaking of Arnaud's book, so unexpected and so overwhelming—*On frequent Communion.* (1643.)

It was not the Jesuits, or Jesuitism, that alone felt the blow, but every thing which served to enervate Christianity by a softening indulgence. Once more religion showed herself austere and grave; and the world beheld with astonishment the pale face of the Crucified. He came again to say, in the name of grace, what natural reason also declares: "That there is no real expiation without repentance." What became, in the face of this severe truth, of all those little elusive arts? What became of worldly devotions, of romantic piety, of all the Philotheas, the Erotheas, and their imitators?—The contrast appeared shocking.

Others have said, and will say all this infinitely better. I am not now writing the history of Jansenism: the theological question is for ever set at rest, but the moral question survives, and history owes it a word; it cannot continue indifferent between honest and dishonest men. Whether the Jansenist party has or has not exaggerated the doctrine of grace, we must call this party, as it deserves to be called in this fine struggle, the party of virtue.

So far from Arnaud and Pascal having proceeded to too great lengths against their adversaries, it might very easily be shown that they themselves stopped short of the goal; that they did not make use of all their weapons; that they feared by attacking the Jesuitical direction, on certain delicate points, to do wrong both to direction, and confession in general.

The Jesuit Ferrier confesses, that after the terrible blow of the *Provinciales*, the Jesuits were crushed, and fell henceforth into derision and contempt. A crowd of bishops condemned them; not one rose up in their defence.

One of the means employed by them to patch up their position was boldly to say, that the opinions with which they were reproached, were not those of the society, but of certain individuals. The reply made was, that as all their books had been examined by their general, before publication, they must be considered to emanate from the whole society. So, to deceive the simple, they caused a few to write against their own doctrines. A Spanish Jesuit wrote against Ultra-montanism. Another, the Father Gonzales, wrote a book against the casuists, which was of great service to them. When at length, Rome became ashamed of their doctrine, and disowned them, they placed Gonzales in their front, printed his book, and made him their general. Even at the present day, it is with his book and name that they oppose us. Thus they have an answer for every one. Are you partial to indulgence, take Escobar; if you are partial to severity, take Gonzales.

Let us see the results of this universal contempt into which they fell after the *Provinciales*. The public conscience being so much put on its guard, will not every one be anxious to fly from them? Will not their confessionals be deserted; their colleges avoided? If this were your inference, it would be a mistaken one.

They are too necessary to the corrupt nature of the age. How without them, could the king, with his double adultery exhibited to the eyes of all Europe, perform his devotions? Father Ferrier, Father Canard*, Father La Chaise, will remain with him to the end, like those too useful pieces of furniture which we cannot do without.

But does not Rome feel how much she is compromised by such auxiliaries? Does not an urgent necessity exist that she should separate from them?

Some weak attempts were made, and the pope condemned the apology for the casuists, that the Jesuits had put forth, and this exhausted all the energy of Rome. If it still possessed any, it was directed against the enemies of the Jesuits. These carried the day; they had, in the beginning of the century, induced the pope to impose silence on the doctrine of grace defended by the Dominicans; and again they silenced it, when in the middle of the century it began to speak by the voice of the Jansenists.

For this silence twice imposed, the Jesuits paid Rome by more eagerly crying up the doctrine of Papal infallibility. Upon this crumbling Babel they were not afraid to build; they raised it by new stories: firstly, they promulgated (through Bellarmin) the infallibility of the pope *in matters of faith*; secondly, the danger having become greater, they committed a bold insensate act, which, however, gained the good will of Rome; they caused the pope, in the decrepitude of his power, to do what in its height he had never dared to do—to proclaim himself infallible *in matters of fact*.

And this, at the very moment when, upon the principal facts of nature and history, Rome was obliged to confess herself in the wrong. Without speaking of the New World, which after having denied she was obliged to own, she condemns Galileo, and then she submits to him, she adopts his system, she teaches it; the penance which she made

* This is the man who was called, at his own desire, by his Latin name, Annat.

him endure for one day, she herself has been compelled to perform for two hundred years since Galileo *.

Another fact, in one sense, still more serious :—

The fundamental right of the popes, the title of their power, those famous Decretals which they have quoted and defended so long as criticism, unaided by printing, was unable to shed light on the matter ; well ! those very Decretals the pope was obliged to confess to be a falsehood, a forgery †.

What ! it is when Papacy has disavowed its own words and given itself the lie upon the fundamental fact on which its own right depends, it is then that the Jesuits claim for her infallibility in matters of fact ?

The Jesuits have been the corrupters and tempters of popes, as well as of kings. They obtained mastery over kings by ministering to their concupiscence, and over popes by feeding their pride.

Ludicrous and touching spectacle, to behold this poor little Jansenist party, so great at that time in genius and in heart ‡, obstinately continuing to appeal to the justice of Rome, and kneeling before this corrupted judge §.

The Jesuits were not so blind as not to see that the Popedom, foolishly exalted by them in theology, was losing ground rapidly in the political world. At the beginning of the century, the pope was still powerful ; he administered the whip to Henry IV. on the back of the cardinal D'Ossat. In the middle of the century, after the great effort of the thirty years' war, the pope is not even consulted on the subject of the treaty of Westphalia. In the treaty of the Pyrenees, between Catholic Spain and Most Christian France, the very existence of the pope was forgotten.

The Jesuits had undertaken an impossibility; and the principal means they employed, the appropriation of the rising generation, was no less impossible. Towards that their greatest effort was directed; they had succeeded in securing in their hands most of the children of the nobility and of families in easy circumstances ; they had made a machine of education, for narrowing men's heads and flattening the mind. But such is the vigour of modern genius, that with a system most felicitously calculated to stifle invention, the first generation produced Descartes, the second, the author of Tartuffe, and the third, Voltaire.

What most galled them was, that by the light of this great modern torch, which they could not extinguish, they beheld their own deformity. They knew and began to despise themselves. There is no one, however hardened he may be by falsehood, who can altogether deceive himself as to what he is. They were compelled to confess that their doctrine of probability, was, at bottom, only doubt, and the absence of all principle. They could not prevent themselves from making the discovery that they, Christians *par excellence*, the champions of faith, were in reality nothing but sceptics.

Of faith ! But of what faith ? It was not of Christian faith ; all their theology served no purpose, but to ruin the basis on which Christianity stood—grace, gratuitous salvation, by the blood of Jesus Christ.

Champions of a principle ? No, but agents of an enterprise, occupied with one affair, and an impossible affair, the restoration of the Papacy.

Some few Jesuits resolved to seek a remedy against their abasement. They publicly confessed the urgent necessity of reform of which the society stood in need. Their chief, a German, dared to attempt this reform; and suffered accordingly. The great majority of the Jesuits desired to maintain abuses, and so deposed him *.

These good workmen, who had laboured so assiduously to justify the enjoyments of others, wished to enjoy themselves also. They chose for general a man after their own hearts, amiable, mild, and good, the epicure Oliva. Rome, recently governed by Madam Olympia, was rolling in indulgence; Oliva, secluded in a delicious villa, said, "*Business to-morrow*;" and let the society govern itself as it listed. Some became merchants, bankers, cloth-manufacturers, for the advantage of their houses. Others, following more closely the example of the pope, worked for their nephews, and attended to the interests of their family. Those who had wit, coquetted, and wrote madrigals. Others amused themselves with the gossiping of nuns, with the little secrets of women, with sensual inquisitiveness. Their rectors, debarred the society of women, became only too often college Thyrsises and Corydons; in Germany a frightful trial † was the result, in which the honour of a great many of those proud and stern German houses was somewhat roughly treated.

The Jesuits, abased so low, both in their theology and in their practice, enlarged their party by the strangest auxiliaries. Every declared enemy of the Jansenists became their friend. In this we see the immoral want of consistency of the society, and its perfect indifference to system. These people, who for more than half a century fought for free will, basely allied themselves, by a transition from one extreme to the other, with those mystics who confound all liberty in God. But lately reproached with following the principles of philosophers, and Pagan jurisconsults, who give every

* They will say that these are the sciences of matter, and that they are the men of the spirit. To which I answer: He who knows not the natural, has no right to separate from it the supernatural, nor to come to any decision respecting it.

† By the instrumentality of two cardinals and librarians of the Vatican, Bellarmin and Baronius, one of whom was confessor to the Pope.

‡ Who can behold in the Louvre without emotion that tragic portrait of one of the Arnauds (Angelique?) That pale face, so virginal, so austere, that transparent lamp of alabaster, through which beams the internal flame, the flame of grace, —the flame also of combat! But how can we blame them for it; persecuted, given up to those whom all the world despised! Virtue and genius overcome by cunning!—I never go to the Museum without looking also on the touching painting of the young nun of Port Royal, saved by a prayer. Ah! those young girls were saints, it must be confessed; whether we admire or not their spirit of resistance, saints; and, moreover, in the forms of those days, the true defenders of liberty.

§ Read, however, the immortal fifth letter of Nicole (Imaginaires et Visionnaires, i. 140) as eloquent as the Provinciales, and much more bold.

* This episode of the History of the Jesuits, much obscured by them, has been cleared up by Ranké, from manuscript documents.

† A small edition was reprinted in 1843. M. Nodier gave me a copy of this rarity, infinitely rare now.—I cannot now lay my hands on it.

thing to justice, nothing to grace, nothing to love; and now behold them welcoming the new-born Quietism, and the preacher of love, the visionary Desmarets de St. Sorlin.

Desmarets had, it is true, rendered them essential service. He succeeded in dismembering Port-Royal, by gaining over a few of the nuns. He was a principal agent in the death of poor Morin, another more original and more innocent visionary, who believed himself to be the Holy Ghost *. He himself relates how, encouraged by Father Canard (Annat) the king's confessor, he obtained the confidence of the unhappy man, made him believe that he was his disciple, and procured from him written proofs, which afterwards brought him to the stake (A.D. 1663).

The favour of the all-powerful confessor gained for the most extravagant of Desmarets' works, the approbation of the archbishop of Paris. He declared himself a prophet, and promised to raise for the king and the pope an army of a hundred and forty thousand devotees, champions of papal infallibility, to exterminate, in concert with Spain, the Turks and the Jansenists.

These devotees, or victims of love, were persons immolated, annihilated in themselves, and who lived for God alone. Henceforth they could do no evil. "The soul," he argued, "having become a nonentity, cannot consent; whatever it does, not having consented, it commits no sin. It does not think at all, either of what it does, or of what it has not done, for it has done nothing at all.—God, being in us, does every thing, suffers every thing; the devil cannot discover the creature, either in itself, for it is but a nonentity, or in its acts, for it performs none.—Through an entire dissolution of ourselves, the virtue of the Holy Ghost flows into us, and we become entirely God by an admirable *deiformity*.—If there be still troubles in the inferior part, the superior knows not of them, but the two parts subtilised, rarified, end by changing into God, the inferior as well as the other; *God abides then with the movements of sensuality which are all sanctified* †.

Desmarets was not content with printing this doctrine with the permission of the king and the approbation of the archbishop. Strong in the support of the Jesuits he preached to the nuns, and had access to the convents. Layman as he was, he had got to be director of the nuns. He related to them his dreams of devout gallantry, and made inquiries about their carnal temptations. A man so completely annihilated might fearlessly write the greatest nonsense: the following letter, for example—"I embrace you, my very dear dove, in our nothingness, nullity that I am, each of us being all in our all, through our beloved Jesus!"

What a progress in the few years since the *Provinciales!* What has become of the Casuists; those simple people, who took sins one by one, and by a great effort effaced one and then another? Here they are all effaced.

Casuistry was an art, which had its masters, its doctors. But now what need of doctors? Every *spiritual* man, every devout person, every Jesuit, whether layman or priest, can speak the soft language of pious tenderness. The Jesuits have been humbled, but Jesuitism gains ground. The question is no longer how *to direct the intention* every day, by a special equivocation for each case. Love, which mingles and confounds every thing, is the sovereign equivocation, the sweetest, the most powerful. Lull the will to sleep, and intention no longer exists; the soul, "losing its nothingness in its All," allows itself to be softly annihilated on the bosom of love.

CHAPTER VI.

SEQUEL OF MORAL REACTION.—TARTUFFE, A.D. 1664—1669.—TARTUFFE IN REAL LIFE.—WHY TARTUFFE IS NOT A QUIETIST.

The devout man taken in flagrant delinquency by the man of the world, the man of the church excommunicated by the comedian—this is the meaning, the object of the Tartuffe *.

The great moral question laid down by Plato in his Athenian Tartuffe (Euthyphron): Without *justice*, can there be *holiness*?—a question so clear of itself, but industriously obscured by the casuists, was put in its proper light. The theatre gave new stability to religious morality †, so long sapped in the Church.

The author of the Tartuffe chose his subject not from society in general, but from a more narrow sphere, from the family circle, the fireside, from the holy of holies of modern life. This comedian, this impious person, was the man who of all the world held most at heart the religion of the family, and yet he had no family. Tender and melancholy, he sometimes, in his domestic sorrow, used, in speaking of himself, an extremely characteristic remark: "I ought to have foreseen, that one thing there was which fitted me little for family society—*my austerity* ‡."

The Tartuffe, that great and sublime fresco, is of a very simple design. More finished, it would have been less popular. *Mental reservation*, and the

* A belief common in the middle age. Morin was a man of the middle age, who had wandered by accident into the seventeenth century. His *Thoughts*, (1647,) contain many eloquent and original passages; among them this fine verse (p 164), "Thou knowest well that love changes to itself that which it loves." The life of Morin was innocent; the decision (so cruel!) accuses him of no sin against morality. Desmarets ruined him through jealousy; he desired to be a prophet on his own account, and was not content with being the St. John the Baptist of the new Messiah.

† Desmarets de Saint Sortin, Delights of the Spirit. Day 29, p. 170. See also his Spiritual Letters, &c.

* The appearance of the Tartuffe and the conquest of Flanders marks the literary and political apogee of the age of Louis XIV. France, which up to that time had represented the modern principle, turned afterwards against that principle, and, by attacking Holland, prepared the marriage of Holland and England, that is to say, the greatness of England, and its own ruin.

† An *esprit fort*, Saint Evremond, writes to a friend: "I have just read the Tartuffe—'If I am saved, I shall owe my salvation to it. Devotion is so reasonable in the mouth of Cléante, that I am compelled to abandon my philosophy; and false devotees are so well painted that very shame will make them abandon hypocrisy. Sacred piety, how much good you will bring into the world!" Letter, quoted in the edition of M Aimé-Martin. (1837.) t. iii p. 125.

‡ See his life by Grimarest, the ingenious notices of M. Génin (French Plutarch), and the more important work of M. E. Noel on the biography of Molière discovered in his own comedies (in the press).

direction of the intentions, two things at which the world had laughed since the *Provinciales,* sufficed for Molière. He did not dare to introduce upon the stage the new mysticism, too little known as yet, or too dangerous to be touched.

Perhaps, if he had made use of the jargon of Desmarets and the early Quietists, if he had put into the mouth of Tartuffe their mystic tendernesses, the same thing would have happened as happened to the ridiculous sonnet in the *Misanthrope*—the pit would have applauded.

The evening before the first representation of Tartuffe, Molière read the piece to Ninon; "and to repay him in the same coin, she related a similar adventure which happened to her, with a scoundrel of the same sort, whose portrait she sketched in colours so vivid and natural, that, if the piece had not been already written, he would never, he said, have undertaken it."

What could have been wanting to this masterpiece, to this drama, so profoundly conceived, so powerfully executed? Nothing, doubtless, but what the religious attitude of the times, and the custom of our theatres excluded.

A thing impossible to describe in so short a drama, (and which, nevertheless, constitutes the leading feature of the character,) was the way in which he made his approaches, the long windings by which he reached his end, the patience of his cunning and slow fascinations.

Every thing is forcibly put, but a little abruptly. This man received, through charity, into the house, this low rogue, this glutton, who eats like six men, this knave with the red ear—how does he become so soon emboldened, and how does he aim so high? The declaration of such a man to such a woman, of a proposed son-in-law to his future step-mother, astonishes the reader; on the stage, perhaps, it appears more probable.

Elmire, when the man of God makes point blank thiss urprising declaration, is by no means prepared for it. A real Tartuffe would have managed the matter very differently; humble and patient, he would have slowly taken a footing in the house. He would have waited a favourable moment. If, for example, Elmire had experienced those indiscretions and levities of worldly lovers of which Tartuffe speaks, then, broken in spirit by these trials, enervated, feeble, and cast down, had he suddenly sought her,—then, perhaps, she would have allowed him to say, in the soft jargon of quietism, many things which she would not listen to at the moment when Molière presents her to us.

Mademoiselle Bourignon, in her curious life, which ought to be reprinted, relates in what danger she found herself through her confidence in a saint of this description. . . . I shall let her relate it in her own words; only premising that the pious lady, who had just inherited a fortune, intended to employ this wealth in endowing convents, and other pious works.

"One day, being in the streets of Lille, I met a man with whom I was unacquainted, who said to me in passing, 'You will not do what you desire, but you will do what you do not desire.' Two days afterwards, the same man came to my house, and said, 'What did you think of me?' 'That you were,' answered I, 'either a fool or a prophet.' 'Neither the one nor the other. I am a poor fellow from a village near Douai; and my name is Jean de Saint Saulieu. All my study is charity. I lived first with a hermit, but my present director is my curé, M. Roussel. I teach poor children to read. The greatest charity you can do is to found an asylum for orphan girls; there are so many in consequence of the wars. The convents are rich enough already.' He spoke three hours following, with much earnestness.

"I inquired about him of the priest who was his director, and who assured me that he was a man of apostolic zeal. (Observe that the priest had thought to gain the rich heiress for a nephew of his; the nephew having failed, he wanted to secure her for his creature.) Saint Saulieu often came again, and spoke divinely of spiritual things. I could not understand how so uneducated a man could speak in so exalted a manner of divine mysteries. I believed him to be, in truth, inspired by the Holy Ghost. He himself said that he was dead to nature. He had been a soldier, and he had returned from the wars as pure as a child. By extreme abstinence, he had lost all taste for meats, for drinks, and could not distinguish wine from beer! He passed the best part of his time on his knees in the churches. He might be seen walking along the streets with a modest air and downcast eyes, without looking at any thing; as if entirely lost to the world. He visited the poor, the sick, and gave away all he possessed. In the winter, whenever he met a poor, half-clothed being he would draw him aside, and, taking off his coat, give it to him. My heart was full of joy at perceiving that there were still such men in the world. I thanked God that it was so; and I thought I had now found a counterpart of myself. Priests, and other pious people, entertained the same confidence in him; they went to consult him, and receive from him good advice.

"I entertained a strong repugnance to quitting my retirement, to found this hospital for children which Saint Saulieu advised me to do. But he brought to me a tradesman who had begun the same thing, and who offered me a house where he had already assembled a few poor little girls. I entered it in November, 1653. I cleaned these children, who were dirty enough to frighten one. This was a very disagreeable duty; I had no one with me who liked it. But at last I made a rule, submitted myself to it; and we lived in common, and ate at the same table. I kept as much to myself as possible; but I was compelled to speak with all sorts of persons. Monks, devotees, came, whose conversation gave me little pleasure. I was often sick to death.

"The house where Saint Saulieu taught having been destroyed, and he himself dismissed, he retired to that of the merchant of whom I have already spoken. He besought me to assist him in founding a hospital like mine, for boys. To defray the first expense, Saint Saulieu was to farm a bureau of the town, which was worth two thousand francs a-year, and the revenue of which would be devoted to this foundation. I became security for him. He received one year's rent, and then said, that he should require, before beginning anything, another year's rent, to have wherewith to furnish the house. This made four thousand francs; when he had obtained six thousand, he kept them, saying that it was the reward of his labour, and that he had earned it well.

"I had not waited for this to have my suspicions aroused. I had had strange internal views on the subject of this man. I one day saw a black wolf playing with a little white lamb. Another day I saw the heart of Saint Saulieu, and a little Moorish child, with a crown and sceptre of gold, who was sitting upon it, as though the devil had been the king of his heart. I did not conceal these visions from him; but he flew into a rage, and told me I ought to confess myself, for having thought so badly of my neighbour; that he took especial care not to be a black wolf; that, on the contrary, on approaching me, he became white and more and more chaste. One day, nevertheless, he told me that we ought to marry, still preserving our virginity; that, by this union we should do much more good. To which I replied, that such a union did not require the sanction of marriage. He, nevertheless, showed me several little evidences of *friendship*, of which, at first, I took little heed. At last, he discovered himself all at once, said that he loved me to distraction, that for many years he had studied spiritual books, the better to gain me; that now having had such frequent access to me, I must be his wife, either by love, or by force; and he approached me to caress me. I got into a passion, and commanded him to leave the house. Then he melted into tears, fell on his knees, and said, it was the devil tempted him. I was silly enough to believe and pardon him.

"The thing did not end here, he was continually repeating his conduct. He followed me everywhere; he entered the house in spite of my girls. He went so far as to hold a knife to my throat, in order to force me to yield. At the same time, he said every where, that he had possessed me, 'that I was his wife by promise.' I complained in vain to his confessor; and then applied to the magistrates, who gave me two men as a guard in my house, and instituted an inquiry into the matter. Saint Saulieu fled from Lille, and went to Ghent, where he found one of my girls, esteemed very devout, and a pattern of perfection; he lived with her, and at last she became pregnant. This affair at Lille was arranged through the intervention of a brother, who belonged to the order of the Jesuits. They employed their friends, and he was let off by paying the costs of the law, and retracting his calumnies, and acknowledging that I was an honest girl *."

This took place between 1653 and 1658, consequently only a few years before the representation of Molière's Tartuffe, who wrote the three first acts in 1664. Everything favours the belief that the adventure was by no means a rare one at this period. Tartuffe, Orgon, all the characters of this truly historical piece, are not abstract beings, pure creations of art, like the heroes of Corneille or Racine; they are real men drawn from life.

What strikes us in the Flemish Tartuffe of Mademoiselle de Bourignon, is his patience in studying and learning the mystics, in order to speak in their language; and the perseverance with which he accommodated himself during several years to the thoughts of the pious girl.

If Molière had not been restricted to so narrow a canvass, if his Tartuffe had had the time better to prepare his approaches, and if he had been able (too dangerous a thing no doubt) to assume the cloak of Desmarets, and of budding Quietism, he would have pushed on his works nearer the besieged place before he was discovered. He would not, almost at the outset, have made to the person he desired to seduce the least seductive of all confessions, that is to say, that he was an impostor. He would not have hazarded the words, "If it be only Heaven—" (Act iv. scene v.) Instead of abruptly unmasking this hideous corruption, he would have glossed it over, and unveiled it by degrees. From quibble to quibble, by artful transitions, he would have caused corruption to seem perfection. Who knows but that, like many others, he might at last have found hypocrisy to be unnecessary, and have ended by deceiving himself, seducing himself, and fancying himself a saint? Then would he, in a supreme degree, have been a Tartuffe, being it not for the world alone, but for Tartuffe himself, having completely confounded within himself all perception of good, and reposing in the arms of evil with all the security of an ignorance at first voluntary, but in the end natural.

* I have abridged and blended the two narratives of Mademoiselle de Bourignon. See her works, t. i. p. 68—80, and 188—197. (Amsterdam, A.D. 1686.)

CHAPTER VII.

APPEARANCE OF MOLINOS, A.D. 1675; HIS SUCCESS AT ROME.—FRENCH QUIETISTS.—MADAME GUYON; HER DIRECTOR.—*The Torrents.*—MYSTIC DEATH.—CAN WE RETURN FROM IT?

THE *Spiritual Guide* of Molinos appeared in Rome, in 1675. The public mind having been prepared to receive it by various publications of the same tendency during the previous twenty years, all highly approved of by the inquisitors of Rome and Spain, this book had so signal a success, that in twelve years it was translated and reprinted twenty times *.

We must not be surprised if this guide to annihilation, this way to [illegible], was received with such avidity. There existed throughout Europe an immense feeling of weariness. The century, still far from an end, already desired rest. This appeared in its doctrines. Cartesianism, which gave it the impulse, became inactive and contemplative in Mallebranche (1674). Spinosa, from 1670, had announced the immobility of God, man, and the world in the unity of substance. In 1676 Hobbes produced his theory of political fatalism.

Spinosa, Hobbes, and Molinos,—death in metaphysics, death in politics, in morals. What a lugubrious chorus! They agree without knowing each other, without seeing each other; they seem to answer one another from one end of Europe to the other!

Poor human liberty has no chance but suicide; whether in the north it suffers itself to be driven by logic into the abyss of Spinosa, whether in the south, lured by the soft voice of Molinos, she falls into slumber in the Maremma, never to wake again.

* This is the testimony of his enthusiastic admirer, the archbishop of Palermo (Latin Translation, 1687).

The age is, nevertheless, in its glory, in all its triumph. Time is wanting for these thoughts of discouragement and death to pass from theories into facts, and for politics to participate in this moral languor.

Delicate moment, interesting in every life, between the period of growing power, and the still brilliant age, when the energy declines, and the descent imperceptibly begins; as in the month of August, though the trees preserve all their leaves, they soon begin to change their hue, more than one has lost its bloom, and in their splendid summer you discover the traces of their autumn.

Already, for some time, an impure and feverish wind had been blowing from the south, from Italy, from Spain; Italy was too lifeless, too deeply entombed in the sepulchre, even to be able to produce a doctrine of death. It was a Spaniard, established at Rome, imbued with Italian languor, who invented this theory, and carried it out into a practical method. Still his disciples were obliged to compel him to write and to publish. During twenty years, Molinos had been satisfied with sowing silently his doctrine through Rome; gently he bore it from palace to palace. The theology of repose became marvellously well the city of the catacombs, that silent city where little else was heard before "but a slight rustling of the worms in the sepulchre."

When the Spaniard came to Rome, she was but just emancipated from the effeminate pontificate of Madame Olympia. The Society of Jesus itself slumbered in the delicate hands of the general, Oliva, amidst magnificent vines, exotic flowers, lilies and roses. It was to these voluptuous Romans, to the idle nobility, to those fair idlers, who couch the livelong day with eyes half closed, that Molinos towards evening came to speak.—Must we say speak? that low, *dumb*, voice, if I may use the figure, is confounded by them, in their half slumber, with their inward dreams.

Quietism took a wholly different character in France. In a living nation, the theory of death showed signs of life. An infinite degree of activity was employed to prove that it was unnecessary to act. This did the doctrine harm. Noise and light were pernicious to it. The friend of darkness, the delicate plant wished to grow up in the shade. Without speaking of the chimerical Desmarets, who would only cast ridicule upon an opinion, Malaval seemed to perceive that Christianity was set aside by the new doctrine. On the subject of the saying of Jesus, "I am the way," a remarkable phrase for this century escaped him. "Since he is the way, let us pass by him; *but he who is always passing, never arrives at his destination* *."

Our French Quietists, in their lucid analyses, in their rich and fecund developments, revealed for the first time, what was scarcely guessed under the obscure form that Quietism had prudently preserved in other countries. Many things, which seemed to be still in the germ, or scarcely sketched, appeared full blown in Madame Guyon; it was a complete light, a sun in full mid-day. The singular purity of this woman rendered her fearless in expounding of the most dangerous ideas. Her imagination was as pure as her motives were disinterested. She never required to represent the object of her pious love † under a material form. This is what raises her mysticism far above the gross and sensual devotions of the Sacred Heart, begun by the Visitandine Marie Alacoque, about the same time. Madame Guyon was too spiritual to conceive her God under any outward form; she, in truth, loved a spirit. Hence, her unlimited confidence and boldness. She takes bravely, without suspecting that she is brave, the most dangerous steps, she goes high and low into the most secluded places. Where all the world is frightened, and stops, she continues to proceed, penetrating like the light that illumines every thing, without ever sullying itself.

* Malaval, *Pratique Facile*, 1670. The first part has already been printed twice.

† See her life, written by herself (Cologne, 1720) t. i p. 80. "My prayer was thenceforward void of all forms, species, and images." See also t. i. p. 83, against visions.

This boldness, innocent in so pure a woman, had nevertheless an evil effect upon the weak-minded. Her confessor, the Father Lacombe, was shipwrecked in this abyss, was engulphed and perished. Her person and her doctrine had equally troubled him. All that we know of his relations with her, betrays a strange weakness which she scarcely seems, from the heights which she occupied, to have condescended to notice. From the first time he saw her, still young, still married, and taking care of her aged husband, he was so struck to the heart, that he fainted. Becoming her humble disciple, under the name of director, he followed her every where in her adventurous life in France and Savoy. He never quitted her more than a step, and could not dine without her. He even got her likeness surreptitiously taken. Arrested at the same time with her, in 1687, he was ten years imprisoned in the fortresses of the Pyrenees. In 1698, advantage was taken of the weakness of his mind to make him write a letter to Madame Guyon * calculated to compromise her reputation; "The poor man," she said with a laugh, "is gone mad." He was so much so, that a few days afterwards he died at Charenton.

His folly astonishes me but little when I read the *Torrents* of Madame Guyon, that wild book, at once charming and terrible. I must say a word upon it.

When she wrote it she was at Annecy, in the convent of the *New Converts*. She had left her wealth to her family, and the little annuity she had reserved for herself was also bestowed on this religious house, where she was very badly treated. This delicate woman, who had passed her life in the midst of luxury, was compelled to put her hands to labour much above her strength—washing and sweeping. Father Lacombe, then at Rome, had recommended her to write every thing that came into her mind. "In order to obey," said she, "I am about to begin writing about what I do not myself know." She took a quire of paper and wrote as a heading the word *Les Torrents*.

"As Alpine torrents, streams, rivulets, and rivers, and all the waters that flow therefrom, rush with all their strength towards the sea, so our souls, by the bent of their spiritual inclination, hasten to return and lose themselves in God."—This comparison of living waters, does not merely constitute a text which serves as a starting-point; she follows it out, almost through the whole volume, with an ever renewed elegance. It would seem as though

* See the correspondence of Bossuet, the Relation of Phelippeaux, &c.

this amiable prattling would in the long run tire; but no such thing.

The truth is that this flow of language is not that of the tongue, but springs from the heart. She is evidently an unlearned woman; she has only read the Imitation, the Philothea of St. François, and a few tales, and Don Quixote. She knows nothing whatever; she has seen very little. These very *Torrents* she describes are not seen in the part of the Alps in which she is at present placed; she beholds them within herself; she contemplates nature in the mirror of the heart.

While reading this book, we absolutely seem to stand on the edge of the cascade, and clearly to hear the murmuring of the waters. They fall for ever and for ever with softness, with an inexpressible charm, varying their monotony by a thousand shades of noise and light. Thence you behold waters flow of every sort (images of human souls), rivers satisfied with attaining other rivers, streams which flow towards the sea, but slowly; grand majestic streams, laden with travellers, boats, and merchandize, which are admired and blessed for the services they render to mankind (these streams are the souls of saints and great doctors). There are besides more rapid, more hurried waters, which are good for nothing; which rush and hasten forward, so impatient are they to reach the great ocean. These waters have terrible falls and *sometimes grow muddy and impure*; sometimes they disappear—ah, poor stream, what has become of you? It is not yet lost, it regains the surface, but only to be lost once more: it is far from having reached its destination; it must first be broken by rocks, dispersed, almost annihilated.

When she has brought her torrent to this supreme fall, the comparison of living waters fails her; she leaves it, and the torrent becomes a soul once more. No image from nature could express what this soul is about to suffer. A strange drama begins, where it seems no one had ventured up to this time—*that of mystic death.* In preceding works, it is true, a word is here and there found upon this gloomy subject. But no one as yet had penetrated so far into the depths of the tomb, the deep pit in which the soul is about to bury itself. Madame Guyon seems to take a pride in persevering with a kind of enthusiasm in searching still lower and lower, in order to find beyond the limits of all funereal ideas, a more definitive decease, a death more like death.

There are in it many things one would by no means expect to find in the production of a woman, —a delirium of passion, outstepping all reserve. That soul about to perish, is divested by the divine lover of all her ornaments, the gifts that adorned her; he tears off her raiment; that is to say, all the virtues in which she had enshrouded herself. Oh shame! she beholds herself naked, and knows not where to hide! Even this is not enough,—her beauty is taken from her. Oh horror! she beholds herself ugly. Startled and timid, she runs on and becomes loathsome. The faster she runs on towards God, "the more deep she plunges in the miry places through which she has to pass." Poor, naked, hideous, and dirty, she loses all taste for every thing, understanding, memory, will; in fine, together with her will, she loses a something dear to her, which would console her for every thing (the idea that she is the child of God); this, properly speaking, is *the death* to which the soul is destined to arrive. Let no one, neither director nor any other, assist her. She must die; she must be buried; she must be trampled and walked upon; she must decay, putrify, and emit the smell, the fœtid odour of a corpse, until putrefaction becoming ashes and dust, scarcely any thing remains to recall to mind that the soul has ever existed.

What was once the soul may think, if it still thinks, that nothing remains for it but to rest immovable in the bosom of the earth. But, behold, it has nevertheless experienced a surprising feeling. Can it be that the sun, through a chink in the tomb, has let fall a ray of light? For an instant, perhaps? No, the effect lasts; the dead is warmed, it feels again a sort of vigour, a sort of life. But this is no longer its own life; it is the life of God. It no longer possesses any thing of its own, neither will nor desire. What has it to do in order to become possessed of what it loves? Nothing, nothing, and always nothing. In this state can it commit faults? Doubtless, it has failings, and it knows what they are, but makes no endeavour to shake them off*. In order to do this, it would have, as formerly, to busy itself with its own self. "They are little clouds, which it should suffer to disperse of themselves. The soul now has God for its soul; henceforward he is its principle of life; *he is one and identical* with her. There is nothing extraordinary in this state. No visions, revelations, ecstasies, or transports. Nothing of the kind occurs in this state which is simple, pure, and naked; seeing nothing but in God, *as God sees himself*, and through his eyes."

The book ends thus, after so many dangerous and immoral things, with a singular purity, which the greater number of mystics have not even approached. A sweet revival, without vision or ecstasy; a divinely, clear, and serene sight becomes the portion of the soul which has traversed all the degrees of death.

According to Madame Guyon, that bruised, soiled, and broken life, will awake again in God. He who has endured all the horrors of the sepulchre; who, from a living being, has become a corpse; who has held communion with worms; who, become putrid matter, is fallen to the state of dust and ashes—even he can assume life again, and bloom once more in the sun.

What less susceptible of belief? less conformable to nature? She deceives herself, and deceives us by an equivocation. The life she promises to us after this death, is not our own; to our stifled, annihilated, departed personality, another will succeed, infinite and perfect, I will allow; but, in fine, it is not ourselves.

I had not read the *Torrents*, when all this, for the first time, struck me. I was ascending St. Gothard, and was advancing to meet that violent Reuss which rushes down the mountain with so impetuous a course. I participated in imagination with the frightful labour by which it pierces through the rocks that surround it, and presents a barrier to its passage. I was frightened at its falls, at the efforts which it seemed to make, like a poor soul in trouble, to fly from itself, hide and behold itself no more. It absolutely writhes at the Devil's

* Madame Guyon, *Les Torrents*, (Opuscules, Cologne, 1701,) p. 291.

Bridge, and just at the point where it makes a turn in the midst of these convulsions, thrown from an immense height to the bottom of the abyss, it ceases for a time to be a river, and becomes a tempest between heaven and earth, a glacial vapour, a frightful wind of spray, which darkens the sombre valley. Ascend higher, and still higher. You traverse a cavern, you pass an excavated rock. And now the noise ceases; the grand strife is over; peace and silence is there. And life? Does it begin again? After this shock of death, do you discern new life? Withered are the meadows, no more flowers, the grass is scanty and poor; nothing living is stirring; not a bird in the heavens, not an insect on the earth. You may behold the sun, it is true, but without rays, without heat.

CHAPTER VIII.

FÉNÉLON AS DIRECTOR; HIS QUIETISM.—*Maxims of the Saints*, A. D. 1697.—FÉNÉLON AND MADAME DE LA MAISONFORT.

Madame Guyon apparently was not the extravagant and chimerical person her enemies make her out; since, on arriving in Paris from Savoy, she knew how to gain over and secure the man most capable of making her doctrines relished, a man of genius, who, besides, possessed an infinite degree of ability and tact; and who, above these merits, possessed that which, in case of need, stands in lieu of all merit, being just then the fashionable director.

To this new Chantal, a Saint François de Sales was wanting,—she found him in Fénélon, less severe, less innocent, it is true, less refulgent with infancy and seraphic grace; but singularly noble and refined, subtle, eloquent, reserved, very devout and very politic *.

She laid her hand upon him, seized him, and easily carried him along with her. That good and noble spirit, which contained every thing, and every contradiction, might probably have floated for ever, without this powerful impulse which steered it in one direction. Until then he had vacillated between conflicting opinions, between opposite parties and bodies; so that every one claimed him as their own, and thought he was indeed so. The assiduous courtier of Bossuet, whose disciple he called himself, and whom he scarcely quitted in his retreat at Meaux, he was no less the friend of the Jesuits; and between the two, he clung firmly to Saint Sulpice. In his theology inclining by turns to grace, and to free-will, imbued with the old mysticisms, and full of presentiments of the eighteenth century, he seems to have had, under his faith, some corners of scepticism, which he took care not to fathom. All these diverse elements, without being able to amalgamate, harmonized outwardly into the most elegant and graceful undulations of the finest spirit that ever existed. Greek and Christian, by turns, he reminds us at one and the same time of the fathers, the philosophers, and the romancers, of the Alexandrine epoch; and, at times, behold on a sudden the sophist become a prophet, soaring in some sermon on the wings of Isaiah.

Every thing favours the belief, that the astonishing writer formed the least part of Fénélon, he was pre-eminently the *Director*. Who can explain by what enchantment he seized and captivated souls? It is perceived in the infinite charm of his correspondence, mutilated as it is *: no other has been so cruelly mutilated and purposely obscured. Well, in these fragments, in these scattered remains, the seductive power is still strong; besides the nobility of form, the lively and fine expression, where the man of high breeding is distinctly perceived under the apostle, there is that which belongs alone to him; a feminine delicacy, which by no means excludes force, and even in his sophistry a tenderness which finds its way to the heart. When quite a young man, before he became the tutor of M. le Duc de Bourgogne, he had long directed the *New Converts*. There he had leisure to study woman, and to acquire that perfect knowledge of their hearts, which none but himself possessed. The passionate interest which they took in his fate, the tears of the little flock, of the duchesses of Chevreuse and Beauvilliers, &c., when he missed being appointed archbishop of Paris; their persevering faithfulness to their beloved guide, during his exile at Cambray, which lasted until death — all this supplies the place of the letters that are lost, and gives a strange idea of the all-powerful magician, whose invincible enchantment nothing could destroy.

To introduce so refined, so high a spirituality, such a pretension to supreme perfection, into this conventional, ceremonious world of Versailles, and this at the end of a reign in which all seemed frozen, was a hardy enterprise! It was not now his business, like Madame Guyon in the solitude of the Alps, to abandon himself to the *torrents* of divine love. The semblance of sense, the forms of reason, were to be infused even into the madness of love; it was necessary, as the ancient comic writer says, *to be mad according to rule and measure*. This is what Fénélon did in his "Maximes des Saintes." The condemnation of Molinos and the imprisonment of Madame Guyon at Vincennes were sufficient warning for him; he declared himself, but prudently, and preserved, in the very form of his decision, a slight remains of indecision.

Nevertheless, with all his ability, his tact, and his windings, if he differs from the extreme Quietists, whom he affects to condemn, it is less on account of the basis of the doctrine, than of the degree in which he admits the doctrine. He fancies he does a great deal by saying that the state of quietude in which the soul loses its activity, is not a *perpetually*, but an *habitually* passive state. In acknowledging inaction as superior to action, and as a perfect state, does he not suggest the wish that this inaction should be everlasting?

That soul, *habitually* passive, according to him, concentrates itself on high, leaving below the inferior portion, whose acts are the result of a wholly *blind* and involuntary will. *These acts being always assumed to be voluntary*, he confesses

* See the learned Tabaraud (Supplement to the History of Bossuet, 1832), and the very shrewd and judicious estimate of his character made by two excellent critics, M. Monty (*De M. le Duc de Bourgogne*), and M. Thomas (*Une province sous Louis XIV.*).

* A bishop, at the time Inspector of the university, has boasted in presence of myself and of several other persons, who would testify to the fact if necessary, that he had burnt some of Fénélon's letters.

that the superior portion is responsible for them. Of course, then, this said part will regulate them. By no means; it is absorbed in its exalted quietude. What, then, will supply its place? What will prevent confusion in that lower sphere to which the soul descends no more? He says expressly—*it is the Director!* *

Although in theory he modifies Molinos, this is less important than it seems to be. The speculative side of the question which occupies Bossuet so much, is not the most essential in a point where practice is so directly interested. What is really serious is that Fénélon, as well as Molinos, after having erected a great scaffolding of rules, has not enough of these rules; every moment he calls in the aid of a director. He establishes a system, but that system cannot go alone; the hand of man is wanting. This inert theory exacts from time to time the supplement of a special consultation, of an empirical expedient. The director is for the soul like a supplementary soul, who, while it sleeps on the mountain, rules and conducts every thing for it in this wretched world below, which is after all that of reality.

Man then, always man! this is what you find at the bottom of their doctrines, when you examine and scrutinize them. It is the *ultima ratio* of their systems. Such is their theory, such also is their life.

I leave these illustrious adversaries, Fénélon and Bossuet, to fight about ideas. I prefer observing their practice. Here, I perceive the doctrine to be little, but man much. Quietists and Anti-Quietists do not essentially differ in their method of wrapping up the soul, and stifling the will.

Under the battle even of theories, before it began, there was a personal one very singular to mark. The stake of the combat, if I dare so to speak, the spiritual conquest contended for by the two parties, was a woman, a charming soul, full of impulse and youth, of imprudent vivacity, and naïve uprightness †. She was a niece of Madame Guyon's, a young lady who was called Madame (for she was *a canoness*) de la Maisonfort. This lady, noble and poor, ill-treated by a step-mother and a newly married father, had fallen into the cold political hands of Madame de Maintenon. Whether through the vanity of founding, or as a means of amusing a king difficult to amuse, she was then erecting St. Cyr, for daughters of the nobility. She knew that the king was susceptible as regarded women, and did not permit him to see any but old ones and children. The pupils of St. Cyr, who by their innocent pastimes delighted the old man's eyes, recalled to him a former time, and afforded him a sweet and harmless opportunity of showing a paternal gallantry.

Madame de Maintenon, who owed, as is well known, her singular good fortune to an attractive combination of qualities that, after all, were only of an ordinary description, sought for somebody of eminently ordinary talents, if I may so speak, to govern the house. She could not do better than seek him amongst the Sulpicians and the Lazarists. The Sulpician Godet, whom she chose for her own director, and as director of St. Cyr, was a clever pedant; such at least is the definition given of him by St. Simon, who had some opinion of him; and Madame de Maintenon beheld in him the dry and literal priest, who could protect her against every eccentricity. With such a person she could sleep in peace. To the two men of genius who governed at St. Cyr, the Jansenist Racine and the Quietist Fénélon *, she preferred Godet.

Even if this story were not known, the mere sight of St. Cyr would at once convict it of having been the domicile of ennui. The soul of the founder, that soul of a governess, is every where felt. One yawns, only whilst looking at it . . . still, if the building were but sad, sadness itself is a food for the soul. But no; it is not sad, neither is it gay: there is nothing to be said against it. Having neither character nor style, it presents no mark for attack. To what period does the chapel belong? It is not Gothic, it does not belong to the Revival, it is not even of the Jesuit style. But then it displays perhaps the Jansenist severity? It is not by any means austere.—What is it then? Nothing. But that nothing has a power of ennui not to be found elsewhere.

After the first moment, half devout, half worldly, of the representations of Athalie and Esther, which the young girls had only acted but too well, the school was reformed, and became a kind of convent. Instead of Racine, it was the Abbé Pellegrin and Madame de Maintenon who wrote the pieces for Saint Cyr †. The teachers were required to be nuns. These great changes displeased even Louis XIV. himself, and perilled the existence of the new establishment. Madame de Maintenon seems to have felt this; and accordingly she sought *as the corner stone of her building*, a living stone, alas! a woman, full of grace and life.—It was poor Maisonfort who was driven to be immured, cloistered, and hidden in the foundation of St. Cyr.

But she who was all-powerful, found her power powerless here. Lively and independent as La Maisonfort was, all the kings and queens in the world would have failed in forcing her to this. The heart alone, ably handled, would lead her whither any one desired. Madame de Maintenon, who ardently desired the thing, made an effort to accomplish it which, when we read her letters, appears surprising. This reserved person here quits her character; she confides in order to gain confidence, and does not fear to confess to the young girl whom she desires to disgust with the world, that she, having occupied the first place in the whole world, "is dying of melancholy and ennui."

But what was much more efficacious, was that they employed about her a new director, seductive, charming, and irresistible. The Abbé Fénélon, was then upon good terms with Madame de Maintenon: he dined with her every Sunday at the house of the duchesses de Beauvilliers and de Chevreuse, alone with them, without servants, and waiting on themselves, in order not to be overheard. The attraction of this singular man was a great temp-

* Maximes des Saints, article 14; and 8, 20, 39, 4.

† What a singular destiny was that of the young girl whose tears Racine one day dried up (she played Elise in Esther), and whom Fénélon and Bossuet caused to shed so many tears! See M. de Noaille's *Saint Cyr*. p. 113 (1843).

* "Either Racine, in speaking to you of Jansenism, would have led you into it, or M. de Cambray," &c. Letters of Madame de Maintenon, ii. 190. ed 1757.

† Unpublished Proverbs of Madame de Maintenon, 1829. See also her Conversations, 1828, and her Spirit of the Institution of the Daughters of St. Louis, 1808.

tation to La Maisonfort, and a voice that spoke with authority commanded her to follow that attraction. "See the Abbé Fénélon," Madame de Maintenon writes to her; "accustom yourself to live with him *."

Agreeable command, which she obeyed only too well; with such a man, who invested every thing with his own individual charm, who rendered easy, and simplified the most difficult things, one walked no longer, but flew between heaven and earth, in the warm regions of divine love. So much seduction, so much at once of sanctity and freedom—it was too much for her poor heart!

Saint Simon relates by what spying and treachery Godet discerned in St. Cyr the presence of Quietism. So much cunning was not required, La Maisonfort was pure enough to be imprudent. In the happiness of that new spirituality in which her whole soul was centered, she avowed even more than they wished her to avow.

Fénélon, suspected as he was then becoming, was allowed to remain with her, until she had taken the grand step. They waited until she had, through his influence, in spite of her beseeching and tears, taken the veil, and allowed the fatal grate to close behind her.

Two councils were held at St. Cyr to resolve on the fate of the victim. Godet, assisted by the Lazarists, Thiberge and Brisacier, decided that she should become a nun; and Fénélon, who formed part of this fine council, said nothing against it. She herself relates that during the deliberation, "she retired before the holy sacrament in a state of strange anguish; she thought she should die of grief, and shed in her chamber all the night long floods of tears."

The deliberation was a mere form; Madame de Maintenon ordained, and all that remained was to obey. None at this time depended more upon her than Fénélon. It was the decisive crisis of Quietism. The question was to know whether its doctor, its writer, its prophet, no great favourite with the king, who, however, knew as yet but little of him, could acquire in the church, before the doctrine burst forth, the position of a great prelate, to which all his friends were striving to raise him. Thence resulted his unbounded devotion to Madame de Maintenon, and thence the sacrifice of poor Maisonfort to their all-powerful will. Fénélon, who perfectly well knew her disinclination to the vocation, immolated her, not, doubtless, to his own personal interests, but to the advancement of his doctrines and the aggrandizement of his party.

As soon as she was veiled and cloistered past recall, he absented himself little by little. Too frank, and too imprudent, she did much harm to his doctrine, already widely attacked. He did not desire such compromising friendships. He wanted political stays. He addressed himself to the Jesuits as a last resource, and took a Jesuit confessor; they had had the prudence to have some of both parties.

To fall from Fénélon to Godet, to return under his dry and harsh direction, was more than the new nun could bear. On day when he came with the little constitutions and little minute rules, which, in concert with Madame de Maintenon, he had drawn up, La Maisonfort could not contain herself; and before him, and before her all-powerful foundress, she boldly avowed the contempt in which she held him. A little while after, a *lettre de cachet* expelled her harshly from St. Cyr.

She had made only too stout a defence against Godet and Brisacier, and the rest of this hostile crew. Abandoned by Fénélon, she strove to remain faithful to his doctrines, and persevered in retaining his books. It was found necessary, in order to subdue this rebel, to call in the aid of the great power of the time—Bossuet. But she would not receive his advice until after she had consulted with Fénélon, whether she might do so. To this last mark of confidence, he answers, I regret to say, by a dry and poor letter *, in which jealousy is only too strongly revealed, along with regret at beholding her whom he had failed to defend pass under the influence of another.

* Letter quoted by Phélippeaux, History of Quietism, i. 43.

* It is contained entire in Phelippeaux, i. 161. "It is not a sign of good health when one stands in need of so many physicians," &c.

CHAPTER IX.

BOSSUET AS DIRECTOR.—BOSSUET AND SISTER CORNUAU. — HER FRANKNESS AND IMPRUDENCE. — HE IS A QUIETIST IN PRACTICE—DEVOUT DIRECTION INCLINES TO QUIETISM.—MORAL PARALYSIS.

Nothing throws a clearer light on the true nature of direction than the correspondence of the most worthy and most loyal of directors; I mean Bossuet. Experience is decisive; if the results are bad, it is the method and the system we must accuse, and not the man.

Greatness of genius, and nobility of character, kept Bossuet aloof from the petty passions of the common set of directors, from their trifles, jealousies, and worrying tyranny. We may believe this on the faith of one of his own penitents. Without disapproving, she says, of those directors who regulate the most trifling thoughts and affections, *he did not admire the practice*, with respect to those souls who loved God and had made some progress in spiritual life †.

His correspondence is dignified, noble, and serious. You will not discover there the too caressing tenderness of St. François de Sales, and still less the refinements and persevering subtilties of Fénélon. Less austere than the letters of St. Cyran, those of Bossuet resemble them in their gravity. They possess often an oratorical grandeur out of keeping with the very commonplace person to whom for the most part they are addressed; but which possessed the advantage of keeping her at a distance, and preventing even in the most confidential *tête-à-tête* too intimate familiarities.

If this correspondence has come down to us more entire than that of Fénélon, we owe the circumstance (at least the most curious part of it) to the worship which one of Bossuet's penitents, the good widow Cornuau, preserved for his memory. This worthy woman, in transmitting us his letters, has faithfully preserved their details, humiliating enough for herself. She forgot her own vanity, and thought only of the glory of her spiritual father. In this her attachment happily guided her well. She has

† Works of Bossuet, *Avertissement de la sœur Cornuau*, xi. 300 (ed Lefevre, 1836).

done for him perhaps more than any panegyrist could have done. These noble letters, written and never intended for the light of day, in profound secresy, are worthy of being laid before the world.

The good widow tells us that when she was sufficiently happy to visit him in his retirement at Meaux, he received her sometimes "in a small, very cold and very smoky spot." This apparently was the little summer house, shown to this day, at the end of the garden, on the old rampart of the town, which forms the terrace of the episcopal palace. The valet, whose business it was to call Bossuet at an early hour, slept in a small attic above the study which forms the ground-floor. A sombre and narrow alley of yews and holly leads to this gloomy apartment; old, dwarfed, stunted trees which have been continually intermingling their knotty branches, and black and prickly leaves. Dreams of the past dwell for ever there; you may still find there all the thorns of those great polemics, now so far removed from us, the disputes of Jurieu and Claude, and the haughty history of the Variations, and the mortal combats of Quietism envenomed by the betrayal of friendship. Over the silent garden, with its straight, formal paths in the French style, rises in its soft majesty, the cathedral tower; but you cannot behold it from the little dark alley, nor from the gloomy chamber, that secluded, cold, uninviting spot, which, in spite of the grand recollections associated with it, chills the heart, and reminds us that this fine-minded man, the best priest of his day, was still a priest.

There was only one point by which this domineering spirit could be reached, duty and obedience. Here, the good Cornuau surpassed his utmost expectations. She displays an infinite degree of both, and you perceive that she hides still more, for fear of giving offence. She prided herself, as much as her natural mediocrity would permit, in following the tastes and ideas of this great man. He possessed the spirit of governing; she also possessed it in a slighter degree. She undertook to conduct the affairs of the community in which she resided; and, at the same time, she was winding up those of her family. She then waited fifteen years ere she was permitted to become a nun. She at length obtained this favour, and caused herself to be called the sister de Saint *Bénigne*, taking also, a little boldly, perhaps, the name of Bossuet.

The actual cares, in the performance of which the wise director long retained her, produced an excellent effect upon her, by amusing and calming her imagination. Hers was an impassioned, honest, but vulgar mind, and, unhappily, she had sense enough to confess to herself what she was. She knows and she tells herself, that she is only a commoner, that she has neither birth, nor talent, nor grace, nor experience; she had not even seen Versailles! How could she bear comparison, in his estimation, with those clever girls, and fine ladies, brilliant even in their penances and voluntary submissions. It seemed as though, at first, she had aimed at excelling them in other ways, and at raising herself above them by the path of mysticism. She ventures one day to have visions, and wrote one, poor enough in fancy, which Bossuet did not praise. What is to be done? Nature has refused her wings, and she perceives that decidedly she cannot fly. She has, at least, no pride; she does not seek to hide the unhappy state of her heart; this humiliating confession escapes her, "that she is bursting with jealousy."

What is very touching is, that the confession once made, this poor gentle and good creature, sacrifices herself, and turns sick nurse to her who had aroused her jealousy, and who was then attacked by a frightful disease. She follows her to Paris, shuts herself up with her, takes care of her, and loves her, for the very reason, perhaps, which before produced just the contrary effect,—because she was beloved by Bossuet.

La Cornuau evidently deceives herself in this jealousy; it was herself who was preferred; we perceive it now by comparing several correspondences. For her he reserved all paternal indulgences; for her sake he seems, at times, to have softened his nature, as much as his ordinary gravity would permit. This man, so deeply occupied, finds time to write to her more than two hundred letters. He is certainly more firm, more austere, with the noble lady of whom she was jealous. He becomes brief, almost harsh, towards her, when it is necessary to reply to the somewhat confidential communications which she perseveres in making to him. He defers his answers indefinitely ("when I have plenty of leisure"); until then, he forbids her to write on such subjects, or, he "would burn her letters without ever reading them." (24th November, 1691.) He elsewhere nobly says, of these delicate subjects which may trouble the imagination, that when compelled to speak of such matters, and to listen to them, "one ought to touch *the earth only with the point of the foot.*"

This perfect honesty, which will not listen to anything evil, causes him to forget sometimes that it does exist, and puts him off his guard. Relying on his age, rather advanced at that time, he, at certain moments, permits himself to be carried away by certain impulses of mystical love, sufficiently dangerous before a witness so impassioned as Cornuau. In the presence of simple submissive persons, inferior in every way, he fancies himself alone; and in giving vent to the fervid poetic instinct which he preserved even in his old age, he hesitates not to make use of the mysterious language of the Song of Songs. Sometimes it is to calm his penitent, to strengthen her chastity, that he employs this burning language. I dare not copy the letter, innocent * assuredly, but still most imprudent, which he writes from his country-house at Germigny (10 July, 1692), and where he

* Some of my critics have indulged in the easy pleasure of refuting what I have not said—of proving that Bossuet was an honest man, &c. Who ever said the contrary? At the same time, as they do not exactly know what Quietism is (no more than grace or free will), they cite, to justify Bossuet from the charge of Quietism, a text eminently quietist: "*Make no attempt*, neither of the head nor of the heart, to unite your self with your Bridegroom." (26th October, 1694.) What I have said I repeat, that the best intentioned director in the world is still very dangerous; that his language, dictated doubtless by a pure intention, is not the less likely to trouble the flesh. Even when he blames and forbids, he does it exactly in the terms most proper to awaken that which he forbids. I do not like to contemplate in these moments a great man, an old man, who in other respects deserves our esteem. If, however, proofs are absolutely required, read (17th January, 1692), "When the sweet wound of love, &c." (1st June, 1695): "Dare every thing with the celestial bridegroom—seize hold of him—I permit you the most violent

explains the meaning of the words of the Bridegroom, "Support me with flowers, for I languish for love." Such medicine, which hopes to cure passion by a still stronger passion, is marvellously well calculated to double the evil.

What is still more surprising even than this imprudence is, that you often find in the private correspondence of this great adversary of Quietism the greater part of the sentiments and practical maxims with which the Quietists were reproached. He delights in expatiating on their favourite text, *Expectans expectavi.* "The bride ought not to be in a hurry; she ought to *wait in expectation* of what the bridegroom will do; if meanwhile, he fondles the soul, and incline it to caress him, the heart must be yielded up. The means of union is union itself. *Let the bridegroom act as he will*, this is the whole duty of the bride.

"Jesus is admirable in the chaste embraces with which he honours his bride, and renders her fruitful; *every virtue is the fruit* of these chaste embraces." (28 February, 1693.) "A change in life must follow; *but without the soul's dreaming of changing itself.*"

This letter, wholly Quietist, was written the 30th May, 1699, and eight days afterwards*, sad inconsistency, he writes these unfeeling words about Madame Guyon. "They appear to me resolved to shut her up far from here in a strong castle," &c.

How is it that he does not perceive, that on the practical question, very much more important than theory, he in no wise differs from those whom he treats so badly! Quietism in Bossuet, as in his adversaries, is only the development of the inert and passive sides of our nature: *Expectans expectavi.*

It is a strange sight to see them all, even from the very heart of the middle age, cry out against mysticism, and fall themselves into mysticism. The declivity must indeed be rapid and inevitable. In the fourteenth and fifteenth century, the profound Rusbrock and the great Gerson, imitated those whom they blamed. In the seventeenth, the Quietists Bona, Fénélon, Lacombe, even Madame Guyon's director, speak severely and harshly of the absolute Quietists. All are pointing to the abyss, and all fall into it.

transports—" (3rd July, 1693.) "Jesus desires that you should be with him; he desires to enjoy, he desires that you should enjoy him. His holy flesh is the medium of this union, and this chaste enjoyment," &c—(14th May, 1695.) "It is in the Holy Eucharist that we enjoy virginally the body of the bridegroom, and that he appropriates ours."—(1st June, 1696.) "Embrace freely this dear little brother, who every day diminishes himself to unite with us," &c.

If you require anything more personal see the feeble manner in which he repels the tenderness of that noble nun whose sensual confidence he had declined; "In truth I *would not excite the tendernesses of the heart directly, but when they come* either by themselves or in consequence of other dispositions, &c., *I am not insensible*, thank God! *to a certain conformity* of sentiment or of taste. But, *although I highly appreciate this conformity* and all that is felt in relation to me—in truth it affects me little, and you must not be afraid of telling me." It appears that the illustrious penitent was beginning to be afraid of her own sentiments and desired to take a less loved director "*I forbid you to adhere to the temptation to quit*, or to believe that I am fatigued or tired by your conduct." (26th December, 1691.)

* *Œuvres de Bossuet*, xi. 380. xii. 53. (ed 1836).

It matters not who are the individuals, there is a logical fatality. The man, who by his character and his genius, is the furthest removed from passive ways, he who in his writings most strongly condemns them, Bossuet,—in his practice, goes along with the rest.

What matters it to write against the theory of Quietism! Quietism is infinitely less of a system than a method; a method of stagnation and indolence which we are always discovering, under one form or another, in devout direction. It is very useless to recommend activity, as Bossuet does, or to permit it, as Fénelon does, if, counteracting in a soul all exercise of activity, and holding it in leading strings, you take away from it all habit, taste, and power to act.

Even if she has the semblance of still acting, is it not an illusion, if that activity is not her own, but your's, O Bossuet? You show me a person who moves and walks, and I perceive that she preserves that appearance of movement only because she bears you within her as the principle of action, as the cause and reason of life, of walking, of stirring. There is always, in the total, the same amount of action; only in this dangerous connection of the director with the directed, all action springs from the first; he alone remains the active power, a will, a person; the directed, losing little by little what constitutes her a person, becomes—what? A machine.

When Pascal, in his superb disdain for reason, seeks to make us become like beasts* to crush within us what he calls the *automaton* and the *machine*, he does not perceive that there would simply be an exchange of reasons: the one having put on a bit and a bridle, the reason of the other mounts upon it, rides it and leads it where it lists.

If the automaton preserves any movement, how shall it be led? according to the system of probabilities; for the *probabilism* of the Jesuits prevailed in the first half of the century . . . Then, the movement being arrested, the paralyzed century learns of the Quietists that immobility is perfection itself.

The weakness and impotence of the last days of Louis XIV., was a little concealed by the remains of a literary splendour. They are not, on that account, the less deeply seated. It is the natural consequence, not only of grand efforts which bring exhaustion, but also of the theories of abnegation, of impersonality, of systematic nullity, which had always been victor in this century. By continually repeating that one could not walk unsupported by another, there arose a generation who walked not at all, who boasted of having forgotten movement, and gloried in it. Madame Guyon, in speaking of herself, forcibly expresses, in a letter to Bossuet, the general condition of the human mind at this period:—"You say, my lord, that there are only four or five persons who are labouring under this inability to act for themselves; but I tell you there are more than a hundred thousand. When you told me to ask and to desire, I found myself in the condition of a paralytic, to whom it is said, Walk, *since you have legs*; the efforts he seeks to make in order to do this, serve only to make him feel his impotence. They say in ordinary cases,

* Montaigne also says *abêtir*, though not in the cause of authority, but in a different sense, and intention. See Pascal, ed. Faugère, ii. 168.

Every man who has legs ought to walk *. I believe it, I know it, and, nevertheless, have them, and I feel that I cannot make use of them."

CHAPTER X.

THE GUIDE OF MOLINOS; PART WHICH THE DIRECTOR PLAYS IN IT.—HYPOCRITICAL AUSTERITY; IMMORAL DOCTRINE.—MOLINOS APPROVED AT ROME, 1675.—MOLINOS CONDEMNED AT ROME, 1687.—HIS MANNERS IN CONFORMITY WITH HIS DOCTRINE.—THE SPANISH MOLINOSISTS.—MOTHER AGUEDA.

For one who cannot move without assistance, for the poor paralytic, the greatest danger is not to remain without movement, but to become the puppet of a movement not his own. The theories which speak most about immovability are not always disinterested. Be on your guard and take care.

The work of Molinos, artificial, and the result of great reflection, possesses a character entirely its own, and which distinguishes it from the more inspired books of the great mystics.

These, such as St. Theresa, often advise one to obey, not to believe oneself, to submit every thing to the director. They thus give themselves a guide, but in their enthusiastic efforts they drag the guide after them. They fancy they are following him; in reality they are leading him. The director has no other occupation, when in their company, but to sanction their inspiration †.

The originality of the book of Molinos is altogether the contrary. In it internal activity expires, there is nothing but foreign action. The *director* is the pivot on which the whole book turns; he comes in at every instant; and even, when for a moment he becomes invisible, we find that he is in the background. He is the *guide*, or rather the support, without which this impotent soul cannot take a single step. He is the ever-present physician, who decides whether the sick person may taste this or that. Sick person? yes, and very sick too, since every moment another is compelled to think, feel, and act for it; indeed, to exist in its stead.

Can such a soul be said to live? Is not this real death? The grand mystics sought death, and could not find it; their living activity remained even in the sepulchre; to die, singly in God, to die by one's own will, by one's own energy, is not to die completely. But, slothfully, to let one's soul be absorbed in the whirlwind of another soul, to suffer, in a half dreamy state, the strange transformation in which your own individuality is absorbed in his—this is real, moral death. We need seek for no other.

"To act is the deed of the novice; to suffer is immediate gain; to die is perfection. Let us advance in darkness, and we shall advance well; the horse when it turns with his eyes blindfold, grinds the wheat best. Let us not think, neither let us read. A *practical* master will teach us, better than books, what we ought to do *on the spur of the moment.* It is a great security to have an experienced guide, to govern and teach us, according to his *actual* intelligence, and prevent us from being deceived either by the devil or our own senses*."

Molinos, in softly leading us along this way, seems to me to know very well whither it leads. I imagine so by the infinite precautions which he takes to reassure us; by the pretensions he always makes to humility, to austerity, to excessive scrupulousness, to exaggerated prudence above all prudence. Saints are not usually so wary.

In a very humble preface he thinks that his little book, with no pretension to elegance or graces of style, and without a patron, will meet with no success. "It will doubtless be criticised; all will find it so insipid." Still more humbly, in the last page, he *meekly submits it* to the correction of the Holy Roman Church †.

He gives us to understand that the real director is only director in spite of himself. He is a man who would like to be dispensed from the care of souls, who sighs and longs for solitude. He is above all very far from desiring the direction of women; they are in general too little prepared. It is necessary that he should be very careful not to call his penitent, '*my daughter*;' it is too tender a word; God is jealous.—Self-love, combined with passion, that monster with seven heads, sometimes takes the form of gratitude, of filial affection towards the confessor. He must not go and visit his penitents at their own homes, even in cases of sickness, *unless he is summoned* ‡.

What an astonishing strictness, what excessive precautions, unknown until the time of Molinos! What a holy man this is!—It is true that if the director ought not of his own accord to visit this sick person, he can do so if he is *summoned.* I answer for it, she *will* summon him. With such a direction, is she not always ill, embarrassed, fearful, incapable of doing anything of herself? She longs for him every hour. Every impulse that springs not from him, may perhaps spring from the devil; may not even the pang of remorse, which sometimes stirs in her, be some soul-enticing snare of the devil's §?

As soon as he is near her, on the contrary, how tranquil she becomes! How he calms her with a word! How he resolves all her doubts.—She is well rewarded for having done nothing of her own accord, for having waited, obeyed, and still obeyed.—She now feels *that obedience is better than all virtue.*

* Letter dated 10th February, 1691. *Œuvres de Bossuet,* xii. 14. (ed. 1836) Compare the sad confessions of the sister Du Mans. Ibid. xi. 558, 30th March, 1695, and those of Fénélon even. 8th November, 1700, i. 572. (ed. Didot, 1838.)

† Madame Guyon herself, who has developed better than any other mystic the theory of death, is dead in the lips, but always alive in the heart. Even in that ocean "in which the poor torrent is lost," it preserves its own life, and the softness of its waters; so grand is its energy, so powerful its impulse, so lofty the hill from which it falls! The Rhone pierces through its lake, that unfathomable depth of waters, and it is still the Rhone when it leaves it. At certain intervals, the director's name is heard amidst all this. But who can direct such impetuosity? The poor Père Lacombe, it is well known, could not guide his bark in it; the torrent on which he floated carried him away; he became mad.

* Molinos' *Guida Spirituale,* (Venetia, 1685,) p. 86, 161, et passim, trad Latin, Lipsiæ, 1687.

† The Guide of Molinos, that celebrated book, is not very original. It contains few things that are not better treated in the other Quietists. Read however his enthusiastic eulogy on *nonentity* or *nothingness*; of which Bossuet has translated some passages in the third book of his *Instruction sur les Etats d'Oraison.*

‡ The Guide, t. ii. c. 6. § Ibid. c. 17.

Well! Let her be prudent; she will be led still further yet. "She must not, if she sins, trouble herself about the sin. To be annoyed would be a sign that the leaven of pride was still preserved. It is the devil, who, to arrest us in the spiritual path, turns our thoughts upon our backslidings. Would it not be foolish in one who runs, to stop when he falls, to cry like a child, instead of pursuing his way? These falls exercise an excellent effect in preserving us from pride, which is the greatest of falls. God makes virtues of our vices, and these very vices, by the medium of which the devil hoped to plunge us in the abyss, *become a ladder wherewith to ascend to heaven* *.

The doctrine was well received. Molinos had the tact to publish at the same time another work, which might serve as a passport to this, a treatise on the *Daily Communion*, directed against the Jansenists, and Arnaud's great work. The *Spiritual Guide* was examined with such favour as Rome could grant to the enemy of her enemies. There was scarcely a single religious order that did not approve of it. The Roman inquisition gave it their approval through three of its members, a Jesuit, a Carmelite, and the general of the Franciscans. The Spanish inquisition approved it twice through the general examiner of the order of the Capuchins, and through a Trinitarian, the archbishop of Reggio. It was prefaced by an enthusiastic and high-flown panegyric on Molinos by the archbishop of Palermo.

The Quietists seem to have been very powerful at Rome, since one of them, the Cardinal Bona (protector of Malaval) was about to become pope.

But things turned out very differently to what was expected. The great Gallican tempest of 1682, which during nearly ten years interrupted the relations of France and the holy see, and showed how easily Rome could be dispensed with, obliged the pope to raise the moral dignity of the pontificate by acts of severity. The blow fell especially on the Jesuits and their friends. Innocent XI. passed a solemn condemnation on the casuists,—a tardy condemnation passed on persons killed twenty years before by Pascal. Quietism was not so. The Franciscans and Jesuits had taken it to heart; accordingly the Dominicans were opposed to it. Molinos, in his manual, had greatly reduced the merits of St. Dominic, and pretended that *St. Thomas in dying, confessed that he had never written anything good.* Accordingly, of all the great orders, that of the Dominicans is the only one whose approbation was not accorded to the *Guide* of Molinos.

The book and the author, examined under this new influence, seemed frightfully culpable. The inquisition of Rome, without pausing on the approval granted twelve years before by its own examiners, condemned the *Guide*, and moreover a few propositions which are not to be found there, but which are drawn from the examination of Molinos, or from his teaching. The following is not the least curious. "God, to humiliate us, suffers the devil to lead certain perfect souls to commit (though fully awake and in their lucid state) certain carnal acts, and to move their hands and other members against their will. In this case and in others, which without that would be culpable, *there is no sin* because there is no consent. The case may happen that these violent movements which excite to carnal actions, may be found in two persons—a man and a woman, at the same moment."

This had often happened in the case of Molinos himself, much too often. He performed public penance, acknowledged his backslidings, and did not defend his doctrines, which saved him. The inquisitors, who at first had approved of him, were themselves a little embarrassed at this proceeding. He was mildly treated, and only imprisoned; whilst two of his disciples, who had only faithfully applied his doctrines, were, without pity, burnt alive. The one was a curé of Dijon, the other a priest of Tudela in Navarre.

How can we feel astonished if such a theory led to such results in morals? If it had not led to them, it would have been much more surprising. However, they do not flow exclusively from Molinosism, an imprudent and too palpable a doctrine, which men took especial care to make no public profession of. These moral results spring naturally from every practical direction which puts the will to sleep, which deprives individuals of that natural guardian, and exposes them to the arbitrary power of him who watches by their pallet. The story which the middle ages tell more than once, and which the casuists examine so coldly, the violation of the dead, is found here. The death of the will leaves the person without defence, quite as much as physical death.

The archbishop of Palermo, in his Pindaric panegyric of the *Spiritual Guide*, says that this admirable book is especially suited to *the direction of nuns.* The advice was understood and profited by, above all in Spain. From the axiom of Molinos, "that sin being an occasion for humility, serves as a ladder by which to ascend to heaven," the Molinosists drew this conclusion,—the more you sin, the higher you ascend.

There was, among the Carmelites of Lerma, a holy woman, esteemed as a saint, La Mere Agueda; to whom persons flocked from neighbouring districts to have their sick healed. A convent was founded on the spot which had the happiness of having been her birthplace. Her portrait, placed in the choir of the church, was an object of worship. There she healed such as were brought to her, by applying to them certain stones which she brought forth with pangs similar to those of childbirth. This miracle lasted for twenty years. At length the rumour spread that these confinements were only too real, and the result, children, not stones. The inquisitors of Logrono, having entered the convent, arrested La Mère Agueda, and questioned the rest of the nuns, and, among others, the young niece of the beatified, Donna Vincenta. She confessed, without any concealment, the intercourse which her aunt, herself, and others, held with the provincial of the Carmelites, the prior of Lerma, and others of the same rank. The saint had been brought to bed five times, and her niece pointed out the spot where the children had been killed and buried the instant they were born. Their bones were discovered *.

* Scala per salire al cielo. *Guida*, p. 138, lib. ii. c. 18.

† Condemned articles, p. 41, 42, at the beginning of the Latin translation. (Lips. 1687.)

* When *Lewis's Monk* appeared in 1796, people little expected to see the terrible romance surpassed by a real story. This may now be found in the Registers of the Inquisition, by Llorente. See the French Translation, p. 30—32.

What is no less horrible is, that this young nun, cloistered from the age of nine years, devoted when a child to this singular life, and having obtained no other light, firmly believed that this was devout life, perfection, and holiness, and walked in this path in the utmost confidence, on the faith of her confessors.

The great doctor of these nuns was the provincial of the Carmelites, Jean de la Vega. He had written the life of the saint, and had got up all her miracles; it was he who had had the art to constitute her a worshipped and glorified saint, though she was still alive. He himself was almost a saint in the opinion of the people. The monks said every where, that since the blessed Jean de la Croix, there had not existed in Spain a man so austere, so penitent as he. According to the custom of designating illustrious doctors by a surname (the Angelic, the Seraphic, &c.), he was called the *Ecstatic.* More robust than the saint, he bore up under the torture, while she died under it. He confessed nothing, excepting having received the money of eleven thousand eight hundred masses that he had not said: and he got off with being banished to the convent of Duruelo.

CHAPTER XI.

NO MORE SYSTEMS.—AN EMBLEM.—THE BLOOD—THE SEX.—THE IMMACULATE.—THE SACRED HEART.—MARIE ALACOQUE.—DOUBLE MEANING OF THE SACRED HEART.—THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY IS THE AGE OF EQUIVOCATION.—CHIMERICAL POLICY OF THE JESUITS—FATHER LA COLOMBIÈRE AND MARIE ALACOQUE, 1675.—ENGLAND.—PAPIST PLOT.—FIRST ALTAR OF THE SACRED HEART, 1685.—RUIN OF THE GALLICANS, 1693,—OF THE QUIETISTS, 1698;—OF PORT ROYAL, 1709.—THEOLOGY DESTROYED IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.—MATERIALITY OF THE SACRED HEART.—THE JESUIT'S ART.

Quietism, so long accused of obscurity, had been only too clear. It erected into a system, and unreservedly laid down as supreme perfection, the state of immobility and impotence to which the soul attains at last, when she abdicates her activity.

Was it not simplicity to prescribe in set terms this doctrine of stagnation, and loudly to proclaim a theory of slumber? Ah, don't talk so loud, if you wish men to sleep. This is what was instinctively felt by business-like theologians, who cared little for theology, and wished for results.

We must do the Jesuits the justice to confess that they were, at bottom, sufficiently disencumbered of speculative opinions. We have seen, that after Pascal they themselves write against their own casuistry. At one moment they had tried Quietism; the next, they allowed Fénélon to believe that they would support him. But, as soon as Louis XIV. had declared himself, "they dived *," preached against their friend, and discovered forty errors in the *Maxims of the Saints.*

They had never succeeded well as theologians. Silence became them better than any system. They had caused it to be imposed by the pope on the Dominicans since the beginning of the century, then on the Jansenists. Since that, their affairs progressed better. It was just at the period when they had ceased writing, that they obtained from the sick king the entire disposal of all benefices (1687), and became thus, to the surprise of the Gallicans, who believed themselves conquerors, kings of the clergy of France.

Farewell, now, to ideas and systems. People were tired of them. We have frequently remarked in the foregoing pages the gradual wearisomeness which was gaining ground. There is, besides, it must be confessed, in the long lives (whatever they may be), of men, of states, of religion, there is an age, when having run from one project to another, from dream to dream, disgust is experienced towards every idea. In these moments of profound materiality, nothing but what is substantial is desired. Do men become practical? No. But neither do they return again to the poetic symbols which youth adored. The old doating child rather creates for itself some fetish, some palpable, some tangible god; the coarser he is, the better he succeeds.

This explains the prodigious success with which the Jesuits spread, and caused to be accepted, in this period of lassitude, a new object of worship, both very carnal, and very material. The heart of Jesus shown through the wound in his half-open bosom, or torn out and bleeding.

Almost the same thing had happened in the decrepitude of paganism. Religion had sought a refuge in the sacrifice of bulls, in the sanguinary Mythriac expiation,—the worship of blood.

At the great feast of the Sacred Heart which the Jesuits gave in the last century, in the Coliseum of Rome, they struck a medal with this inscription, worthy of the solemn occasion, "He gave himself for food to the people, in the amphitheatre of Titus *."

Instead of a system, *an emblem*, a mute sign—what a triumph for the friends of obscurity and equivocation! No equivocation is so successful in producing indecision and confusion of ideas, as a material object susceptible of a thousand explanations. The old Christian symbols, so often explained, so often translated, present to the mind, as soon as perceived, only too clear a signification. They are the austere symbols of death and mortification. The new one was more obscure. That emblem, bloody, it is true, but carnal and impassioned, speaks of death less than of life. The heart palpitates, the blood steams, and a living man is there, who, with his hands pointing to his wound, beckons you to come and probe this half-open breast.

The heart! that word alone, has always been powerful; the organ of affections, the heart, expresses them in its own way, swelling, heaving with sighs. The life of the heart, strong and confused, comprehends and mingles all the affections. Such a word adapts itself wonderfully to a double meaning.

Who understands it best? Women. With them the life of the heart is everything. This organ, the conduit of the blood, and strongly affected by the circulation of the blood, is no less predominant in woman than the sexual instinct itself. The heart has been the great modern religion for nearly two hundred years, and we see a strange

* Bossuet, Lettre du 31 Mars, 1697; Œuvres (ed. 1836), xii. 85.

* In 1771. On the Sacred Hearts (by Tabaraud), p. 82.

question relating to the sex was for two hundred years the thought of the middle ages.

Strange thing! in this spiritual epoch a long, public, solemn discussion, took place throughout Europe, in the schools, in the churches, in the pulpit, upon an anatomical subject, of which no one would dare to speak in our times, except in a school of medicine. What subject? Conception *. Imagine all these monks, men devoted to celibacy, Dominicans, Franciscans, boldly examining this question, teaching it to all, preaching anatomy to children †, to little girls, drawing their attention to their sex, and its most secret mystery.

The heart, a more noble organ, had the advantage of furnishing a host of expressions of a doubtful but decent meaning, a whole language of equivocal tendernesses, which made no one blush, and facilitated the trickery of devout gallantry.

From the beginning of the seventeenth century, the directors and confessors find in the *Sacré Cœur*, a convenient text. But women, on the contrary, take it seriously; they are warmed, they are impassioned, they see visions. The Virgin appears to a Norman peasant girl; she commands her to worship the *heart of Mary* ‡. The Visitandines called themselves daughters of the *Heart of Jesus.* Jesus does not fail to appear to a Visitandine, Mademoiselle Marie Alacoque, and shows her his heart and his wound.

She was a very robust girl, very sanguine, whom it was constantly necessary to bleed. She had entered the convent at twenty-three years of age, with her passions unchecked; her childhood had not been miserably nipped, as happens in the case of those who are early shut up §. Her devotion at once assumed the character of a violent love, desirous of suffering for the sake of the loved object. Having heard that Madame de Chantal had inscribed on her bosom with a hot iron the name of Jesus, she did so likewise. The Lover was not insensible, and thenceforward visited her. It was with the knowledge, and under the direction of an able superior, that Mademoiselle Alacoque, entered into an intimate connection with the divine Bridegroom. She celebrated her marriage with him; and a regular contract was drawn up by the superior, which Marie Alacoque signed with her blood. "One day, that she had," says her biographer, "licked up with her tongue the vomit of a sick man, Jesus was so satisfied that he permitted her to press her lips to one of his divine wounds ||."

This had nothing to do with theology. It was a question of physiology and medicine. Mademoiselle Alacoque was a girl of an ardent temperament, exalted by celibacy. She was by no means mystic in the proper sense of the word. More fortunate than Madame Guyon, who did not behold the object of her love, she saw and touched the body of the Divine Lover. The heart which he showed her in his open breast was a bloody viscus. The extreme plethora from which she suffered, and from which frequent bleedings did not relieve her, filled her imagination with these visions of blood.

The Jesuits, great propagators of this new devotion, took care not to explain clearly whether it was proper to pay homage to the symbolical heart, to celestial love, or to adore the heart of flesh. When pressed to explain themselves, they return different answers, according to the person, time, and place. Father Gallifet delivered at one and the same time two contrary answers; at Rome, he said, that the symbolic heart was meant; at Paris, he said in print that there was no metaphor, that the flesh itself was honoured *.

The equivoque was successful. In less than forty years, there were formed in France *four hundred and twenty-eight* brotherhoods of the Sacred Heart!

I cannot avoid pausing here a moment, to admire the triumph of equivocation throughout the whole of this century.

On whatever side I look, I find it everywhere, in things and in persons. Equivocation sits on the throne with Madame de Maintenon; this person, living near the king, and before whom the princesses stand, is she queen, or is she not? Equivocation is near the throne in the humble Père la Chaise, the real king of the clergy of France, who, from a garret in Versailles, distributes all the benefices. Our Gallicans, so loyal, the Jansenists, so scrupulous, do they abstain from equivocation? No; obedient, yet rebellious, waging war on their knees, they kiss the foot of the pope, and desire to tie his hands; they spoil their best reasons by their *distinguo* and subterfuges.

In truth, when I compare with the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries, this Janus of the seventeenth, the two others appear honest centuries, at least as sincere in good, as in evil. How many false and crooked things are there not slurred over by the majestic harmony of the seventeenth! All is softened, shaded in form, and the groundwork is often worse. To replace the local inquisitions, you have the police of the Jesuits, armed with the power of the king. For a Saint Bartholomew, you have the long, immense, religious revolution, called the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, that cruel comedy of forced conversion; then the unheard-of tragedy of a proscription organized by all the civil and military means of a modern government! Bossuet sings the song of triumph; and falsehood, lies, and misery, appear everywhere! Deceit in politics; local life destroyed without the creation of central life! Deceit in morals; that polished court, that crowd of elegant people, are unexpectedly shown in their true light by the *chamber of poisons;* the king suppressed the trial, fearing to find every one guilty! And can devotion be real with such morals? Ah! if you reproach the sixteenth with its violent fanaticism, if the eighteenth appears cynical, and without human sympathies, confess also, that lying, falsehood, hypocrisy, is the characteristic feature of the seventeenth; the great

* See among other works, that of Gravois, De ortu et progressu cultus immaculati conceptus; 1764, in 4to.

† With the most shocking details, which it is impossible to reprint.

‡ Eudes, brother of Mozerai, founder of the Eudists, wrote the life of this peasant, and was the true founder of this new worship. The Jesuits took up the matter and profited by it (See Tabaraud, p. 111.) I have in vain searched for the manuscript work of Eudes in every library. It must have been purposely removed.

§ She had been placed there at eight years of age; but she fell ill; and left it at ten. Languet, p. 7, 9, 36.

|| No legend is more carefully recorded. See Languet, Galiffet, &c.

* The two answers may be read at pages 35 and 73 of Tabaraud, Des Sacres Cœurs.

historian, Molière, has drawn the portrait of the age, and discovered its name—Tartuffe.

I return to the Sacred Heart, which, to speak the truth, I have not quitted, since it is in this age the illustrious proof of the success of equivocation. The Jesuits, who, in general, have invented little, did not invent this; but they understood perfectly the use to be made of it. We have seen how, little by little, whilst averring that the female convents did not concern them, they had become their masters. The Visitation was especially under their influence. The superior of Marie Alacoque, who was in her confidence, and directed her relations with Jesus Christ, took care to acquaint Père la Chaise with what was going on.

The matter was coming to a crisis. The Jesuits were in want of a popular machine which they might work to the profit of their policy. It was the moment when they believed, or rather told the king, that England, sold by Charles II., was on the eve of a general conversion. Intrigue, money, women, all were employed—king Charles was given mistresses, his brother, confessors. The Jesuits, who, with all their cunning, often entertain the most visionary projects, believed that by gaining over five or six lords, they could change the whole of that Protestant mass, which is Protestant not from belief merely, but from interest, from habit, Protestant to the bottom, and with English tenacity.

Behold then these great politicians, advancing with wolfish stealth, and imagining that they are going to carry every thing by surprise. An essential point for them was to place near the king's brother, James, a secret preacher, who in his private chapel could work silently and attempt a few conversions. To fill this part of convert-maker, a seductive man was required, but above all ardent and fanatic; and such were not common then. This quality was wanting in the young man whom La Chaise had in view. It was one Père la Colombière, who taught rhetoric in the college of Lyons; an agreeable preacher*, an elegant writer, much esteemed by Patru, a gentle and docile character; he only wanted a little madness. To give him this he was introduced to Mademoiselle Alacoque; he was sent to Paray-le-monial, where she was, as extraordinary confessor of the Visitandines (1675). He was thirty-four years old, she twenty-eight. Well prepared by the superior, she recognized in him the great servant of God whom her visions had promised, and on the very first day she beheld in the ardent heart of Jesus her heart united to the heart of the Jesuit.

La Colombière, of a gentle and feeble character, was carried irresistibly away by this ardent whirlwind of passion and fanaticism. He was kept a year and a half in the furnace; then, still burning, he was snatched away from Paray and sent to England. He was still a little mistrusted; it was feared that he would cool; and, it was thought necessary to send him from time to time a few ardent and inspired lines, which Marie Alacoque dictated, the superior wrote.

He remained thus two years with the duchess of York, so well concealed and shut up that he did not even see London. A few lords who believed it useful to be converted to the religion of the heir-presumptive, were mysteriously brought to him.

England having at length discovered the Papist conspiracy, La Colombière was accused, brought before parliament, and shipped for France. He returned ill; and although his superiors sent him back to Paray to see if the nun could revive him, he died there of fever.

However little inclined we may be to believe in great results brought about by little causes, we are obliged to confess that the miserable intrigue just related, had an incalculable effect upon France and the whole world. The conquest of England was the object in view; and they showed her, not the Gallicans whom she respected, but the Jesuits whom she always held in horror. At the moment when Catholicism should at least, as a matter of prudence, have discarded the idolatries of which the Protestants accused her, she brought forward a new one, and the most shocking of all, the carnal and sensual doctrine of the Sacred Heart. To blend the absurd and the horrible, it was in 1685, in the for ever infamous year of the Revocation of the edict of Nantes, that Marie Alacoque raised the first of those altars which afterwards covered the whole of France. We all know how England, confirmed by the Jesuits in Protestantism and hatred of Rome, took to itself a Dutch king, included Holland in her movement, and, by the good understanding of the two maritime powers, obtained the dominion of the sea.

The Jesuits can boast of having solidly established Protestantism in England. All the Father Matthews in the world will make no change there.

Their political work we have seen was important: it ended in the marriage of England and Holland, which almost destroyed France.

And their religious work. What was it amongst us in the latter days of Louis XIV.? What was the last use made of the omnipotent power of the La Chaises and the Telliers? Why—the destruction of Port-Royal, a military expedition to carry away fifteen old women, the dead torn from the earth, sacrilege committed by the hand of authority*. They hastened to use this dying authority in that terrible year 1709, which seemed about to destroy the monarchy and the kingdom, to get rid of their enemies †.

Port-Royal came to an end (1709), Quietism had come to an end (1698), and Gallicanism itself,

* His sermons are feeble. His *Retraites Spirituelles* are more curious; they constitute the journal of the young Jesuit. It is easy to be perceived, from the efforts he makes to exalt his imagination, that fanaticism is already a difficult task. His portrait, which is very characteristic, is placed at the head of his Sermons.

* See the details in the Historical Memoirs on Port-Royal (1756), and in the General History, 1757.

† They pursue them with the same fury, in our time, particularly the sisters who are believed to be Jansenists. The Jansenists desire to suffer and die in silence; they do not desire our pity. But history cannot allow this martyr-like resignation. I will mention, as a curious and little known fact, the excellent review which they publish in small numbers for themselves (Ecclesiastical Review, Rue Saint Severin, 4). In this they have answered with force and moderation the unseemly declarations against Port-Royal, made by P. Ravignan, in the church of Saint Severin itself (1842), and the ultra-montane novelties which this Jesuit preached. Who would believe that in persecuting, insulting the Jansenists, the Jesuit party had dared to lean (in the Chamber of Peers) on the names of illustrious Jansenists themselves, as for example that of Rollin? Are they the heirs of those whom they assassinate?

the great royal religion, had been placed at the feet of the pope by the king (1693). Bossuet was laid in the tomb by the side of Fénélon, and he by the side of Arnaud. Victors and vanquished repose in the common nullity.

The emblematic prevailing and taking the place of all system, less and less desire was felt to analyze, to explain, and to think. This was matter of triumph. Explanation, when most favourable to authority, is still a concession, a homage to the liberty of the mind. In the shadow of an obscure emblem it was thenceforward possible, without laying down any formula, or giving any handle to their adversaries, to practise indifferently all the various theories which had been abandoned, and to follow them alternately or concurrently, according to the interest of the day

Wise policy, beautiful wisdom, by which they cover their nullity. Relieved from the trouble of reasoning for others, reasoning itself was lost; in the day of peril men found themselves disarmed. This is what happened in the eighteenth century. The terrible polemic of that time found them dumb. Voltaire discharged a hundred thousand arrows without waking them. Rousseau grappled with and shattered them, and yet not a word was uttered.

Who could answer? Theology was unknown to theologians *. The persecutors of the Jansenists blended in the books published in the name of Marie Alacoque, both Jansenist and Molinist opinions without knowing it †. They drew up in 1708, the manual which has since been the basis of the instruction adopted in our seminaries; and this manual contains the new doctrine that at each papal decision, Jesus Christ *inspires* the pope with his decision, and *inspires* the bishops with obedience; every thing is oracular, every thing is miraculous, in this gross system; reason is completely exterminated from theology.

Thenceforth there was little doctrine, and still less sacred history taught; and the instruction given would be null if the old casuistry did not fill up the void with immoral subtleties.

The only part of mankind to which they have for a long time addressed themselves, that of women, is the world of sensibility; they do not require science; they require impressions rather than ideas: the less they are occupied with ideas, the easier it is to conceal from them the progress of the world and the march of mind.

In a system which teaches that sanctity consists in immolating the spirit, the more material the worship is, the better it immolates the spirit. The more it is degraded, the more holy it is. To couple salvation with the exercise of the moral virtues would be to require the exercise of reason: where is the necessity of virtue? Wear this medal, *it will blot out your iniquities* ‡. Reason would still have a share in religion, if, as reason teaches us, it was necessary for salvation absolutely to love God; Marie Alacoque has seen that it was sufficient *not to hate him*. The devotees of the Sacred Heart are saved unconditionally.

When the Jesuits were suppressed, they had in their hands no religious means, but this paganism; and it was in it that they placed, at that time, all their hopes of resuscitation. They caused engravings to be made on which they placed this device, "I will give them the buckler of my Heart."

The popes, who at first were uneasy at the handle which such a materialism gave to the attacks of the philosophers *, have found out in our time that it is very useful to them; as it addresses itself to a class of people who do not read the philosophers, and who, although devout, are not the less material. They have preserved the precious equivocation of the ideal heart, and of the heart of flesh, and forbidden to explain whether the Sacred Heart designates the love of God for man, or a piece of bleeding flesh †! By reducing the thing to the idea it would be deprived of the impassioned attraction which constitutes its success.

In the last century the bishops had advanced further, declaring that the *flesh* was in this case the *principal* object. And they even placed this flesh in certain hymns after the Trinity as a fourth person.

Priests, women, young girls, have ever since been competitors in this devotion. I have in my possession a manual, largely circulated in the country, in which persons of the brotherhood, who pray one for the other, are taught how hearts are associated, and how these united hearts "should desire to enter into the opening of the Heart of Jesus, and plunge themselves without ceasing into this amorous wound."

The brethren, in their manuals, have thought it sometimes gallant to place the heart of Mary above that of Jesus (see that of Nantes, 1769). Generally in their engravings, she is younger than her son, being, for instance, only twenty years old when he is thirty, so that at first sight he seems less a son than husband or lover.

The most violent satire against the Jesuits is that which they have themselves perpetrated; namely, this art of theirs, and the pictures, the statues which they have inspired. They have already been characterized by the severe saying of Poussin: "We cannot imagine a Christ with a wry neck or with the face of Father Douillet." And yet Poussin saw the best epoch of Jesuitism; what would he have said, if he had seen what followed, if he had seen that decrepid coquetry which thinks it smiles and only grimaces, those ridiculous attitudes, those dying eyes, and so on? The worst is, that those who have no longer any idea but of the flesh, no longer know how to represent it; the idea becoming more and more material and ductile, the form becomes defaced, degraded from image to image, ignoble, paltry, soft, heavy, blunt, that is to say shapeless ‡.

* It appears to be singularly so in our times. What a spectacle to behold a sermon preached before the highest ecclesiastical authority, which, from the first word to the last, is nothing but heresy! The adversaries of their theology are the only persons who remember it.

† Tabaraud, on the Sacred Hearts, p. 38.

‡ The medal of the Immaculate Conception, made under the auspices of M. de Quélen, has already saved assassins and other criminals. See the notice by a Lazarist, and the passages quoted by Genin, *The Jesuits and the University*, p. 87—97.

* Lambertini, De servorum Dei beatificatione, t. iv. pars secunda, l. 4, c. 30, p. 310. It pains us to see a man of sense labouring to be only absurd by halves.

† Pius VI. condemned the council of Pistoia, which endeavoured to draw a distinction Ib. 79.

‡ In 1834, turning my attention to Christian iconography, I looked over, in the Royal Library, the collection of images

Such as was the art, such were the men. It is difficult to augur well of the minds of those who inspired this art, who recommended these images, placed them every where in their churches, spread them by thousands and by millions. Such a taste is a grave sign. Many immoral people still preserve a sentiment of elegance. But to alight voluntarily on the ignoble and on the false shows that the mind has descended to the lowest depths.

A truth here presents itself which we must recognize—it is, that art is the only thing inaccessible to falsehood. Child of the heart, of natural inspiration, it will not suffer the alloy of the false; it will not allow itself to be violated uncomplainingly; and if the false triumphs, it dies. Every thing else may be imitated, may be acted. They succeeded in creating a theology in the sixteenth century, a morality in the seventeenth; but an art, never! The holy and the just may be simulated; how simulate the beautiful? You are ugly, poor Tartuffe; ugly you will remain; it is your mark. You ever attain to the beautiful! ever approach it! This would be impious, beyond all impiety.—The beautiful is the face of God!

of Christ. Those which have been published within the last thirty years are the most humiliating things I have ever seen, for art and human nature. Every man (philosopher or believer) who has preserved any sentiment of religion, must be filled with indignation. All possible improprieties, all sensualities, all low passions, are there: the young, flaxen seminarist, the licentious priest, the robust curé, looking à la Mingrat, &c. The engraving is worthy the design; it seems executed with a piece of wood dipped in soot.

PART THE SECOND.

ON DIRECTION IN GENERAL, AND ESPECIALLY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER I.

RESEMBLANCES AND DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE SEVENTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.—CHRISTIAN ART.—IT IS WE THAT HAVE RESTORED THE CHURCH.—WHAT IT ADDS TO THE POWER OF THE PRIEST.—THE CONFESSIONAL.

There are two objections that may be made against all that has just been said, and I will make them.

I. "The examples are taken from the seventeenth century, from an epoch in which the director was influenced by theological questions, that do not now occupy the world or the church; for instance, the question of Grace and Free Will, the question of Quietism or of Repose in Love." I have already answered this. These questions are obsolete, dead, if you will, as theories; but in the spirit and *practical method* emanating from the theories, they are and always will be living. Theorists simple enough to lay down in so many words a doctrine of moral sleep and annihilation will no longer be found; but there always will be found empirics enough to practise silently the art of putting men to sleep. If this is not clear enough, I will make it clearer than may be wished presently.

II. Another difficulty:—"Do the examples which you draw from the books and the letters of the great men of the great age, prove any thing for ours? Did not those profound and subtle minds, who carried so far the science of the government of souls, push refinement to an extent of which the common herd of confessors and directors cannot even form an idea? What can you fear of this kind from the poor and simple priests of these days? Where, I pray you, are our Saint François de Sales, our Bossuets, our Fénélons? Do you not see that the clergy not only does not now contain men of such genius, but that it has deteriorated generally and as a class. The great majority of priests are drawn from provincial families. The peasant, even when he is not poor, finds it convenient to lighten the burden of his family by getting a son into the seminary. Infantile education, that which is received from parents before all other, the youth has never been blessed with. The seminary in no case repairs this disadvantage of birth and circumstances. If we judge by those who have come out of the hands of the Sulpicians, Lazarists, &c., we might be tempted to think that the heads of the church have come to a determination to form indifferent priests, who would be so much the more dependent, and blind to the influence exercised over them against their real interest. What then do you fear? Does not this intellectual abasement of the clergy reassure you? How can they follow the learned tactics of the priests of former days in confessing and directing? The dangers you point out are imaginary."

It is easy to answer:

Great powers of mind and finished education are not so necessary as you think, to govern minds which desire to be governed. His authority, his character, the place, the garb, give influence to the priest, and supply in him what is wanting to the man. It is less by ability than by constancy and perseverance that he acquires the ascendant. If he is little cultivated, he is at least less distracted by the variety of new ideas, which, without ceasing, cross us modern men, unman us and fatigue us. He has fewer ideas, views, projects, but one interest, one end; and the same end always invariably followed, must ensure success.

But is cunning incompatible with want of refinement? Peasants are a circumspect race, often full of artfulness, and of an indefatigable constancy in following up their narrow interests. See what long years, what divers means, and often indirect means, they employ to add two feet to their land. Do you think that his son, M. le Curé, will be less patient, less arduous in endeavouring to govern

a soul, to govern a woman, to penetrate into a family?

These peasant families have often much vigour, and a sap in their blood, in their temperament, which gives them wit, or makes up for the want of it. Those of the South, above all, from among whom the clergy gets its principal recruits, supply intrepid talkers who stand in need of no knowledge, and who, by their very ignorance, are perhaps more fitted for their relation with the simple persons whom they address. They talk loudly and firmly; the educated would be more reserved, less proper to fascinate the weak; they would not venture such bold attempts in spiritual matters, so coarse a magnetism.

In this respect, I must confess it, there is a serious difference between our age and the seventeenth, when the clergy, of all ranks, was so lettered. That cultivation, those extensive studies, that great theological and literary activity were for the priest of that time, the most powerful means of preserving him from the numerous temptations which beset him. Science, or at least controversy and disputation, created for him, in a situation often very worldly, a sort of rectitude, an *alibi*, so to speak, which was his safeguard. But our priests, who have nothing of this kind, who, moreover, derive their origin from coarse and material races, and who do not know how to employ this perplexing power, stand in need of virtue indeed!

The great men, from whom we have drawn our examples, had a wonderful defence against carnal and spiritual desires—more than a defence, wings which raised them from earth, at the critical moment, above all temptation. By these wings I mean the love of God, the love of genius for itself, its natural effort to maintain its high position and ascend still higher, the repugnance it has to descend.

Heads of the clergy of France, the only clergy which at that time possessed life, responsible to the world for that which subsisted by their faith, they kept their heart up to the height of the prodigious part they had to play. One thought was the guardian of their life, one thought which they repressed, but which does not the less sustain them under the most delicate trials; namely, that in them dwelt the Church.

Their great experience both of the world and of the soul *, their tact, their able management of men and things, far from enfeebling morality, as we might be tempted to think, rather strengthened it in them, placing them in a position to feel and foresee all perils, to behold the approach of the enemy, not to leave him the advantage of unexpected attacks, or at least to know how to elude them. We have seen how Bossuet checked at the first word the soft confidence of a feeble nun. The little we have said of the direction of Fénélon sufficiently shows how the dangerous director steered between dangers.

These eminently *spiritual* persons could follow through many long years, between heaven and earth, this tender dialectic of the love of God.

* Another great difference between them and those of the present day. The latter know neither the precedents, nor the varieties of character, nor the time, nor the persons. As soon as they emerge from their subterraneous dwelling, they are shy, rough, and violent at once; they strike at hap-hazard, and fall upon the passer-by who is compelled to push them aside.

Is the same the case with people who have no wings, who crawl and do not fly? Incapable of those ingenious circuits by which passion plays with and eludes herself, are they not in danger of falling at the first step?

I know well that the absence of early education, of which we just now spoke, and vulgarity and awkwardness, may often place a barrier between the priest and a delicate woman. But many things, which would not be tolerated in another, are set down to his account as merits. Stiffness is austerity; awkwardness is the simplicity of a saint who has lived only in the desert. Other rules and more indulgent ones are applied to him than to the laity. He has an advantage in the character which makes him a man apart, in his costume, in the place, in that mysterious church which lends to the most vulgar a poetical reflection.

Who gave them this last advantage? We ourselves. It was we who, in our simplicity, raised up, rebuilt, in some sort, those churches which they had deserted. The priest was making Saint Sulpice and other piles of stones. The laity restored for him Notre-Dame, Saint Ouen. They showed him the Christian spirit in those living stones *, and he did not see it; they taught it to him, and he did not understand it. And how long has the misunderstanding lasted? Not less than forty years, since the appearance of the *Genius of Christianity*. The priest would not believe us, when we explained to him that sublime edifice; he did not recognize it. Why should we wonder? It only belongs to those who have understood it †.

At length, however, he has thought better of it. He has found it to be politic to talk like us about Christian art, to boast of it. He has adorned himself with his church; he has wrapped himself in that glorious mantle; he has taken an imposing attitude. The crowd comes, sees, admires. Certainly, if we judge of the man dressed

* Let me be permitted to call to mind, in answer to so many absurd attacks, that I have done two things for art in the middle age: 1st, *I have explained its principle and life*, which my illustrious predecessors (whether German or French), in this career had not done; 2nd, *I have explained its ruin*, pointed out the cause of death which this art contained within itself. I have admired it, but I have classified it, without being carried away by an exclusive admiration. See the last chapter of the second volume of my History of France, and above all the last ten pages. In the same volume, I committed a serious error, which I must rectify. In speaking of ecclesiastical celibacy (à propos of Gregory VII.), I said that never could married men have reared those sublime monuments, the spire of Strasburg, &c. It happens, on the contrary, that the architects of the Gothic church were laymen, for the most part married. The architect of Strasburg, Erwin de Steinbach, had a celebrated daughter, Sabina, who was herself an artist.

† And those who understand it are the only ones who respect and regret it. If we were the mortal enemies of these churches, we should do what is doing every day; we should deprive them of whatever renders them venerable, the antique colour, the moss of past times, the mutilations; we should efface all this; we should fill them with statues of every age, as they desire to do in Notre-Dame, and we should turn them into a museum. The church has resisted revolutions and time; it cannot resist the conspiracy of the masons and the priests. The mason has persuaded the priest that the Gothic style could be repeated in 1845. So believing him, they scrape, tear up and down, demolish the old Gothic building, in perfect confidence that they can create a new one.

by his dress, of him who puts on a Notre-Dame de Paris, a cathedral of Cologne, he is apparently the giant of the spiritual world. Alexander, on his departure from India, desiring to deceive the future respecting the stature of his Macedonians, caused a camp to be marked out in which ten feet were allowed for each man. What a place this church is! what a dwelling! and what an immense host must dwell there! Optical delusion adds in this case to size. All proportion changes. The eye deceived, deceives itself:—sublime lights, deep shades, all turn to the advantage of illusion. The man who, from his lowly countenance, you took in the streets for a village schoolmaster, is here a prophet. . . . He is transfigured by this grand framework; his heaviness becomes force and majesty; his voice produces formidable echoes. Fear falls on woman and child.

Let this woman return home, and everything appears poor and wretched. Even if her husband were a Pierre Corneille, if he inhabited the wretched house which is still shown, she would despise him. Intellectual greatness, on a ground floor, does not strike her. She compares, and is sadly, gently peevish. The husband is patient, and smiles, or appears to smile. "The director is turning her head," says he aloud; and softly to himself, "After all, she only sees him in church." But what place, I pray, is more powerful than the church, over the imagination, more rich in illusion, more fascinating? It is exactly the church which ennobles the man, vulgar elsewhere; which aggrandises, which exaggerates him, which lends him a ray of its poetry.

Do you see that solemn figure which, under the gold and the purple of the pontifical garments, ascends with the thoughts of the people, with the prayers of ten thousand men, the triumphal staircase of the choir of St. Denis? Do you again see him, above all that kneeling crowd, rising to the height of the vaulted roof, his head touching the capitals of the columns, lost among the winged heads of angels, and from thence hurling thunder. Well, it is this man, this terrible archangel, who presently descends for her; and now, gentle and easy, comes yonder, in that dim chapel, to listen to her in the languishing hours of evening! Beautiful hour! tumultuous, but tender—(why do our hearts beat so violently now?) How dark already is this church, though the hour is not yet late. The great rose window over the portal glitters in the setting sun. . . . But in the choir it is otherwise; gloomy shadows spread there, and behind, is complete darkness. . . . One thing astonishes, and almost terrifies, at whatever distance we see it; it is the depth of the church; that mystery of old stained windows, which, exhibiting no longer any precise outline of designs, twinkles through the gloom like an illegible scroll of unknown characters. For all this, the chapel is not less dark; you can no longer distinguish the ornaments, the delicate mouldings, which unite at the top of the vault; the thickening shadows round off, and obscure every form. And yet, as if the chapel itself was not dark enough, it contains in a corner the narrow box of black oak, where this man full of emotion, this trembling woman, in such close company, meet to whisper about the love of God.

CHAPTER II.

CONFESSION.—PRESENT EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG CONFESSOR.—THE CONFESSOR OF THE MIDDLE AGES:—FIRST, HE BELIEVED; SECONDLY, HE MORTIFIED HIMSELF; THIRDLY, HE WAS SUPERIOR BY EDUCATION; FOURTHLY, HE WAS LESS INQUISITIVE.—THE CASUISTS WROTE FOR THEIR OWN TIME.—DANGERS OF THE YOUNG CONFESSOR.—HOW HE STRENGTHENS HIS TOTTERING POSITION.

A WORTHY parish priest has often told me that the sore part of his estate, his own despair, and the torment of his life, is confession.

The studies by which they are prepared for it in the seminary, are such as often to ruin both constitution and disposition; the body succumbs, the mind remains enervated, and defiled.

Lay education, which sets up no pretence to excess of purity, and whose pupils are destined to mix with the world at large, takes, nevertheless, great care to remove from the eyes of youth the too seductive images which trouble the senses. Ecclesiastical education, on the contrary, which pretends to form men superior to man, virgins, pure spirits, angels, fixes the attention of its pupils precisely on the things which are to be for ever interdicted to them, and gives them for subjects of study the most terrible temptations, sufficient to damn all the saints. Printed books have been cited; but not the manuscript books which form the course of the two last years of seminary education, and which contain what the most intrepid have not dared to publish.

I cannot repeat here that which has been revealed to me by those who have suffered by this idiotic education, and whom it nearly destroyed. No one can imagine the state of a poor young man, still a sincere believer, and struggling between the terror and temptation by which he is surrounded at will, between two unknown things, one of which alone is sufficient to drive him mad, *woman! hell!* and, nevertheless, constrained unceasingly to gaze into the abyss of these immoral books, his eyes blood-shot with the fire of health and youth.

This wonderful imprudence originated in the scholastic supposition, that the mind could be very well separated from the body. It was believed that they could be led like two coursers by different enticements to the right or to the left. It was not remembered that, in this case, it would be with the man as with the car sculptured on the pediment of the Louvre, which being drawn in two opposite directions, must necessarily be dragged in pieces.

However different the nature of the two substances may be, it is but too plain that they are mixed in action. Not a movement of the mind fails to act on the body, and the body reacts likewise. The most cruel war upon the body would succeed in killing it more easily than in preventing its action on the soul. What childishness, then, to believe that a vow, a few prayers, a black gown on your back, can deliver you from the flesh, and make a pure spirit of you!

The middle ages, and that crowd of men who have lived a life of mortification, may be adduced as an objection.

Here I have not only one reply, but twenty, all unanswerable. It is but too easy to show that the priest in general, and especially the confessor,

was in no wise then what they have been for two centuries.

I. The first answer will, perhaps, seem somewhat harsh; *then, the priest believed.*—"What! the priest believes no longer? Do you mean to say, that in speaking of his faith with so much energy, he is a hypocrite and a liar?"—No, I will allow that he is sincere. But there is a difference between believing and believing; there are many degrees of faith. It is related, that Lope de Vega (who, as is well known, was a priest) could not officiate; at the moment of the sacrifice, he represented the Passion to himself too deeply, burst into tears, and fainted. Compare this with the coquettish pantomime of the Jesuit, who says the mass at Fribourg, or of the priest whom I have seen occupied at the altar, in exhibiting his small, white hand.

The priest believed, and *his penitent believed.* Tremendous terrors of miracles, of devils, of hell, filled the church. The word "God hears you," was not only graven on the wood, but on the heart. The confessional was not divided by a board, but by the sword of the archangel, by thoughts of the day of judgment.

II. If the priest spoke in the name of the spirit, he had the more right to do so, having purchased spiritual power by the *suicide of the body.* His long vigils would have been sufficient to exhaust it. But this was cared for more directly by excess of fasting. Fasting was the regimen of the poor and rude schools of the Mendicants, and Cappets, whose scanty meal was composed of arguments. Half-dead before the age of manhood, they iced their blood by herbs of mortal coldness, and exhausted it by bleeding. The number of bleedings to which monks were to be submitted was settled in their rules. The stomach was generally destroyed, and strength was rarely recovered. Saint Bernard and Saint Theresa were enfeebled by continual emetics: even the sense of taste was destroyed. "The saint," says his biographer, "took blood for butter." The word *mortification* was not then a vain word; there was not an isolation of the soul from the body, but an actual suppression of the body.

III. The priest believed himself to be in this sense the man of the spirit, and he was effectually so by *superiority of education.* He knew every thing, the other nothing. Even when the priest was young, he was really the father, the other the child. Now, it is the contrary; the layman, especially in the towns, has generally more education than the priest; even the peasant, who has a family, interests, affairs, who has passed through the army, has more experience than the curé, more real knowledge; and so, it is of little consequence whether or not he break Priscian's head. The contrast is much greater when this inexperienced priest, ignorant of every thing but the seminary, sees at his knees a woman of the world, of intrigue, of passion, who, at thirty-five years of age say, has traversed the whole region of sentiments and ideas. What! it is she who is in want of advice; it is she who calls him, My father! Each word she utters is a revelation to him; he is astonished, internally terrified. If he is not wise enough to hold his tongue, he will talk like a child. His penitent, who came in a state of emotion, will go away laughing.

IV. There is another difference which will only strike those who know the middle ages well: *The tongue was not then untied,* as it has since been. Being without our habits of analysis and circumstantiality, confession was necessarily reduced to a declaration of the sin, without any detail of circumstance. Still less could they then enlarge upon the phenomena which accompany passion, the desires, doubts, fears, which give it the force of illusion and mirage, and which render it contagious. There was confession if you will; but the woman knew not how to speak, the confessor how to listen; she could not reveal the true depths of her thought; and if she had, he would not have understood it. Confession on one hand, sentence on the other, that was all; there was no conversation, confidence, impassioned communion.

If the priest has not sufficient wit and imagination to put questions, he has had for two centuries a set of questions ready put, which he can employ at will, and by which he can force the penitent to search into her inmost thoughts, to sift her own secrets, to give them up entire, to open her heart fibre by fibre, thread by thread, so to speak, and to unravel before him the whole skein, which thenceforward he holds in his hands.

This terrible instrument of inquiry, which in an unskilful hand may corrupt the soul whilst searching it, should at least change with the changes of manners. Morality does not vary, but manners vary with the times; this simple truth was not suspected. They have adhered to the manners of the period when intellectual improvement ceased for them. The manuals which are placed in the hands of the young confessor are based on the casuists whom Pascal has buried. Even if the immorality of their solutions had not been demonstrated, remember that Escobar and Sanchez laid down questions for a period of horrible corruption, from which, thank God, we are far removed. Their casuistry was at first addressed to the corrupt and disordered state of society which the wars of religion left behind them. You find it stating such or such a crime, which perhaps was never committed but by the fierce soldiers of the duke of Alba, or by the bands, without country, without law, without God, who followed Wallenstein, true wandering Sodoms, which the old world would have held in horror.

I know not how to brand sufficiently this culpable routine! These books, made for a barbarous epoch, unparalleled in atrocity, are the same which now, in our advanced stage of civilization, you give to your pupils.

And this young priest, who, from your account, believes that the world is still this world of horrors, who comes to the confessional * with all this abominable science, his imagination furnished with monstrous cases, you entrust him, imprudent that you are (what shall I call you else?) with the care of a child who has not quitted her mother, who knows nothing, has nothing to say, whose greatest crime is to have ill-learnt her catechism, or hurt a butterfly!

I tremble at the interrogations to which she is to be subjected, and at what he will teach her in his conscientious brutality. But he asks in vain; she knows nothing, and tells nothing. He scolds her, and she weeps. Her tears will soon dry, but she will think long. . . .

* Read the splendid pages of P. L. Courrier, and those of M. Génin. *The Jesuits and the University,* part ii. ch. 5.

A book might be made on the debut of the young priest, on his imprudence, as all fatal to himself as to others. The penitent is often more knowing than the confessor. She smiles secretly at his approach; she looks coldly on him while he becomes animated and presses her closely *. . . The man who forgets himself in his impassioned dream is suddenly awakened by the lesson which is given him by a witty and satirical woman on her knees before him!

Cruel lesson, which curdles his blood like the stab of a sword. . . . Such a thing is not felt without leaving long a bitterness behind, sometimes a permanent malignity. The young priest well knew that he was the victim, the disinherited in this world; but he had not felt it. . . . A flood of gall overflows his heart. He prays God for the death of the world! . . . (if indeed he still prays to God!)

Then, coming to himself, and beholding himself irremediably wrapped in that black pall, in that robe of death which he must carry into the grave, he shrinks deep into it, whilst cursing it; and ponders on what advantage he shall reap from his own sacrifice.

And the only thing he can do is to strengthen his position as priest. This he may effect in two ways, by coming to an understanding with the Jesuits, and by servile assiduity with my lord bishop. I recommend him above all things to be violent against the philosophers, to bark about *pantheism*. Let him also blacken his brethren, and he will whiten himself the better. Let him prove himself a thorough hater, and he will be pardoned for his love.

The brotherhood will thenceforward protect him, cover him. That which would have ruined the isolated priest, becomes sanctity itself as soon as he is a party man. He was on the point of being interdicted, of being sent perhaps for six months to La Trappe, and—he is made vicar-general.

Only let him be prudent, in the delicate affair which the order loves to conceal; let him learn the arts of the priests—to feign, to wait, to know how to contain himself, to advance but slowly,—along the ground sometimes, but more often under the ground.

CHAPTER III.

CONFESSION.—THE CONFESSOR AND THE HUSBAND.—HOW THE WIFE IS ISOLATED.—THE DIRECTOR.—THE DIRECTORS ASSOCIATED.—ECCLESIASTICAL POLICE.

When I reflect on all that these words contain—*confession*, *direction*, these little words, that great power, the most complete that exists in the world, —when I endeavour to analyze all it contains, I am struck with awe. I seem to descend by the endless spiral stair-case of a deep and darksome mine. . . . I was just pitying the priest, and now I fear him.

But we must not fear him; we must look at him face to face. Let us put in simple language the words of the confessor.

"*God hears you*, hears you through me; by me God will answer you." Such is the first word, which is understood literally. The authority is accepted, as infinite, absolute, without quarrelling about the degree.

"But you hesitate; you dare not tell to this terrible God your weaknesses and childish acts. Well, then, *tell them to your father*; a father has a right to know the secrets of his child, an indulgent father, who desires to know only in order to absolve. He is a sinner, like yourself; has he a right to be severe? Come, then, my child, come and speak. . . . What you have not dared to whisper to your mother, tell me; who will ever know it?"

Then, then, amidst sighs from the heaving bosom, the fatal word rises to the lips; it escapes, and she hides her face. . . Oh! he who heard it, has gained a great advantage, and will keep it. God grant that he may not abuse his power! . . . Take care; that which has been said, was heard, not by the wood, not by the black oak of the old confessional; but by a man of flesh and blood.

And this man now learns of this woman what the husband has not known, in their long unbosomings by night and by day, what is not known to her mother, who imagines she knows her completely, having held her so often naked on her knees.

This man knows it, will know it, and, be sure, will not forget it; if the confession is in good hands, so much the better, for it is for ever. She, too, is conscious that there is one who is master of her most private thoughts. Never will she pass that man without lowering her eyes.

The day when this mystery was made the common property of both, he was very near her, she felt it. . . . Seated above her, he wrought upon her with invincible ascendancy. A magnetic force subdued her; for she did not intend to say, and yet she said it in spite of herself. She was fascinated, like the bird by the serpent.

Up to this time, however, no art was used by the priest. The force of circumstances did all, the force of religious education and of nature. As priest, he received her at his knees, and listened to her. But the instant he is master of her secrets, of her thoughts, of the thoughts of a woman, he becomes again a man, without perhaps wishing or knowing it, and has laid upon her, enfeebled and disarmed as she is, a man's heavy hand.

And the family now? The husband? Who will venture to say that his situation is the same as before?

Every man who reflects knows too well that thought is the most personal part of the person. The master of the thoughts is master of the person. The priest holds the soul as soon as he has the dangerous pledge of the first secrets, and he will hold it more and more. So here is a partition made between the husbands, for there will be now two, the soul to one, the body to the other.

Remark, that in this partition, the whole really belongs to one; if the other keeps anything it is by sufferance. Thought, by its nature, is dominant, absorbing; the arbiter of the thoughts, in the natural progress of this domination, will perpetually reduce the portion which seemed to remain to the other. It will be much if the hus-

* Read the witty and judicious little piece of Swift: Fragment on the Mechanical Operations of the Spirit (especially towards the end).

band, widowed from the soul, preserve the involuntary, inert, and dead possession. What a humiliation this, to obtain what once was yours only by permission and indulgence *, to be seen, followed in your most private intimacies, by an invisible witness who regulates and apportions you your share; to meet in the street a man who knows better than you do your most secret weaknesses, who bows humbly, turns away and laughs. . . . It is nothing to be powerful, if we are not the only powerful. . . . The only! God suffers none to share his power.

This is the argument with which the priest comforts himself in his persevering efforts to isolate this woman, to enfeeble her family ties, to undermine, above all things, the rival authority; I mean that of the husband. The husband is an incubus to the priest. If the husband is a sufferer by being so well known, watched, espied when he is alone, the spy suffers still more. She comes constantly, and innocently tells things which drive him beside himself. Often he is on the point of stopping her and of saying: "For pity's sake, madame, forbear; this is too much!" And although these details inflict upon him the tortures of the damned, he asks for still more; he requires her to condescend, in these avowals, humiliating to her, and agonizing to him, to the most painful circumstantialities.

The confessor of a young woman may be boldly defined to be the envier of the husband, and his secret enemy. If there be an exception to this (and I willingly believe that there is), he is a hero, a saint, a martyr, a man above humanity.

The whole labour of the confessor is to isolate the woman, and he does so conscientiously. It is the duty of him who leads her in the path of salvation, to disengage her little by little from earthly ties. This requires time, patience, address. It is not possible to break at once such strong bonds; he must first discover of what threads each bond is composed, and, thread by thread, file and wear it away.

He wears it away, and files it at his leisure, by every day awakening new scruples, and disquieting a timid soul by doubts of the legitimacy of the most sacred attachment. If there be an innocent one, it is, after all, a terrestrial tie, a robbery of God; God requires all. No more kindred, or friendship, nothing must remain. "A brother?" No; he, too, is a man. "But at least my sister? my mother?" No; you must quit all. Quit them in mind and in intention; you may still behold them, my daughter; nothing will appear changed, only close your heart.

A moral solitude now reigns in her dwelling. Friends retire repelled by an icy politeness. Her house is an ice-bath. Why this strange reception? They cannot guess the reason; even she does not always know it. The thing is commanded, is not that enough? Obedience consists in obeying without reason.

People are cold here; that is all that can be said. The husband finds the house dull and more empty. His wife has become quite a different person, her mind is absent; she acts, as if not acting; she speaks, as if not speaking. Everything is changed in their domestic habits, always for a good reason: "To-day is a fast day." "And to-morrow —?" "Is a festival." The husband respects this austerity; he is scrupulous not to disturb this devotion; and resigns himself with a sigh: "This is getting annoying," says he, "I had not foreseen it; my wife is becoming a saint."

In this same house there are fewer friends, but there is a new and very assiduous one. The habitual confessor is now the director *; a great and a considerable change.

As confessor, he received her in the church, at stated hours. As director, he visits her at his own hours, sees her at her house, sometimes at his own.

Confessor, he was for the most part passive, listened much, spoke little; if he prescribed, it was in few words. Director, he is active; not only he prescribes acts, but what is more important, by intimate conversation, influences every thought.

To the confessor we tell our sins; we owe him nothing more. To the director, we tell all, everything relating to us and ours, our affairs, our interests. If we confide to him our greatest interest, the interest of eternal salvation, wherefore keep from him our little temporal interests, the marriage of our children, the will we intend making, &c. &c.?

The confessor is bound to secrecy, he must be silent (or ought to be silent). The director is not thus bound. He may reveal what he knows, especially to a priest, to another director. Suppose in one house twenty priests (or fewer, in order to escape the law of association), some of whom are the confessors, others the directors of the same persons; as directors, they may exchange their information, they may throw upon one table a thousand or two thousand consciences, calculate the moves, as if at a game of chess, regulate every interest beforehand, and distribute among each other the parts which they must play to bring about their own ends.

The Jesuits alone formerly worked thus together. It is not the fault of the leaders of the clergy if the whole body, in its trembling obedience, does not play the villainous game †. All communicating with all, there would result from these revealed secrets, a vast and mysterious science, which would arm the ecclesiastical police with a hundred times more power than that of the state itself.

What was wanting in the confession of the masters would be easily supplied by that of the domestics, valets, servants. The association of the Blandines of Lyons, imitated in Brittany, Paris, and elsewhere, would alone suffice to lay bare the interior of every household. They may be known, but are not the less employed; they are gentle and docile, serve their masters well, know how to see and listen.

Happy father of a family, with so virtuous a wife, and such domestics, gentle, humble, honest, and pious. Thus what the ancient desired, to

* François de Sales, the best of them all, takes compassion on the poor husband, and removes certain scruples of the wife's, &c. (See ed. 1833, t. viii p. 254, 312, 347, 348.)

* The name is now rare, the thing common. He who confesses for a long time, becomes director. Many persons have at the same time the confessor, the extraordinary confessor, and the director.

† This is known from those priests who will not lend themselves to the system.

live in a house of glass, so that every one might always see you, you have without wishing it. Not a word of yours is lost. You speak low, but sharp ears hear it all. You write your private thoughts, unwilling to speak them; they are read, —by whom? No one knows. What you dream of nights you are astonished to hear on the morrow in the street.

CHAPTER IV.

HABIT: ITS POWER; ITS INSENSIBLE BEGINNING; ITS PROGRESS; A SECOND NATURE; AND OFTEN FATAL. —A MAN TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE POWER OF HABIT.—CAN WE ESCAPE?

If spiritual dominion be truly spiritual, if the thought be conquered by thought itself, by superiority of character and mind, then we must submit; nothing is left but resignation. The family will object to it in time, but will object in vain.

Generally, however, this is far from being the case. The influence of which we speak by no means supposes, as an essential condition, any brilliant mental endowments. They serve doubtless him who possesses them, and yet, if he possess them in an eminent degree, they may injure him. Striking superiority, which seems always a pretension to govern others, puts men on their guard, warns the least prudent, and prevents their reposing that confidence which is the secret of the whole triumph*. The mediocre do not excite alarm, and are admitted without suspicion. The more feeble they are, the less suspected they are, the stronger they are in one sense. Iron grates against the rock; its edge turns and becomes blunted. But who would mistrust water? Soft, colourless, insipid, if nevertheless it always falls in the same place, it hollows at last the pebble and the rock.

Place yourself at that window every day at a certain hour in the afternoon. You will behold pass in the street a pale man who looks on the ground, always passing along the same street, always keeping the same side of the street. Where he placed his foot yesterday, he places it to-day, and will place it to-morrow; he will wear out the granite if it be not renewed. And by this same street, he goes to the same house, he ascends the same staircase, and in the same boudoir he speaks to the same person. He speaks of the same things, and seems to speak in the same way. The person who listens sees no difference between yesterday and to-day. Even uniformity, and sweet as the slumber of a child, whose respiration swells its breast at equal intervals, with the same slight murmur.

You think that nothing changes in this monotonous evenness, that one day is the same as the other. Good; you have felt nothing, and yet every day there is a change, slight, it is true, imperceptible, which the person, changed little by little herself, remarks not at all.

It is like a reverie on board a vessel. How far have you gone during your reverie? You cannot tell. You advance without advancing, immoveable and yet move rapidly. Emerging from the river or canal you are soon in the open sea; the immense uniformity which surrounds you will allow you still less to perceive the advance you make. Place and time vanish; there is no marked point on which the attention can be fixed; attention itself ceases. Profounder still is the reverie, and still, still profounder—an ocean of dreams on the soft ocean of waters.

Sweet state, in which little by little every thing becomes insensible, even weakness itself. State of death or life? To discover this would require attention, and for that the reverie must be broken. . . No, let it have its way, that indefinable thing which hurries me away, whether it lead me to life or lead me to death.

Habit! habit! gentle yet formidable abyss, down which we slide so gently! of thee may be said all the harm in the world, and all the good likewise; and it would be all true.

Let us confess the truth: if the action which was at first done with a full knowledge and voluntarily, could never be performed but with will and attention, if it did not become habitual and easy, we should act seldom and slowly; life would pass in attempts and efforts If, at each step we take, we had to ponder whether we were going the right way, and whether we were keeping our centre of gravity, we should scarcely walk better than the child learning to walk. But walking soon becomes a habit, an action, which is accomplished without its being necessary to invoke the continual intervention of the will. It is so with many other acts, which less voluntary still, at last become mechanical, automatic, and strangers as it were to our personality. As we advance in life, a notable portion of our activity escapes our consciousness, emerges from the sphere of liberty to enter that of habit, becomes in some sort fatal; the remainder, relieved from the constant necessity of attention and effort, becomes in turn more free to act elsewhere.

This has its advantages and disadvantages. The force of habit steals upon us until we are its slave. That which once attracted our attention, to-day passes unperceived. What once was difficult, is now become easy, too easy; indeed, it is not possible to say even that it is easy, for it comes to pass of itself, without our will; we suffer if it is not done. These acts being, of all others, those which cost the least trouble, are constantly repeated; and, at last, a second nature is formed, which, created at the expense of the other, in great part takes its place. We forget the difficulties of the first beginnings, and we imagine that it was always so. This at least favours our idleness, and spares us from making any efforts to arrest ourselves on the brink. Besides, all trace of change disappears at length, the mind is destroyed: if we would reconstruct it, we cannot. It is like a bridge, broken down behind us; we have passed and cannot pass back.

We resign ourselves then, and we say, endeavouring to smile, "*It is to me a second nature*;" or even, "*It is my nature.*" So much have we forgotten!

But between this nature and our true primordial nature which we received at our birth, there is a serious difference; namely, that that which we

* Romance writers rarely comprehend this. Most of them begin by an adventure, a surprising circumstance, and this is precisely what puts the reader on his guard.

derived from our mother's womb, was like the mother herself, the watchful guardian of our life, which warned us of whatever might compromise us, which searched for and tenderly found a remedy for our ills. But habit, this second nature, under this treacherous name, is often nothing else than the high road which leads to death.

"It is my second nature," sadly says the opium-eater, on beholding die by his side the victim who had contracted the fatal habit some few months earlier than he; "I have still so many months to live." "It is my second nature," says the wretched child, devoted victim of solitary pleasures. Nothing is a cure; neither reason, nor punishment, nor maternal grief. Both go on to the last along that road which cannot be retraced.

A vulgar proverb (in this case really true) says: "He who has drunk, will drink." We must generalize it; "*He who has acted, will act;*" "*He who has suffered, will suffer.*" Why, this is still more true of passive than of active habits. Accustomed to let things take their course, to suffer, to enjoy, we become incapable of resuming activity. At last, even the bait of enjoyment is not required. When that is dried up, and pain takes its place, the inexorable habit still fills up the same cup; it does not then even take the pains to dissemble; we recognize it too late, hideous, incurable, and it coldly says: "You at first drank the honey, now you shall drink gall to the last drop."

If this tyrant is so strong when it acts blindly, when it is only a thing, as opium or gin, what must it be when it has eyes, a will, an art,—in a word, when it is a man?—a man full of cunning, who knows how to create, to foster a habit to his advantage; a man, who as a first means, has against you your beliefs; who, begins with the authority of a respected position the work of personal fascination; and who has daily opportunities for exercising it over you until it grows into a habit, who has days, months, years to work in; who has time at his command irresistible time, conquering all human things; time, that eats through iron and brass. . . . Is the heart of a woman capable of resisting it?

A woman? A child? Still less, a person *who desires to be a child*, who employs all the faculties she has been acquiring from childhood to enable her to fall again into a state of childhood; who directs her will for the purpose of annihilating her will, her thought to destroy thought, and who gives herself up as if asleep.

Suppose her to awake (a case which rarely happens), to awake for a moment, that she surprises the tyrant without his mask, that she sees him as he is, and desires to escape. . . Do you think she has the power*? . . To escape it is necessary to act: and she knows no longer what this is, having so long given up all action; her members are stiff; her limbs paralyzed, know not how to move; the heavy hand is raised, falls, and says, No.

Then it is you feel what habit is, and how, once tied with its imperceptible threads, you remain joined, in spite of yourself, to this cheat you detest. The threads are not the less strong, because the eye cannot see them; feeble and yielding, to all appearance, you may break them, but you will find more beneath: it is a double, triple net. Who can discover its thickness?

* This reminds us of the adventure of the enchanter Merlin, who, at the prayer of Viviane, lays himself of his own accord in his tomb; but he forgets the words by which he was to deliver himself, and remains there, and will remain until the day of judgment.

I once read in an old story a highly striking and significant circumstance. A woman, a wandering princess, after many fatigues, is said to have found shelter in the midst of a forest*, in a deserted palace. It was delightful to rest there, to sojourn awhile; she walked for some time up and down without an obstacle, in great empty chambers, where she believed herself alone and free. All the doors were open. Only in the great entrance portal, no one having crossed the threshold since herself a spider had spread his web in the sun, a fine, light, almost invisible texture. This feeble obstacle the princess, desiring at length to depart, thought she could overcome without difficulty. She raised it accordingly; but there was another behind it, which too was easily raised. The second covered a third, which must also be raised. . . Strange! there are four . . no, five; or rather six . . and others still! Ah! how raise so many curtains? She already begins to be fatigued. . . No matter! she perseveres; after taking breath a little, she may be able to continue. But the web continues also, and ever renews itself with obstinate malice. What shall she do? She succumbs to fatigue; she is bathed in perspiration; her arms fall by her side. At length she sits down exhausted on the ground, on that insurmountable threshold; and gazes sadly on the aerial obstacle which dances in the wind, light, yet triumphant. Poor princess, poor fly, you are taken! Why did you pause in that fairy mansion, and allow the spider time to weave his net?

* "Thick, sombre, and wild forest! The very thought of it again overwhelms me with fear! How did I enter it? I cannot tell; so full was I of slumber when I left the right path!" Dante, *Inferno*.

CHAPTER V.

CONVENTS.—OMNIPOTENCE OF THE DIRECTOR.—STATE OF THE FORLORN NUN UNDER THE SPY SYSTEM.—CONVENTS WHICH ARE AT THE SAME TIME PRISONS AND MADHOUSES.—FORTUNE HUNTING.—BARBAROUS DISCIPLINE.—STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE SUPERIOR AND THE DIRECTOR.—CHANGE OF DIRECTOR.—THE MAGISTRATE.

I LIVED, fifteen years ago, in a very solitary neighbourhood, in a house, the garden of which was next to that of a nunnery. Although my windows overlooked the greater part of their garden, I had never seen my sad neighbours. In the month of May, on Rogation day, I heard numerous voices, but feeble ones, very feeble, chanting prayers in the garden of the convent. The chant grated on the ear, was harsh and out of tune, as if the voices had been made false by suffering. I thought for a moment I recognized the prayer for the dead; but on listening more attentively I distinguished on the contrary: "*Te rogamus, audi nos!*" the song of hope which calls down upon fruitful nature the blessings of the God of life. This song of May sung by these dead women struck me as a grievous contrast, as I watched on the flowery sward those pale girls, destined never to flower. The remem-

brance of the middle age which at first came over me soon departed : at that time monastic life was connected with a thousand things ; but in our modern harmony, what is it but an outrage on common-sense, a harsh and jarring discord ? I could not defend what I beheld, either by nature, or by history. I shut my window and sadly took up my book. This sight was painful to me, being neither softened nor elevated by any public sentiment. It reminded me less of virginity than of sterile widowhood, a state of vacancy, of impotence, of ennui, of intellectual * and moral fasting in which these unfortunate creatures are kept by their absolute rulers.

We have spoken of habit ; it is here that it reigns tyrannically. It does not require much art to rule these poor isolated women, shut up, dependent, with whom nothing from without counterbalances the impression which one person, and always the same person, makes on them every day. The least skilful may easily fascinate a nature enfeebled and bent to the most servile and trembling obedience. Ah ! there is little courage and merit in governing thus that which is already broken.

To speak first only of the power of habit; nothing which we see in the world of the living can give an idea of the power with which it acts in this little confined world. We are modified, doubtless, by family intercourse, but its influence is neutralized by external events. The regularity of the favourite journal which comes every morning to sound the same sound influences us of course; but this journal has others to combat it. An influence which is less felt in our time, but which is still powerful over persons who live in solitude, is that of a great work, the fascinating reading of which occupies months, years. Diderot acknowledges that Clarissa, read, re-read, constituted for a long time his whole life, joy, sorrow, storm and sunshine. The most beautiful of books, nevertheless, is still a dumb thing, which, however animated it is, does not hear, cannot answer objections; it has no words wherewith to answer your words ; no eyes to reflect your eyes.

Away with these cold images of papers and books! Imagine in a solitude where nothing else can penetrate, the one living thing, the only person who has a right to enter, who stands in the place of all the influences of which we have spoken, who is, in himself, family, newspaper, novel, and sermon ; a person whose coming alone breaks the tediousness of an unoccupied life. *Before* he comes, *after* he has gone, is, in that profound state of ennui, the only division of the hours.

We have said a person, we must add, a man. Any one who speaks honestly will confess that a woman would not produce this effect; that the difference of sex has much to do with the matter, even with the most pure and with those to whom the idea of sex has never occurred.

To thus be the unique, without comparison, without contradiction, to be the world of a soul ; to wean it from the recollection of whatever might seem a rival, to efface from that docile heart even the thought of a mother which might still remain there * ; to inherit all, remain there alone, and monopolize complete dominion over it by the extinction of all natural ties.

To be *unique* is to be the good, the perfect, the amiable, the beloved. . . . Enumerate all admirable qualities, and they will be summed up in this one word. Not to speak of persons, things even, if *unique*, will at last take possession of the heart. By constantly beholding the same view from his palace—a lake and the emerald sward which encircled it, Charlemagne at length grew enamoured of the scene.

Habit does much ; but so does the pressing necessity that the heart feels of telling all to whatever is constantly before our eyes, whether man or thing. Were it a stone, one would tell it all. Our thoughts must overflow ; and the griefs of a surcharged heart will find vent.

Do you think this poor nun can resign herself contentedly to so uniform a life ? Ah ! what sad confessions I could quote here, too true confessions, conveyed by tender friends whose bosoms have been bathed with the tears of the anguished recluse . . . and who have returned, heart-broken, to weep to me.

The best wish to make for the prisoner is that she may become dead in heart, if not in the body. If she be not bruised and crushed so far as to forget what she has been, she will undergo in her cell the pangs of remembering the world and the bitterness of solitude at one and the same time. She will be alone, without the power of being alone † ! She is at once deserted and spied !

* I have spoken above of the sister Marie Lemonnier, persecuted for having known too well how to write, to paint flowers, &c.—" My confessor," she says, " forbade me to pick flowers and to paint them. Unfortunately, in walking in the garden with the nuns, I saw on the border of the turf two wild poppies which I inadvertently plucked in passing. One of the sisters saw me, and ran forward to tell the superior, who came back instantly, made me open my hand, and, seeing the flowers, told me, I should remember this. And when the confessor came in the evening, she accused me before him of disobedience for having picked some flowers. In vain I protested that it was unintentionally, and that they were only wild poppies; I could not obtain permission to confess myself."—*Note of Sister Marie Lemonnier*, in the Mémoire of M. Tillard. The Journals and Reviews of March, 1845, gave extracts from it.

* It is often by a mere instinct of tyranny, that the superiors take pleasure in breaking the ties of kindred. " The curé of my parish exhorted me to write to my father, who had just lost my mother. I allowed Advent to pass, during which nuns are not allowed to write letters, and the last days of the month which are spent in solitude in the institution, to prepare for the renewal of our vows, which is done on New-year's day. But, after the ceremony, I hastened to fulfil my duty towards the best of fathers, by tendering him my most earnest prayers and wishes, and by endeavouring to give him some consolation in the affliction and trials through which it had pleased God to lead him. I went to the cell of the superior to beg her to read my letter, to apply the seal of the convent and to forward it: but she was not there. I placed it accordingly in my cell on the table, and went to prayers: during which the Reverend Superior, who knew that I had written, because she had sent one of the nuns to see what I was doing, made a sign to one of the sisters, and sent her to take my letter. She did this seven times following when I wrote; so that my father died, five months afterwards, without having been able to obtain a letter which he desired from me, and which he had demanded on his death-bed through the curé of his parish." *Note of Sister Lemonnier*, in the Mémoire of M. Tillard. See also the *National*, March, 1845.

† The preliminary confession of nuns to the superior, which is passed over lightly in the first fervour of proselytism, soon becomes a source of intolerable vexation. Complaints of this are heard even in Madame de Chantal's

Deserted! This nun, still young, but aged by grief and fasting, was yesterday a boarder, a novice surrounded by attentions. The friendships of the younger, the maternal caresses of the elder, the attraction of this nun or that confessor, have conspired to deceive her and to lead her gently on to everlasting seclusion. We almost always fancy ourselves called by God, when following the impulse of this or that pleasing person, whose devotion is cheerful and seducing, and who takes a delight in this kind of spiritual conquest. One gained over, she turns to another; and no longer bestows a thought on the poor sister who had followed in the belief of being loved.

Alone, in a solitude unsoothed by meditation or by rest; how sweet, in comparison, would be the solitude of the woods! The very trees would feel pity: they are not so hard as they look, but hear and listen.

The woman's heart, the mother's heart, that unconquerable maternal instinct which is woman's essence, seeks to beguile itself. Our young nun soon chooses some young friend, some guileless companion, some favourite pupil. . . . Alas! she will be deprived of this solace. Jealous sisters are never wanting to bring charges against the purest attachments, in order to pay court to the higher powers. The devil is jealous—in God's interests; he enters his protest on behalf of God alone.

What wonder if this woman is sad, if she grows sadder and sadder, seeks the gloomiest alleys, and loathes conversation! But now her love of solitude is imputed to her as a crime. She is marked out, suspected, watched and spied by all. . . . In the day-time? That is not enough. She is observed during the night, has spies upon her sleep, and the words she may murmur in her dreams are noted down.

The horror of being watched thus closely, night and day, must strangely trouble and disorder the mind. Gloomy hallucinations supervene, and evil dreams beset the poor being in open day and when wide awake: her reason gives way. You know the visions engraved by Piranesi—vast subterranean prisons, deep wells without air, staircases without an end, bridges which lead to yawning gulphs, low arches, catacombs whose narrow corridors grow closer and closer. . . . In these fearful prisons, which are themselves positive torture, you have glimpses of instruments of torture besides, of wheels, chains, whips. . . .

What, I ask you, is the difference betwixt the convents of the present day and bridewells, or between them and madhouses*? . . . Many of our convents seem to combine the characteristics of all three.

life-time. See her Lettres, t. ii. p. 228, 272, 346; and Fichet, 256. Compare Ribadeneira, Vie de Sainte Thérèse.

* Sister Marie Lemonnier was imprisoned with mad women; and found amongst them a Carmelite nun, who had been shut up there *for nine years*. The third volume of *the Wandering Jew* contains the real history of Mademoiselle B.; which took place recently, not in a lunatic asylum, but in a convent. Since the opportunity is presented of saying a word to our admirable novelist, let him allow me to ask him wherefore he has drawn such a beau-ideal of the Jesuists; when every one knows that various dignitaries of the order have immortalized themselves by their folly? It is difficult to believe that such empty writers are strong-headed men and deep schemers. I look for Rodins and see only Lorîquets.

I can only detect one difference; namely, that the bridewells are under the superintendence of the magistracy, and the madhouses under that of the police—both of which stop at the convent door; where the law turns pale, and dares not step across the threshold.

A strict superintendence and precise classification of convents are, however, the more indispensable now, inasmuch as they differ in a very serious point from the convents of the olden time.

The convents of the last century were, strictly speaking, hospitable houses (*hospices*), in which noble families, living according to their rank, or else those of the wealthier *bourgeoisie*, placed one or more of their daughters in order to enrich their eldest son, and where they were maintained for life in consideration of the dower they brought. Once encaged, it was their own look-out whether they lived or died: none gave themselves any more concern about them. At the present day *nuns may be heiresses*, and so become a mark and a prey for the manifold snares of the inveigler—an easy prey in their captive and dependent position. A superior, full of zeal to enrich the community, has infallible means of constraining the nun to give up her property. Under pretexts of devotion and of penance she can humiliate, harass, and maltreat her even a hundred times a day, and drive her to despair. Who can mark the limit where asceticism ends and inveigling begins—the *Compelle intrare* (Force to enter) applied to fortune? So great is the predominance of financial and business considerations in convents, that capacity in this department is prized above all qualifications of a superior order. Many of those ladies are capital men of business; and there is one well known at Paris by the notaries and lawyers, as able to instruct them in regard to gifts, inheritances, and wills. Paris need no longer envy Bologna that fair and learned jurisconsult, who would occasionally lecture, veiled, in her father's chair.

Our modern laws, the laws of the Revolution, which, in their equity, have willed that daughter and younger son should share in the property left, are here powerful instruments working for the Counter-Revolution; and here we find the reason of the rapid and marvellous increase of religious houses. Lyons, which, in 1789, had only forty convents, has sixty-three now*. Nothing checks the zeal of monastic recruiters for the salvation of rich souls. You see them frisking round heirs and heiresses. . . What a prize for the young peasants who people our seminaries is this perspective of power: once priests, they may govern fortunes as well as consciences†.

* I quote from memory the calculations of M. Lortet in 1843.

† And all these persons buy, sell, lend on pledge. Prelates speculate in lands and buildings, Lazarists turn agents for the supply of substitutes for military service, &c., &c. The latter, who are the successors of St. Vincent de Paul, and the directors of our Sisters of Charity, have had their charity so blessed by God as to have realized a capital of twenty millions (of francs). Their general at the present moment, M. Etienne, late solicitor to the order, had previously been their agent in a distillery company. The important lawsuit at present pending will decide whether the obligations contracted for the society by a general whose power is absolute and uncontrolled, are nullified by a change of general.

Legacy-hunting, which has its checks in the world, has none in convents, where it is so much the more dangerous as being practised on imprisoned and dependent persons, and where it may be pushed to fearful extremes with impunity. Who can be aware of it? Who dares enter there? No one *. . . . Strange, there are houses in our country which are not France. . . . This street is still France; cross that threshold, you are in a foreign land which mocks your laws.

And what are their laws? No one knows. What we do know for a certainty, and which is not concealed, is that the barbarous discipline of the middle age † prevails there and is perpetuated. Cruel contradiction! This system, which talks so much of the distinction betwixt the soul and body, and which believes in this distinction, or it would not boldly bring the confessor in contact with carnal temptations—this very system, mark, believes that the body, distinct as it is from the soul, yet modifies the latter by its sufferings, and that the soul is amended and purified by lashes ‡. . . Spiritualist, when it emboldens itself to affront the temptations of the flesh; materialist when the task is to subdue the will!

What! when the law prohibits the personal chastisement of thieves, murderers, of the most brutal of mankind confined in the galleys (*bagnes*)—you, men of grace, with charity ever on your lips, and ever talking of *the kind and holy Virgin and the sweet Jesus*, you dare to lay your hands on women; on women, do I say? on girls and children whose sole faults are a few natural weaknesses!

How are these chastisements administered? Here we come to a graver question still. What is the sort of composition struck under the influence of fear? At what price does authority sell indulgence?

Who regulates the number of strokes? Is it you, my lady abbess, or you, father superior? How arbitrary, capricious, and exposed to the influences of passion must be the uncontrolled power of one woman over another in case of offence—say that it is an ugly woman jealous of a handsome one, on an old woman piqued by a younger: 'tis fearful to think of!

And here a strange struggle often takes place between the abbess and the director. The latter, however hardened he may be, is still a man; and it is most likely that the poor girl who tells him every thing and obeys him in every thing, will at last manage to soften him. This, the female superior is quick to detect, and she follows and watches him closely. He is allowed to see his penitent but for a short time, a very short time; and short as it is, it always seems too long. The confession is to last so many minutes, and he is waited for, watch in hand; for, without this precaution, the confession would be sure to be protracted. A compassionate confessor is, in point of fact, the enjoyment of liberty for the poor recluse, who experiences at all other hours nothing but insult and bad treatment.

Superiors have been known to ask and obtain from the bishop repeated changes of confessor, without finding any strict enough to suit their purposes. Wide is the interval between the sternness of man and the cruelty of a woman! Who, now, do you take to be the truest incarnation of the devil in this world? . . . This inquisitor, that Jesuit? No; it is a Jesuitess, some great lady converted, who believes herself born for government, who, amidst this flock of trembling women, affects the Bonaparte, and who, more absolute than the most absolute tyrant, employs the rage of ill-cured passions in tormenting these hapless and defenceless beings who are at her mercy.

Far from being opposed to the confessor in this struggle, my wishes go with him. Whether priest, monk, or Jesuit, I am of his party. I beseech him to interfere, if in his power. He is still, in this hell, into which the law does not find its way, the only person to speak a humane word. . . . I know, indeed, that this interference will create the strongest and most dangerous of bonds: the poor creature's heart is given up to her defender, in advance.

This priest will be removed, expelled, ruined if necessary. An active, influential abbess finds this an easy matter. But he does not run the risk *. He fears exciting a clamour, and timidly retires. You will meet with neither priest nor prelate who will remember his powers as confessor and spiritual judge in a predicament of the kind, and who will refuse the tyrant of the nuns absolution, as Las Casas did to those who tyrannized over the Indians.

Happily, there are other judges. The law slumbers †, but still lives. Courageous magistrates are not wanting to do their duty ‡; and no doubt they will be allowed to do it. . . . Their rest is disturbed by thoughts of what is going on. They know that every act of violence committed, every lash inflicted in contempt of the law, cries out accusingly against themselves in the face of heaven and earth! . . . *Exsurge, Domine, et judica causam tuam!* (Arise, O Lord, and judge thy own cause!)

* A magistrate having ventured to enter a convent at Sens, one of the neo-catholic papers expressed a regret that he was not flung out of the window.

† See the preface to the third edition.

‡ Has not this frightful art, which does not rouse man's energies by pain but depresses him by the discipline and cruelties of the dungeon, turned the influence of the body to good account? (See Mabillon's Treatise on the Monastic Prisons, in the second volume of his posthumous works.) The revelations of the prisoners of Spielberg have enlightened us considerably on this point.

* I find this confirmed by the notes of the nun already alluded to. See the preface to the third edition.

† The proceedings at Avignon, Sens, and Poitiers, notwithstanding the slight punishment awarded the guilty, afford a hope that the law will vindicate its powers.—I observe the following in one of the Caen papers:—"It was reported in the law-courts yesterday that the attorney-general was about to bring on not only the case of Sister Marie, who was confined in her convent, but that of Sister Sainte-Placide, whose liberation was demanded of the Sub-Préfet of Bayeux on the 13th of August last by the solicitor-general; and, moreover, that of Mademoiselle H . . ., of Rouen, who was removed from the establishment of Bon-Sauveur at the instance of the king's attorney-general at Rouen." *National*, March 10th, 1845.

‡ The superintendence of convents ought to be vested in the judicial magistracy, the municipal magistracy, and the office of charitable trusts; the bench has too many claims on its attention to take it all upon itself.—If houses of the sort are necessary as asylums for poor women who cannot earn their living by the unassisted labour of their own hands, they ought to be free asylums such as the béguinages of Flanders; under very different spiritual guidance, however.

CHAPTER VI.

ABSORPTION OF THE WILL. — TYRANNY OVER ACTS, THOUGHTS, AND WILLS. — ASSIMILATION. — *Transhumanation.* — BECOMING THE GOD OF ANOTHER. — PRIDE.—IMPOTENCE.—PRIDE AND CONCUPISCENCE.

If we believe politicians, to reign is happiness. They are sincere in thinking so, since they accept in exchange endless fatigue and trouble, and often undergo such martyrdom as the very saints would have refused.

Only you must really reign. Can making ordinances which are never executed, and dismissing, with great efforts and pæans of victory, another law to go to sleep on the dusty shelves where slumber some thirty thousand other statutes, be called reigning?

To ordain acts is nothing, if one is not first master of thoughts. To rule the world of bodies, you must rule that of minds. This is what the thinker, the powerful writer says, and he thinks he is reigning. In fact he is a king; at least as regards posterity. If he is truly an original writer, he outstrips his age and is laid aside to a future day. He will reign to-morrow, the day after to-morrow, for ages and ages, and with growing absoluteness of power. As regards the present day, he will be alone; each triumph will cost him a friend. I am willing to believe that he will acquire new friends, innumerable and ardent ones. Those whom he loves were, no doubt, far inferior; but it was they whom he loved; those who take their place he will never see. . . Toil on, then, disinterested man, toil on; thy reward will be a little noise and smoke. Does not this pay thee well? king of the time which is yet to come, thou wilt live and die empty-handed. Thou hast picked up a shell, child as thou art, on the shore of this unknown sea of ages, and holdest it to thy ear to catch murmurings in which thou fanciest thou canst recognize thy own name.

But here is one, on the contrary, who, whilst proclaiming his kingdom to be of above, has adroitly surprised the reality here below. He lets you go on seeking unknown worlds at your ease; for he has seized on this world of thine, poor dreamer—on this beloved nest, whither thou madest certain of returning and cherishing thyself. . . Thou hast thyself alone to accuse; 'tis thy own fault. Thy eyes turned towards the dawn, thou forgettest thyself whilst striving to descry the first ray of the future. And when, shortly after, thou hast come back to thyself, thou findest another in possession of the dear spot which holds thy heart.

Sovereignty over ideas is not sovereignty over wills. The latter are only to be mastered by the will itself; not by a vague and general, but by a special, personal will, which attaches itself perseveringly to an individual, over whom it has true sovereignty, because it has moulded him, or her, in its own image.

To reign, is to reign over a soul. What are all thrones compared to such a royalty? What, in comparison, is dominion over the unknown crowd? . . The truly ambitious steer clear of any mistake of the kind, and do not waste their efforts in extending a weak and uncertain power which loses by extension; they aim, preferentially, at rendering their power a solid, unchangeable possession, increasing in intensity.

The goal thus fixed, the priest has a great advantage beyond all others. He has to do with one *who delivers up himself.* The grand obstacle in the way of every other species of authority is their want of familiarity with those they control. They see them from an external *, the priest from an internal point of view. Whether of superior or of moderate abilities, by virtue only of fears and hopes, by the magic key which unlocks the world to come, he unlocks the heart as well; and that heart desires even to be unlocked—its sole fear being lest it conceal any thing. It does not see and know itself in its every part; but where its own self-knowledge fails, the priest can manage to penetrate and to see and know clearly, by a comparison of the opinions entertained by servants, friends, and relatives. If he is a man of talent, he can concentrate all these lights into one focus, which, brought to bear upon the object, shows it transparent; so that he is cognizant not only of its actual, but of its future feelings, discerning in the instincts and sentiments of the day what will be the thoughts of the morrow. His knowledge of this said heart is a real knowledge; he sees it as it is, and he sees it as it will be.

A unique science is this, and which would remain inexplicable but for the one solution.—If it *knows* its man so thoroughly, the reason is that it *makes* him what he is. The director makes the directed; the latter is his work, and at last becomes identical with himself. How can the former be ignorant of the ideas and wishes which he himself has prompted, and which are his own? Through this constant action of one mind on the other, transfusion takes place between the two; so that the weaker nature, receiving all its impressions from the other†, becomes at last extinct. Growing daily feebler and more indolent, it makes its happiness at last consist in no longer having a will of its own, and in seeing this troublesome will, which has too long been a source of torment, for ever disappear. Even so the wounded man sees his life's blood flowing, and feels the lighter for it.

Now, who will compensate you for this evaporation of moral personality by which you escape from yourself? who will fill up the void?. . . Letters two give the answer—*He.*

He, the patient and the crafty, who, day by day, taking from you a little of yourself, and replacing what he takes away with a little of himself, has quietly evaporated the one and put the other in its stead. The soft and weak nature of woman, almost as fluid as that of the infant, is easily disposed to transfusion. *A woman* who always sees *the same man* acquires unconsciously his turn of mind, his accent, his language, and even to his

* Confession, though imperfect, even that sort of confession which is made to the judge, is of great assistance to the moralist and painter of manners. Thus Walter Scott derived great insight into the heart from his situation in the Scotch courts, and Fielding from being a police magistrate, &c.

† Imbibing, most of all, whatever is evil in the other—its negative, exclusive, envious, harsh, and unfeeling qualities. —Something of this is apparent in the repulsive painting attributed to Zurbaran (See the St. Dominick in the Standish collection in the Louvre)—a man of copper raising his hand over two women of lead.

demeanour and physiognomy. As he speaks, so she speaks. As he walks, so she walks. Seeing her pass by only, those who can see would see *that she is he.*

But this external conformity is but a slight sign of the profound inward change effected. That which has been transformed is self, the self of selves. When one human being, unconsciously dissolving away, has replaced its own substance by another substance, another humanity, there has been wrought that great mystery which Dante calls *transhumanation*—the superior replacing the inferior, the agent the patient, he has no longer to direct it even, but becomes its being. *He* exists; the other can only exist as an accident, a quality of his existence, a pure phenomenon, a vain shadow, a nothing. . . .

What were we saying just now about influence, dominion, royalty? This is above all royalty; it is divinity; it is being another's god.

If there be one thing in the world more than another likely to turn a man's brain, it is this. The feeling of the man who has reached this height, whatever his show of humility, must be that of the pagan, "*Deus factus sum.*"—I was man, I am God!

More than God. He will say to his creature, "God created thee after such a kind; I have changed thee; so that being no longer his but mine, thou art *I*, my inferior *I*, whose only distinction from myself is adoring me.

"Dependent being, how couldst thou do other than yield to my impress? . . . God yields to my word, when I bring him down upon the altar. Christ humbles himself and comes docilely on a sign from me, at my own time, to take the place of the bread, which then no longer exists *."

There is nothing surprising, then, in the mad pride of the priest, which has often hurried him, on his throne of Rome, beyond all the mad excesses of the emperors, and led him to despise, not only men and things, but his own oath, and the very word which he wanted to be infallible. Every priest, in virtue of his powers to make God, can just as easily make odd even, things done, things undone, things said, things unsaid. . . . The angels fear such a power, and respectfully retire before this man to gaze at him as he passes †.

Boast to me now of your privations and macerations! They have a great effect upon me! . . . Do you think that through that austere garb, that meagre body, I do not look into the pale heart within, and see the deep, exquisite, delirious sense of pride which constitutes the very being of the priest! What he is stealthily carrying under his robe and hugging with such jealousy, is this treasure of his, this fearful pride. . . . His hands tremble with it, and it tinges with yellow the fire that flashes from his downcast eyes. . . .

Oh! how he hates every opposing obstacle, every one and thing which hinders his finiteness from becoming infinity! With what boundlessness of hate he desires its annihilation. . . . Oh! how diabolical it is to hate in God!

Great sufferings are annexed to this grand delight of being the God of another soul. Every deficiency of which this divinity is conscious, gives rise to horrible uneasiness. . . . You cannot be surprised at the insatiable ardour with which he will follow up the absorption of a soul which he hopes to assimilate, but must easily comprehend the real and deep-seated cause of that strange avidity which seeks to see all, and to know all, whether great or little, the principal or the accessary, the essential or the indifferent, which, far from satisfied with embracing the exterior, grasps at the substance, and seeking beyond the substance, would fain attain the essence. . . . And when this is attained, he will exclaim, On, on, more yet! . . . Alas! the more one acquires the more remains to be acquired. . . . Who can measure the soul? In recesses which are hid both from itself and you, there remain spaces and depths. . . . A world of liberty beyond your reach, may be buried in that soul which you fancied you had made wholly yours.

This is humbling, dispiriting, and points to despair. . . Oh! torture! A god who has not all, has nothing.

And then, and then, in the very height of your pride, an ironical voice will be heard deriding your pride, the voice of concupiscence, which, up to this time, it had contrived to silence: "Poor god," she says, "if thou be not God, 'tis thy fault. I gave thee warning. Let alone thy school-divinity, thy *distinguo* between the two natures, corporeal and spiritual. To possess, is to have all; and he alone can be said to have possession, who can both use and abuse what he possesses. Thou lackest one thing to make the soul truly thine. . . the body."

* "Origen conceives that the priest *must be a little God* to do an act which exceeds the power of the angels." Father Fichet (a Jesuit), Vie de Madame de Chantal, p. 615.—If you require more authoritative testimony, here is Bourdaloue, also a Jesuit.—"Albeit, in this sacrifice, the priest only acts vicariously for Jesus Christ, it is nevertheless certain that Jesus Christ *submits himself to him,* that *he becomes his subject,* and renders him daily on our altars *the promptest and most exact obedience.* Now, were we not taught these truths by faith, could we ever imagine that a mortal could attain so lofty a position, and be invested with a character which enables him, if I may so speak, to *command* his sovereign Lord, and compel him to descend from heaven?"

† One of the new priests ordained by St. François de Sales, often saw his good angel. On coming to the church-door, he stops. Being asked the reason, "he ingenuously replies, that he was used to see his good angel go before him, but that now this celestial prince *had stopped out of respect to his character, yielding him the precedence.*" Maupas de Tour, Vie de St. François de Sales, p 199.—Molinos boldly says: —"Had God given men angels for their guides, they might be deceived by the demons who assume the form of angels of light. Happily, &c.' *Guida,* l. ii. c. i.

CHAPTER VII.

CONCUPISCENCE.—ABSORPTION AND ASSIMILATION CONTINUED.—TERRORS OF THE OTHER WORLD.—THE PHYSICIAN AND THE PATIENT.—ALTERNATIVES, POSTPONEMENTS.—EFFECTS OF FEAR ON LOVE.—TO HAVE ALL IN ONE'S POWER, AND YET ABSTAIN.—STRUGGLES BETWEEN THE SPIRIT AND THE FLESH.—MORAL DEATH PRECEDES PHYSICAL, AND CANNOT BE RESUSCITATED.

Let us pause a moment at the brink of the abyss of which we have caught a glimpse, and distinctly ascertain where we are before we descend.

The power of habit, with all the arts of seduction and wheedling to boot, is insufficient to account for the acquisition of the illimitable dominion of which we spoke just now; and, most of all, to account for its successful acquisition by so

many men of mediocre ability. But let us call to mind what I have said elsewhere—*The reason why this power of death has such a hold upon the soul is that, in general, it attacks the soul when dying*, and crushed by worldly passions; and that crushing it still further by the flux and reflux of religious passions, it is left at last without strength, or nerve, or any power to resist.

Which of us but in the course of his life has experienced moments when the heart, bruised by the very violence of action, we are disgusted with action, with liberty, with ourselves? When the billows which rocked us gently and traitorously, suddenly and sternly recede and leave us stranded on the shore . . . we lie there, motionless as a stone. . . So wrecked, the soul would never more have been put in motion, had it not been involuntarily flooded off by the waves of Lethe. . . A low voice whispers, "Stir not, act not, wish not, become dead to will." . . . "Thanks, thanks; will for me; here, take this troublesome liberty which oppresses me so with its weight; I freely give it up to you. . . All I now require is a soft pillow of faith, of childish obedience. . . Ah! how sweetly I shall sleep upon it!"

And there is no sleeping, one only dreams. All nervous, and trembling from weakness, how is rest possible? You are tossed about in dreams, for all your lying snug in bed. Though the soul refuse to act, the imagination will be none the less busy; and this restlessness is only the more wearisome from being involuntary. Straightway the terrors of childhood recur to the patient, and become fixed ideas, not to be forgotten as in childhood. The phantasmagoria of the middle age revive with a force we had thought extinct, and the whole black company of hell, banished by our scoffs, exact a heavy interest and riot in revenge, for the poor soul is theirs. . . . What would be its fate, were not the spiritual physician at the bed-side to watch and comfort it.—"Do not leave me; I am too afraid."—"Do not frighten yourself; you will not be held responsible for all this; God will forgive you these disorderly emotions; they are not yours; it is the devil at work within you."—"The devil! ah, I felt him! I thought that these strange and sudden transports could not be mine . . . but how horrible to be the sport of the evil spirit!"—"I am here, fear nothing; lay firm hold of me, and walk straight on. The gulf, it is true, yawns both on the right and the left; but, by following the narrow bridge, with God's help, we shall walk to Paradise along this razor's edge."

Great power, indeed, to be so necessary, to be ever summoned and longed for, to hold the two strings of hope and terror by which the soul is moved at will. If troubled, it is calmed; if calm, it is troubled. It gradually grows weaker, whilst the physician waxes stronger. He is conscious of this, and exults. . . . He, who is forbidden every natural enjoyment, feels a gloomy joy, a morbid sensuality in exercising this power, in causing the ebb and flow of the soul, in harrowing in order to comfort, in wounding, healing, and, again, wounding. . . . "Ha! let her suffer on; I am on the rack; she shall taste the rack with me. It is something, at least, to have a companion in suffering."

But those sighs are not to be inhaled, that drooping head not to be supported with impunity. . . . the wounder becomes the wounded. In these effusions of the soul, the simplest female will often unconsciously utter things which are as fire to the heart. Under the actual cautery unwittingly applied by so soft a hand, he winces, is vexed and irritated, strives to veil the disturbance excited within him under pious indignation, would fain hate the sin, and only envies it.

How gloomy an air he wears on occasions such as these! See him ascend the pulpit. What is the matter with this man of God? It is but too visible; zeal of the law eats him up; he bears all the sins of the people. . . . What thunders and lightnings he hurls! Is it the day of judgment? All present shrink. . . . The bolt has struck one alone; she turns pale, her knees fail her; the shaft has sped but too well: he who knows to the very bottom of her soul has but too easily divined the terrible, the only word which could go right home to her heart. . . . It has spoken to her only; she finds herself alone in the church (the congregation has disappeared from her eyes), she only sees herself falling into the black and Tartarean abyss—"Father, stretch forth your hand; I feel that I sink!"

Not yet awhile, not yet awhile . . . She must struggle, sink, rise to the surface again in order to sink the lower. . . . Daily does she seek him, with tortured heart and urgent entreaty. How she prays, and presses! She must still wait for the word which can alone give her comfort:—"To-day?"—"No; Saturday . . ." And when the Saturday comes, he puts her off to the Wednesday*. . . What! Doom her to spend three days, three whole nights, in the same anxious state? On this she will weep like a child. . . . He heeds it not, he is obdurate and leaves her, but his obduracy is forced. His will is secretly flattered at having so humbled this proud and beauteous madam; and yet he owns to himself that he has been hard upon her. He loves her, and has made her weep.

Barbarian, do you not see that the hapless woman is sinking, is weakened by each paroxysm? What is it you seek? Her downfal? But are not all lapses and falls summed up in this prostration of strength, this wild despair, this utter forgetfulness of all self-respect?—No; what he has sought is for her to suffer like himself, for her pains to resemble his, for her to be the partner of his frenzy and his woe. He is solitary; he would have her solitary. He is without family; she shall be without family. He hates her as wife and mother, and longs for her as mistress—the mistress of God; and in making her such he deceives himself whilst deceiving her.

And yet in the midst of all this, and fascinated as she is, she is still not as blind as you would suppose. Women and children are quick-sighted when they are afraid; and soon discern any grounds for recovering their confidence. And this woman, at the very time she was dragging herself, at his feet, a timorous and caressing suppliant, has not failed to notice, through her tears, the commotions she was exciting in his bosom. . . They have felt simultaneous emotion, and so have

* This trick of putting off is wonderfully useful in extracting from women secrets which are out of the province of confession, and which they have no mind to reveal, as their husband's secrets, the *surname* of their lover, &c., &c. They are always wrought upon at last to tell whatever is wanted.

been accomplices one of the other. . . Both know (without any clear knowledge, but through the mist of instinct and passion) that each has a hold on the other; she by desire, he by fear.

Fear has much to do with love. In the middle age the husband was beloved by his wife on account of his severity. His patient Griselda recognized his right to the paternal and chastising rod. William the Conqueror's bride, having received a beating from him, knew him by this sign as her lord and husband. Who has this right at the present day? The husband has not kept it; the priest has it, and makes use of it; he constantly holds the cudgel of authority over woman, and beats her, submissive and docile as she is, with spiritual rods. He who has the power of punishing, has the power of bestowing favours as well. He who is the only one authorized to show severity, is also the only one who can confer what an apprehensive mind considers the highest boon—clemency. A word of pardon gains him in one moment a firmer hold of this poor frightened heart, than years of perseverance would win for the worthiest lover. The impression made by mildness is in exact proportion to the harshness and severity previously exercised. No arts of seduction can come up to it. What chance have you with a man who, with Paradise at his disposal, has hell besides to enforce his claims?

This unexpected return of kindness is a most dangerous moment for her who, subdued by fear, and with her brow in the dust, is awaiting the thunderbolt. . . Is it possible! Can this dreaded judge, this angel of judgment, be so soon melted? . . . The icy chill of the sword that was creeping through her veins, is checked by the genial warmth of a gentle and friendly hand, extended to raise her from her prostrate posture. . . The transition is too much for her. She held up against fear; but yields at once to this gentleness. Broken down by so many fluctuations of feeling, the weak being becomes all weakness. . . . . . .

To have all in one's power, and yet to abstain . . . a slippery position! Who can keep his footing on so treacherous a slope?

Here we encounter, in the path of concupiscence, the very point to which we were just now conducted by the path of pride.

Concupiscence, despised at first by pride as gross and brutal, turns sophist, and opposes it with that terrible problem, from which desire shrinks with a sense of fear, and averts its sight, looking without seeming to look, and covering its eyes with its hands, yet keeping the fingers spread —like the *Vergognosa* in the Campo Santo:—

"Can you be sure that you possess the whole heart, when you have not the body? Would not corporeal enjoyment make you master of recesses of the soul, which would otherwise remain inaccessible? Can your spiritual dominion be complete, if it does not comprise dominion over the person? . . . Mighty popes seem to have resolved the question, and have settled that the popedom implied the empire; that, over and above his sovereignty over the mind, the pope was ruler of temporal kingdoms."

Still, the spirit strives against this sophism of the flesh, and does not fail to reply: "That the instant the spiritual conquest is completed, it ceases to be spiritual; that this conqueror, this spirit which seeks to possess the whole, cannot have the whole without perishing in the hour of victory."

The flesh, however, is at no loss for an answer to this, but, taking refuge in hypocrisy, renounces herself and turns humble, in order to recover the advantage: "Is the body such a great matter that we need disturb ourselves about it? Being a simple dependent of the soul, it ought to follow whithersoever she goes." . . . On this point the mystics are inexhaustible in their revilings of the flesh and body. "The flesh," cries one, "is the she-ass, which may be drubbed at pleasure."— "Let her pass," exclaims another, "any muddy brook; what matters it to the soul which rides above, sublime and pure, without deigning to cast a look below."—On this comes the vile refinement of the Quietists: "If the inferior part sin not, the superior waxes proud, which is the greatest sin of all; it follows, then, that the flesh must sin in order that the soul may remain humble; the sin which imparts humility is a step on which to mount nearer heaven."

"Sin? . . . But is there sin?" (And here depraved devotion steps in with the old sophism:) "*The holy, by its essence*, being sanctity itself, *always makes holy*. In the spiritual man all is spirit, even what in others is matter. If the saint still encounter any obstacle in his upward flight to bring him back to earth; the inferior person, by delivering him from it, performs a meritorious work, and is sanctified."

Devilish subtlety, which few frankly avow, but which numbers cherish and brood over in their most secret thoughts. Molinos is forgotten, but not Molinosism *.

* This word gives the idea of some old, forgotten system; but it has flourished in practice in all times, being an instinct, a blind belief, natural to the weak, and which may be expressed in the formula:—"*With the strong, every thing agrees; with a saint, there can be no sin.*" If a patient, for instance, is happy enough to get his physician to dine with him, he is at once put at his ease, and indulges in whatever is before him without fear.—It strikes me that real Molinosism has ever been a powerful agent with the simple. A contemporary writer, Llorente, relates (vol. iii., c. 28, art. 2. ed. 1817) that whilst he was secretary to the Inquisition, a capuchin friar was brought before it who had been the director of a sisterhood of béguines, and who had seduced almost all of them, persuading them that they did not therefore quit the path of perfection. He told each of them in the confessional that he had received a singular grace from God, who had deigned to appear to him in the holy wafer, and assure him that the souls he directed had found such favour in His sight, particularly the soul of the *sister to whom he was then speaking*, who was so perfect that she had overcome every passion save desire, that, to reward her virtue He granted her full dispensation to follow her desires, provided it should be with him, the director. She was not to communicate the fact of this singular grace to her confessor. Out of seventeen béguines of whom the sisterhood consisted, this bold confessor gave the dispensation to thirteen. At last, one of them, falling ill, and believing herself on the point of dying, confessed the whole. Had the guilty friar simply acknowledged the fact, he would have escaped with a very slight punishment, since the Inquisition, Llorente says, was very lenient towards slips of the kind. But though he did acknowledge the fact, he would persist in defending his conduct by citing the dispensation from the sixth commandment granted to Abraham, in order that he might offer up Isaac, and the dispensation from the eighth, that the Hebrews might spoil the Egyptians. Besides, he contended that nothing could

But, in the wretched, dreamy state of existence led by a soul despoiled of both will and reason, there is hardly any necessity for concocting such special pleading. Beside herself, and out of her senses, having lost all knowledge of reality, ever plunged in the miraculous, intoxicated with God and surfeited with the Devil, she is weak unto death; but the very excess of this weakness generates fever, and it spreads—dreadful contagion— . . . you thought that this moral corpse would crawl after you, and it is you who are forced to follow her: she will carry off the living.

Here vanish all those subtleties with which concupiscence had been satisfied. A ghastly light breaks in, and dispels the clouds in which sophistry lay concealed. Too late you discover, that you have gone further than you intended. You have destroyed precisely all that would have aided you. Each of the motive powers you have suppressed—the will, the mind, the heart, now extinct, would, had they been suffered to live, have been for you to use . . . But no; they are crushed, faded, gone! The being you have destroyed has lost all consciousness, can attach herself to nothing, be attached by nothing. Seeking to clasp, you suffocated her. What would you not give to see her in whom life is annihilated once more alive, what would you not give to be able to resuscitate her? . . . Miracles of the kind are not to be wrought. This form before you is, and ever will be a cold shadow, without life to respond to you. Press it in your arms, if you can, and you will feel no answering throb. . . . This will even fill you with despair. You may feign every thing and say everything, save one word which I defy you to pronounce unmoved—the sacred name of love.

be more serviceable to religion than the having tranquillised thirteen virtuous souls, and led them into perfect union with the Divine essence. Here, says Llorente, I put it to him whether it were not exceeding strange that all this virtue should have centred in the thirteen young and handsome ones, and not in one of the four others who were old and ugly —to which he coolly replied, that "the Holy Ghost breathes where it listeth." . . .

In the same chapter, whilst urging that the corruption of the confessors has been exaggerated by Protestant writers, he, nevertheless, acknowledges that in the sixteenth century, the Inquisition was obliged to rescind an order it had issued authorising women to denounce guilty confessors, owing to the multitude of charges brought.—Llorente draws up an estimate, from a comparison of the charges that appeared on the registers of the Inquisition, of the morality of the different religious orders, and arrives at the very conclusion common sense would lead us to without any calculation; namely, that the wealthier orders having the means of indulgence at their command, seldom run the risk attendant on trying to corrupt their penitents; whilst the poorer orders, and those that were least in contact with the world, proved on this very account the most dangerous confessors.

Love! Why, you have killed it. . . . In order to love, you must have a living being; and you have made what was a being, a thing.

Proud man! you who every day summon your Creator to descend upon the altar, you have acted the exact reverse of the Creator; you have unmade an existence.

You who, of a grain of corn, can make a god, tell me, was not that, too, a god which you held just now in that credulous and docile soul? What have you done with that inward god of man, which is called liberty? You have put yourself in its stead. In the place of that power, by which man is man, —I now see nothingness.

Be this nothingness, then, your punishment. It will be all vain for you to try to fathom it: however low you descend, you will find only a void—nothing *with will*, nothing *with power*. Here, all that could have loved has perished.

PART THE THIRD.

FAMILIES.

CHAPTER I.

SCHISM IN FAMILIES.—THE DAUGHTER; BY WHOM EDUCATED.—IMPORTANCE OF EDUCATION, AND ADVANTAGES OF THE FIRST INSTRUCTOR.—INFLUENCE OF PRIESTS IN BRINGING ABOUT MARRIAGES, AND THEIR SUBSEQUENT AUTHORITY.

THANKS be to God that the drama, whose plot I have attempted to trace, does not always reach the last act, that is, the annihilation of the will and of individuality; although, under the thick cloak of reserve, discretion, and hypocrisy, in which these black-gowned gentry wrap themselves up, it is not easy to detect the exact point where it stops. Besides, whilst the struggle is actually raging, the clergy are naturally doubly circumspect*.

You must not seek in the church, but in your own house and family, for the main light thrown on what the church conceals. Look closely, and you will perceive them reflect, and, unfortunately, only too clearly, the things going on elsewhere.

As it was remarked at the commencement of this volume, on making an evening call, and taking your seat at the family table, you can hardly fail to observe that mother and daughter sit almost invariably on the same side, and hold the same opinions, whilst the father is on the other, all to himself.

What is the meaning of this? The meaning is, that there is another present at this table, invisible to you, who contradicts and impugns every word that falls from the father; who, poor man, coming home worn out with the toils of the day, and full of cares for the future, finds, instead of rest and balm for his hurt mind, that he has to encounter the spirit of the past.

Nor is this astonishing; for, I must repeat it,

* And would need to be more so, judging from the notorious adventures of the Abbés C. and N., who, however, will make their way none the worse on this account, as two others of equal notoriety, and who now hold dignified situations, have proved.

our wives and daughters are brought up by our enemies, by the enemies of the Revolution and the march of the modern mind.

You need not turn round upon me, and quote detached passages from your sermons. What is your parading the democrat in the pulpit to me if I have proof, whichever way I turn, whether in your tracts, which are circulated by thousands and by millions, or in the ill-concealed doctrines you teach, or in the secrets which escape from your confessionals, that you are the enemies of liberty... Subjects of a foreign prince, and denying the rights of the Gallican church, how come you to speak of France ?

At this moment there are in France SIX HUNDRED AND TWENTY THOUSAND * girls being brought up by nuns under the direction of priests.— These girls will shortly be wives and mothers ; and they will hand over to the priests, as far as they are able, their sons and daughters.

Already, indeed, has the mother succeeded as far as the daughter is concerned : her persevering importunity has overcome the father's repugnance. A man, who only returns home every evening, after the annoyances of business and struggles with the world, to find the scene of strife repeated at home, may hold out for a time, but must give in at last, or he will be allowed no peace, quiet, rest, or refuge, and his home will be unbearable. Daily, hourly, will he be baited by his wife, who, having nothing but severity to expect from her confessor so long as she is unsuccessful, will retort upon him the wars waged on herself — a war of mingled caresses and reproaches—a war not the less deadly and implacable, because not overt—a war carried on by repinings at the fire-side, low spirits, obstinate silence, and declining to eat at meals, and at bed-time, the invariable repetition of the lesson instilled into her, an inevitable curtain-lecture . . . 'tis like the constant tinkling of a bell in his ears, and the husband must either give in or go out of his wits.

And suppose him to be of so firm, persevering and obstinate a character as to withstand this trial, his wife perhaps would sink under the constant effort, and he would be exposed to the hard trial of seeing her unhappy, pining, restless, and ill. "I cannot bear to see her falling away so; . . . better give up the point and save her," argues the husband to himself : so that if he withstands his wife in the first instance, he is at last beaten by his own heart ; and, on the very next day, he removes his son from the academy (if he be still a school-boy) to the *Christian school*, or (if in riper years) from the college to the seminary; whilst the daughter is borne off by the triumphant mother to that delightful boarding-school, just by, where the worthy *abbé* is both confessor and director.—Before the year is over, it will be discovered that the boarding-school is to be eschewed as too worldly ; and the daughter is forthwith transferred to some nunnery where the *abbé* is the superior and where she can be quite safe, under his lock and key.

Make your mind easy, good father, sleep in peace; your daughter is in excellent hands, and you will be sure to have some one to argue with to the day of your death. . . . She is a quick-witted girl, and having been carefully armed at all points against you, will always have a rejoinder at hand to oppose whatever you may advance.

The singularity of the matter is, that, generally speaking, the father is perfectly aware that his child is being brought up as his enemy.—Strange man ; what can you expect ?—" Oh ! she will forget what they teach her ; time, marriage, and the world will soon put these things out of her head." . . . Yes, for an instant ; but only to be revived at the very first worldly disappointment she shall experience. Let a few years pass over her head, and she will relapse into the feelings of her childhood. Her present master will resume his power to thwart you, my worthy gentleman, in your declining age, and be the daily curse and blight of yourself and her husband. You will then taste the fruits of the education you have allowed her to receive.

Education, it is true, is a trifling matter, and exercises a most unimportant influence, so that a parent may safely suffer his enemies to usurp the bringing up of his child !

What ! to take possession of the mind, with all the advantage, too, of being the first possessor ! To be able to inscribe on the virgin page, *indelibly* to inscribe whatever they like ; for, remember, it will be of no use for you to write over it, to cross and recross it—you may confuse, but cannot erase. The memory of the young, so easily impressed, is powerful to retain. This is one of the mysteries of the mind; these early impressions, which at twenty seem forgotten, will revive when she is forty or sixty ; and they are the last and the clearest, perhaps, which she will carry with her to the tomb.

" But will not literature, will not the press, the great and all-influential power of modern times, be to her a second education that will overrule the first ? "—Do not rely on this. The operation of the press is partly nullified by itself, for if it has a thousand voices to address you with, it has also a thousand voices by which it answers and confutes itself. Education goes more silently to work, and does not clamour, but seizes and moulds. Observe, in that little class, the man who addresses it, uncontradicted, uncontrolled, and without any one to act as a check upon him; he is master, absolute master, and has plenty of power to punish and chastise. . . . His voice wields a lash more powerful than any hand, and the little, trembling, trusting being, who has just left her mother's wing, imbibes irrevocably the serious words which sink into her waxen mind like nails of brass.

If this be true of schools, how much more so is it of the impressions produced by preaching ; especially on girls, who are more docile, timid, and retentive of early impulses. Never, never will the young girl forget the words which first took her ear in that majestic church under the arched and resounding roof, the words which that man in black, on whom she then gazed with awe, seemed to address *to herself*. Could she forget them, she would learn them over again week by week, for woman's schooling is never over *, and, in the confessional, she again meets with her school-form,

* M. Louandre, in his conscientiously drawn up article published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1840, assumes the number to be six hundred and twenty-two thousand.

* Particularly through the *Catechisms of Perseverance*, the *Mois de Marie* (Prayers to the Virgin in the Month of May), &c.; which retain girls long in the priest's hands.

her school-master, the only man whom she fears, the only man, as I have already remarked, who, according to our present habits dare threaten a woman.

What a preponderating advantage does it not give him to have her from so tender an age, all to himself, in the convent in which she has been placed; to be the early former of her young mind, to be the first to exercise authority over her, the first, likewise, to show her indulgence—so nearly akin to tenderness *, to be at once the father and the friend of a child so early snatched from its mother's arms! Long will the confidant of her first feelings be associated with her maidenly reveries. He has enjoyed a unique and special privilege which her husband may envy; he has had the virginity of her soul, the "firstlings" of her will.

It is of this man, ye youths, that you must ask the daughter in marriage, before breathing your wishes to her parents. Make no mistake here, or you will lose your chance. . . . Haughty sons of the time, I see you shake your heads at this, for you fancy you will stoop to no man. In such case, I wish you the enjoyment of a happy celibacy, with philosophy for your mate; or else, I can see you from this spot, for all your boasting, stealthily creeping along at twilight, slipping into a church, and down on your knees to the priest. You were expected, and you are fairly caught. You did not think it would come to this; but you are in love, poor man, and will grant whatever is asked.

I only hope that this girl, purchased at such a price, may be really yours †. But between the mother and the priest, the influences which were momentarily enfeebled will soon resume their power. You will have a wife *minus* her heart and soul, and will find out too late that he who gave her to you thus, will keep her all to himself ‡.

CHAPTER II.

THE WIFE.—THE HUSBAND DOES NOT MAKE THE WIFE HIS COMPANION, AND THE PARTNER OF HIS THOUGHTS.—THE RESULT TO BE ANTICIPATED FROM MUTUAL CONFIDENCE.—THE WIFE TURNS FOR COMFORT TO HER SON; AND HE IS REMOVED FROM HER.—HER LONELINESS AND WEARINESS.—A PIOUS YOUNG MAN.—THE SPIRITUAL AND THE WORLDLY MAN: WHICH OF THE TWO IS NOW THE MORTIFIED MAN.

MARRIAGE affords the husband one only moment for making his wife really his own, for, withdrawing her from the influence of others, and securing her to himself for ever. Does he take advantage of it? Very seldom.

In the early days of marriage, when he can do much with her, he ought to make her his confidant, the depository of his hopes, the sharer of his projects, ought to interest her in his occupations, and create a call upon her activity by associating her in his own active pursuits.

To will, to think, act, and suffer with him and for him—such is marriage. Now the worst that can happen, is not her suffering, but her pining in loneliness and weariness, apart, and as if widowed, So deserted, how can one be surprised at her affections being weaned from him? . . . Ah! had he studied from the moment they were united to make her his own, by making her the sharer of his aspirations, his hopes, his doubts and fears, had anxiety arising from the same thoughts kept them both watchers through the sleepless night, he would have retained her heart. Grief itself forms a bond of attachment; and mutual suffering begets mutual love.

The Frenchwoman, beyond the Englishwoman or the German, or the woman of any other country, is framed to assist her husband and to become, not his companion only, but his fellow-workman, friend, partner, his *other self;* but few, except among our trading classes, think of turning this charming adaptability to account. In the business parts of Paris, in the gloomy warehouses of the *Rue des Lombards* or the *Rue de la Verrerie*, you may see the young wife, who frequently brings the husband a considerable portion, shut herself up nevertheless in the little counting house with its glass door, keeping the books, entering all goods sent out or received, and overlooking the clerks and porters. The concern is sure to prosper, with such a partner; and the home will be all the happier. The husband and wife, separated by their various occupations during the day, must be so much the better inclined to enjoy a community of thought in the evening.

In other classes of society, although the wife cannot take so direct a share in her husband's occupations, he may at all events interest her in his prospects and ideas. I have not concealed that this is rendered difficult by the engrossing nature of the professional and scientific pursuits of the day, which are becoming more and more ramified into minute subdivisions, requiring close and unremitting application; whilst woman, less persevering, and not called upon to such an extent to devote herself to exactness of detail, is limited to generalities. If a husband sincerely desires to identify his wife with his pursuits, and train her mind to comprehend them, this initiation is in his power on one condition—she must love him: still, it will require the greatest patience and gentleness on his part. When first united, they come together as if from the two opposite poles; their minds formed on a totally opposite principle. This being the case, how can

* What is Direction, in general?—1st, *Love before love;* it cherishes the passions as soon as they dawn in the maiden, and so effectually that when she leaves the convent, her friends see the necessity of marrying her lest worse ensue: 2nd, *Love after love:* in a layman's eyes, an old woman is an old woman, in the priest's, she is a woman. When the world has done, the priest begins.

† See, for the moral weakness of women brought up in convents, the precarious state of their family peace, and estrangement from their husbands, Sismondi, Rep. Italiennes, xvi., 222, 227, and, especially, 450.

‡ We may subjoin to this chapter a fact, which (compared with what we have said at p. 46, on ecclesiastical discipline) leads to the inference that the clergy do not lose sight of the young women who are brought up in the convents under their direction. A friend of mine, whose testimony comes additionally recommended by his high position and character, lately informed me that having had occasion to place a young relative of his in a convent, he learnt from the nuns that *they forwarded to Rome* the names of the pupils who distinguished themselves the most. Numerous matches must be brought about by this centralization of information concerning the daughters of the leading families of the catholic world, and the plan must be singularly serviceable to the schemes of Ultramontane policy. In this case, the *Jesù* (Society of Jesus) must be a vast matrimonial agency office.

you expect your young wife, however intelligent, to understand you at the first word? Whenever, indeed, she fails to comprehend you, the fault is generally your own; and arises from your use of the dry, abstract, scholastic mode of reasoning to which your education has accustomed you. Having common sense and her feelings for her sole guides, she is at a loss to follow your pedantic train of argument, and it is seldom, indeed, that you can accommodate yourself to the level of plain, every-day illustration and language. To do this, requires ability, good-will, and great love . . . and allow me to tell you, Sir, it requires greater intelligence and more heart than you are in the habit of displaying.

The first word, the sense of which she does not distinctly catch, the husband loses patience. . . "She is stupid, or giddy." He gives up the attempt, and all is over . . . severe is the loss he sustains by this impatience. Had he but persevered, and gradually enticed her to warm in the subject, his life would have been her life, and both would have known the real sweets of marriage. . . Ah! what a lightener of his toils has he not thrown away; what a safe confidant; what a zealous ally! . . . To this being, who, left to her own resources, seems to him frivolous and trifling, he would, in difficult conjunctures, have been often indebted for a ray of inspiration and sagacious counsel.

I now approach a most important subject, on which, however anxious to enlarge, I can only offer a word or two.

Modern man, the victim of the division of labour, and often condemned to some limited branch of business in which he loses more enlarged views, and becomes a mere mummy, needs by his side a fresh, uncontaminated mind, more nicely balanced than his own, and less narrowed by the minutiæ of business, to entice him out of the shop, as it were, and raise him to nobler and more universal feelings. In these times of hard competition, after toiling all day long, and returning home of an evening less exhausted by actual labour than by disappointments, man needs to find a wife there to soothe the agitation of his fevered brain. Workman as he is (what else are we, when labour is so minutely divided in professions as well as crafts?) thirsty, whatever his calling, as a blacksmith from his forge, thirsty and fevered in mind, a wife would open to him the living springs of the beautiful and the good, of God and of nature, and he would for a moment quaff of the waters of everlasting life. This would be his hour of *salutary oblivion* when he would breathe freely, and recover heart. . . So, reinvigorated by her, he would, in his turn, bear her up with his powerful hand into his own world, inspiring her with his new ideas and enlarged views, and pointing out to her the glorious hopes of the future *.

This, unhappily, is never realized. Nowhere have I met with that unreserved confidence and happy intercommunion of mind, which would be the beatitude of marriage. A momentary attempt is made at the beginning to come to a mutual understanding, but to be as soon discouraged. The husband, his feelings frozen up by the cold blasts of interest and of business, forgets to talk; and what he does say never springs from the heart. At first, she is surprised, then uneasy; until at last she asks the reason; but questioning puts him out of the way, and she is forced to desist. He may make himself easy; the time will come when his wife, as lost in thought, and absent in mind at their fire-side as himself, and her mind occupied with dreams of her own, will leave him to the full enjoyment of his taciturnity.

First of all, she has a son; and if he is not removed from home, her whole life will be wrapped up in his. Does she walk out? He hangs by her hand; and soon she will take his arm. He is like a young brother to her, "a little husband." . . . How he grows! How time flies! . . . And 'tis a pity that he grows so; for now comes the time of separation, of Latin, and of tears. . . Must he not be a scholar? must he not be launched as soon as possible into the violent career of rivalry, and early acquire the bad passions so carefully cultivated in us—pride, ambition, hatred, envy? . . . Fain would the mother plead for delay. . . . What occasion for hurry? He is so young, and schools so severe! He will learn better at home, if he is only spared her; she will have masters for him and superintend his education herself. She will give up balls and parties. . . . "Out of the question, madam, out of the question: you would make a milksop of him!". . . The truth is that the father, although he loves his boy, finds the noise and bustle he keeps up in the house, otherwise so well-ordered and regular, unbearable. He finds that he can no longer put up with any thing of the sort. Jaded, tired, and in a bad humour, all he asks for is peace and quiet.

Wise husband, who treat a mother's opposition so lightly, does it never occur to you that it may be the instinct of virtue which inspires this woman with the longing to keep her son at home—as a pure and irreproachable witness whose presence would always preserve her from error? You yourselves would anticipate her wish, did you but know how salutary that presence is. He brings a blessing on the house; and, as long as he is in it, it will be difficult to loosen the family tie. What constitutes the bond of married life? The hope of a child. What cements it? The birth of a child. He is its beginning, end, and middle—the mediator, I might say its all.

It cannot be too often repeated, for nothing is more true, that woman leads a solitary life. Married, she is alone; a mother, she is alone. Once her son enters college, she only sees him at long intervals, and then as a favour; and when he quits it, it is only for other prisons and other exiles.

Enter those brilliantly lighted rooms; it is a fashionable evening party, and you see the women seated in long rows, full-dressed, and all alone.

* Do not suppose that it is possible to remain stationary; we must either advance or retrograde. If life must be one continuous progress, the object is infinitely better attained by the natural results of marriage than by the artificial aids of conventual life. When woman ends in the wife, she begins in the mother and grandmother. She has always new incentives to begin again and improve her own moral culture. Woman ever seeks to rise higher (and hence she attaches herself to man); whilst nature gives her, not the guidance of a single man only, but a successive association of better generations, as so many steps on which to mount, and by each of which the mother is reproduced, renewed, and improved.

Go to the Champs-Elysées, about four o'clock, and you will see the same women, each in her solitary carriage, proceeding for their cheerless, companionless ride in the Bois de Boulogne. . . These are in their own carriages; others are confined to a shop—but they are equally alone.

One word explains the whole life of women who are so unfortunate as to have little to do—loneliness and weariness or ennui. Ennui, which is commonly supposed to be the characteristic of a feeble and inert disposition, is to a nervous female a positive and insupportable malady, which eats into her very existence *. . . . Whoever gives her but a momentary relief, she regards as her saviour.

Ennui induces them to put up with the visits of friends whom they pronounce to be inquisitive, envious, slanderous, and spiteful. *Ennui* leads them to endure novels published in newspapers in that piecemeal form, which cuts short the thread of the story at the most interesting moment †. *Ennui* takes them to those concerts of miscellaneous music, in which the ear is fatigued by the differences of style. *Ennui* drags them to hear sermons which thousands listen to, and none would or could read. Down even to the half-worldly, half devout, and mawkish productions with which the faubourg St. Germain is inundated by the neo-catholics, there is not one but finds some reader or other among these poor souls, devoured with *ennui*. These delicate, sickly beings digest a nauseous mixture of musk and incense, which would turn the stomach of a healthy person.

One of these young authors explains in a novel of his the advantages to be derived from making gallant devotion a stepping-stone to gallantry. There is no novelty in the process. I only wish that they who have borrowed it from the Tartuffe had infused some of Molière's wit into it!

Not that they have any great need of it; for the women listen to their insinuated declarations, their hinted love, as a matter of conscience, and a means of working their salvation. A woman who would be offended at the first word of endearment from the most sober friend, endures with patience the *double entendres* of the young Levite; and, though intelligent, experienced, a woman alike of the world and of reading and observation, she obstinately shuts her eyes here. And if he be without talent, dull, and uninteresting, yet his intentions are so good! Father Such-a-one answers for him; he is a most worthy young man. . . .

The truth is, that his worth consists in insinuating love whilst talking devotion; and, although he sets about it in a poor and weak manner, the attempt itself is a recommendation in the eyes of a woman of a certain age. However distinguished the husband may be, he has still the fault of being a *matter of fact* person, wholly taken up with his *worldly interests;* and so he is, for he is busied providing for his family, securing the future welfare of his children, and exhausting himself in efforts to support the ruinous luxury in which his lady lives.

Probably the husband would urge that, however worldly the result of his incessant occupations may be, they possess a moral interest for him, that they *interest his heart;* and he might add, that whilst busied with worldly interests for the benefit of others, whether in the senate or at the bar, or in a thousand other ways, a man may display more *disinterestedness*, and, consequently, more spirituality, than all the brokers of this latter commodity who turn the Church into a Stock-Exchange.

A distinction must be made here, which is not sufficiently attended to.

The spiritual man in the middle age, the *mortified man*, was the priest. He mortified the flesh by his severe studies—and the priest was the only student in those days—by his nocturnal vigils and prayers, by his severe fasts and monastic flagellations. Little of all this now remains, for the Church has softened down every thing. Priests lead the same life as other men; and if the means of the majority be limited, they are at least secure. A proof of this is the time they are ever willing to spare to beguile women's leisure hours with endless conversations.

Who is the *mortified man* of the present day, in this age of severe toil, spirited efforts, and exhausting competition? The layman, the worldly man. Day and night does this worldly man labour, on the rack of care, for his family or for the good of the state. Engaged in the details of some all-engrossing profession, or immersed in studies of too profound a nature for his wife and children to take any interest in them, he cannot share with them the thoughts that fill his mind. Even at meal-times he speaks little, but follows up the train of his ideas. He succeeds in business, or ranks as a discoverer in science, at a dear rate, at the price, as Newton says, of *unceasing thought*. . . Alone in the midst of his family, he who makes its fortune, or forms its pride and boast, runs the risk of being as a stranger to his own flesh and blood.

The churchman, on the contrary, who, to judge by his publications, is little given to study nowadays, who can lay no claim to the title of discoverer or inventor, and who, besides, has done with the fleshly mortifications of the middle age, finds himself at liberty to follow both his occupations, fresh and unabated. By unceasing assiduity and honeyed words he can worm himself into the confidence of the family of the man engrossed by his business or by his studies, and still from his pulpit overwhelm the worldling with the thunders of his eloquence.

* Even love is a much less powerful remedy than is supposed; and our fine novels of the day have had a very different effect from what is attributed to them, for they have served to cut down the passions. Contrasted with the vivid painting of these works, real passion, whatever may be said to the contrary, is often thrown into the background. Women soon learn to think their own adventures poor and insipid compared with the burning romance of Indiana and Valentine; and when once the eyes of a woman of sense are flooded by this noon-tide blaze, her own loves turn dim and *go out*.

† I allude solely to the fragmentary form, but by no means would be understood to decry the admirable talent displayed by some writers in this style.

CHAPTER III.

THE MOTHER. SHE ALONE IS THE PROPER INSTRUCTRESS OF THE CHILD FOR YEARS.—INTELLECTUAL NOURISHMENT; GESTATION, INCUBATION, EDUCATION. — THE CHILD SHIELDS THE MOTHER, THE MOTHER THE CHILD—SHE PROTECTS ITS NATIVE ORIGINALITY, AN ORIGINALITY TO BE MODIFIED BY PUBLIC EDUCATION, AND WHICH IS MODIFIED EVEN BY THE FATHER WHILST THE MOTHER WOULD PRESERVE IT.—MATERNAL WEAKNESS: STILL THE MOTHER WISHES TO MAKE THE SON A HERO.—HEROIC DISINTERESTEDNESS OF THE MOTHER'S LOVE.

As we have already said,— If you want to fortify your home against the foreign influence which is shivering your household gods to atoms, *keep your child in it* as long as possible. Let the *mother* bring him up under the eye of the father, until the moment that his great mother, *his country*, summon him to the education of the public school*.

One consequence of the child's being left to the mother to bring up, is that she will be kept at home with her husband, whose counsels she will stand in need of, and to whom she will constantly look for fresh advice; and thus the perfection of family life, the formation of the child by the mother, and of the mother by the husband, will be realized.

A mother's instinct is almost unerring, and should be respected. Her dearest wish is to keep her child by her. Severed from him by the knife at the moment of his birth, she is ever striving to rejoin that portion of herself which a cruel violence tore from her; but whose roots remain in her heart . . . When removed from her to be brought up at a distance, that is a second severance. . . . Child and mother weep, but the tears of both are equally disregarded. . . . Wrongfully so. Those tears of his, which are supposed to spring from his tender age alone, attest a serious truth, which merits our best attention—they prove that he *still needs his mother's care*.

He is not yet completely weaned; for the child ought to receive his intellectual food at the beginning, as he does his bodily, under the form of milk —that is, it should be fluid, warm, sweet, and *pregnant with life*†. It can be administered in this form by the mother alone. Men would give at once bread to this suckling, still racked with the pains of teething, and punish him if he do not readily devour it. In God's name give him milk still, and he will not tire of quaffing it‡.

After times will be astonished to learn that men ever undertook to bear about and feed these nurslings! Let them alone; leave them to women§.

* And even then, it would be highly advantageous for the mother to see him every evening, for she would detect at a glance every change for better or worse, and, in fact, numerous particulars, which not even his father, let alone his master, would observe till long after.

† *Pregnant with life*,—that is, excluding all systems which make learning a plaything, all arts of memory, &c.

‡ The painter of sibyls and prophets, Michael Angelo, himself a prophet, has taught us, in his way, how initiation, induction into life,—in a word, how education is essentially the woman's province, by introducing beneath the feet of these terrible virgins, who thunder forth the word of God, the initiation of children and mothers under the most artless forms. (See his paintings in the Sistine Chapel.)

§ A writer of enlarged views has said that schools for girls ought to be established before boys' schools; since every girl who shall become wife and mother, will herself be a school.

A pretty sight to see a child nursed by a man. Take care how you dandle the fragile being in your rugged arms, or you will break it with your awkwardness!

The misunderstanding between master and child arises as follows: Man imparts knowledge after a manly fashion, by fixed rules, strict classifications, all angular, and sharp as crystals. Now these prismatic bodies, regular and luminous as they may be, hurt with their angles and sharp points the tender and still fluid being, who will not for a long time be able to assimilate to himself any thing devoid of the fluidity of his own existence. The master grows angry and impatient at his dulness, and is at a loss how to proceed with him.

No; there is but one person in the world with the perception of the delicacy of management required for the child—she who has borne him in her bosom, and of whom, notwithstanding the violence with which he was severed from her, he will ever form a part. Gestation, incubation, education have long been synonymous terms.

Much longer, indeed, than one would suppose. The influence of the mother on the child whose mental growth is begun, is even greater and more decisive than that which she exercised over him when in her arms. I will not affirm that it is indispensable for the mother to suckle him at her own breast; but I will say that it is for her to feed him from her own heart. The chivalrous ages clearly perceived that love was the most powerful agent in education; and it alone did more for the advancement of the human mind than all the wranglings of schoolmen to retard it.

We have our schoolmen, too; filled with the spirit of empty abstraction and verbal disputes; and we shall be able to counteract their influence only by prolonging the influence of the mother, by making her our associate in the work of education, and securing the child a teacher whom he can love. Love is said to be a mighty teacher; and this is most especially true of the fondest, deepest, purest love of all.

Blind and rash that we are, we remove the child from the mother at the very moment he was most essential to her! We deprive her of the dear occupation for which God called her into being, and are afterwards surprised to find that thus cruelly separated from her child, and condemned to indolence and inactivity, she abandons herself to vain reveries, again yields her neck to the yoke which she formerly loved, and too often, fondly imagining that she is not forgetting her duty, listens to the Tempter who addresses her in the name of God.

Be prudent and wise, and leave her her son! Love is a necessity of life to woman; so leave her the lover given her by nature, and whom she would prefer to all other lovers. Whilst you are immersed in your business (or, it may be, engrossed by your passions,) leave her the tall and delicate stripling to hang on her arm, and she will be proud and happy. . . . You fear his becoming effeminate, if tied to his mother's apron-string; but on the contrary, she will become manly for his sake if you leave him to her. Only make the trial, and you will be astonished at the suddenness of the change. She will turn alike pedestrian and horseman, to accustom him to manly habits. Entering heartily into all the youth's exercises, she makes herself

of his age, and is regenerated in this *Vita Nuova;* so that when you return and see your Rosalind *, you will fancy you have two sons.

There is one general rule, at least, to which I have hardly found an exception; and this is that superior men are all *their mother's sons;* they are stamped in her image both morally and physically.

I may surprise you by saying so, but it is the truth; without her fostering care, he never will be a man. It is only the mother who has the patience necessary for developing the mental growth of the tender plant, by securing its liberty. The extremest care should be taken not to place the child, whilst still tender and pliable, in strangers' hands. Even the best-intentioned, by forcing him to bear burthens beyond his strength, run the risk of making him so bow-backed that he can never stand straight. The world is full of men who, through the over rigid discipline of their early years, remain in bondage all their lives. Too strict and precocious an education has broken the elasticity of their minds, and destroyed that originality (*genius, ingegno*, or whatever term you may give it) which is the bloom of man.

Who nowadays respects that original ingenuousness and frankness of character—that sacred genius which we bring into the world with us? Nay, this is generally considered the offensive and blamable side of the child's manners, the side *which renders him unlike every body else* . . . Hardly does his young nature expand and flourish in its liberty, than there is a general surprise and shaking of heads:—"What's all this? we never saw the like.—Be quick; shut him up, stifle this living flower. Here are iron frames . . . Ha! you were for opening your petals, and flaunting your luxuriant beauty in the sun. Be wiser, flower, be wiser; fold thy leaves, and shrivel up." . . .

And now, what, I pri'thee, is this poor little thing against which all are leagued, but that individual, special, original element, by which this being was about to be distinguished from all other beings, was about to add a new type to the infinite variety of human characters, perhaps a genius to the list of creative geniuses? The uninventive mind is usually the plant which, too securely fastened to its prop, has gradually assimilated to the nature of its withered companion. Look at its regularity, its decent growth; here are no irregular suckers, which require pruning. But, after all, it is but *a tree without sap*, and will never bear a leaf.

Do I mean, then, to assert that the plant needs no prop, and may be left to itself? There can be nothing further from my thoughts. On the contrary, I firmly believe the two educations to be necessary—both the domestic and the public one. Let us inquire into their respective influences.

What are the end and aim of our public education, indisputably superior, as at present conducted, to what it ever was before? Simply, to identify the child with his country, and with the country of countries, the world. This is the object it proposes to itself, and which at once renders it legitimate and necessary: above all, it aims at imparting a fund of sentiments common to all; at making the child tractable, and restricting him from jarring with all around; at preventing him from breaking out discordantly in the great concert in which he is destined to bear his share; and at regulating the exuberance of his sprightlier sallies.

So much for public education; whereas, liberty is the essence of domestic education: though, even here, the impulses of his childish nature are doomed to meet with checks and limits. They are controlled by the father; who, full of anxiety about the future, thinks it his duty to tame betimes the unbroken colt to pace the furrow in which he must eventually drag the plough. Too often, indeed, the father falls into the error of consulting what is apparently suitable, and of fixing on some profitable career, all marked out to hand, instead of studying the natural bent of his young and vigorous foal. How many a thorough-bred horse has been condemned, by some fatal error of the kind, to the endless circle of the riding-school!

Poor liberty! Who, now, will have eyes to see thee, a heart to shelter thee? Who, now, will have the patience and boundless indulgence required to tolerate thy early outbreaks, and to encourage even pranks which soon tire the stranger and indifferent person, and even the father? . . . God alone, who has created this being, and who, having created him, knows him well enough to discriminate and love the good in him, even in that which is bad. . . . God, I say, and, with God, the mother: in this, the two are identical.

When we consider that the average of life is so brief, and that so many die young, we are naturally disinclined to shorten this first and happiest period of life in which the child, suffered by the mother to enjoy its freedom, lives under grace and not under the law. But this disinclination would turn into horror did all agree with me, that this very period which is looked upon as lost, is precisely the sole, the precious, the irretrievable period, when amidst childish sports sacred *genius* tries its first flight, the season the new-fledged eagle first plumes its wing. . . . Oh! for mercy's sake, shorten not this brief span! Banish not, before his time, this new-born man from the maternal paradise. Give him one day more; let him go to-morrow, if you like; it will be time enough: to-morrow, he shall bend to his work and crawl along the furrow . . . leave him but this one day, to gain full strength and life and inhale in copious draughts the vital air of liberty.

The danger as regards the education of children is the requiring too much from them, and the being over zealous and anxious about their progress. The soul is disregarded for external accomplishments and ceaseless acquisitions in letters and science. This is a perfect Latinist, that an accomplished mathematician; but where, I ask, is the man *?

Now it was precisely the man which the mother loved and guarded with jealous care, and that she respected in the wayward sallies of the child. She would appear to withdraw from all interference, even from superintendence, in order to leave him, unfettered in action, to grow up free and strong; but, at the same time, she was ever near him, shielding him as it were in an invisible embrace.

I am aware that this education of love has its

* Shakspeare's "As You Like it."

* If there be reason to fear that the moral man is lost sight of in schools too exclusively scientific and purely scholastic, what are we to think of those in which morality is directly attacked by training the child to habits of insincerity and want of good faith, by setting him to act the spy on his companions? See a note further on.

danger. Love seeks self-immolation above all things—to sacrifice every thing, interest, conveniences, habits, life itself, if required. Now, the object of this self-abnegation, in his childish selfishness, may look upon all sacrifices as only his due, and, allowing himself to be treated as an inert, motionless idol, will become the more unfit to act for himself the more there is done for him.

This is a real danger ; but it is counterbalanced by the ardent ambition of the mother's heart, which almost always looks forward to her child's future career with unbounded hopes, and burns to realise them. Every mother, worthy of the name, firmly believes that her son is destined to be a hero—no matter whether in the battle-field, the arena of public life, or the peaceful contests of science. The visions which have faded one by one before her bitter experience of the world, are to be realities for this dear child of hers. The thoughts of his splendid career indemnify her already for the wretched present. Penury is theirs to-day ; let him ripen into man, and they inhabit a palace. . . . Oh, poetry ! Oh, hope ! Where shall we set bounds to a mother's aspirations ? . . . " I am only a woman, here is a man. . . . I have given a man to the world. . . " One only doubt perplexes her ; shall her boy be a Bonaparte, a Voltaire, or a Newton ?

If to fulfil this destiny he must quit her, she will consent—he may go to a distance. If she must pluck her heart out of her bosom, pluck it out she will. . . Love is capable of every sacrifice, even of sacrificing itself. . . Yes ; let him depart ; let him follow his high destiny, and realize the golden dreams she cherished when she bore him in her bosom, or nursed him on her knees. . . And then, a miracle ! this timid woman who just now could hardly suffer him to walk alone for fear of his falling, has become so firm of heart that she dismisses him to the most dangerous careers—sending him to sea, or allowing him to depart to the rude battle-field of Algiers. . . She trembles, she sinks beneath her anxiety, and yet persists. . . What supports her ? Her faith. Her son cannot perish, for he is destined to be a hero !

He returns. . . How he is altered ! What ! can that proud soldier be my son ? He left a youth ; he is come back a man, and in haste to get married. Here is another sacrifice for the mother, and not the least she is called upon to make. He will love another. His mother, in whose affections he will ever hold the first place, must content herself with the second place in his ; and, alas ! a very small place in the hour of passion. . . So she looks out, and chooses a rival, and, for his sake, loves her, and decks her out, and becomes one in her train, and leads them to the altar, and all that she asks for there is, not to be forgotten.

CHAPTER IV.

ON LOVE. — LOVE WOULD *elevate*, NOT ABSORB. — THE FALSE THEORY OF OUR OPPONENTS, AND THEIR DANGEROUS PRACTICE.—LOVE WOULD CREATE AN EQUAL, TO BE LOVED FREELY. — MATERIAL LOVE. — SOCIAL LOVE.—FAMILY LOVE ; LITTLE KNOWN IN THE MIDDLE AGE.—THE HOUSEHOLD GODS.

MAY I not have been led away, in the preceding chapter, by the charms of the subject, so as to lose sight of the question which it is the object of the present work to discuss ?

On the contrary, I assume that by so doing I have thrown considerable light upon it. The consideration of the mother's love (that miracle of God), and of the education given by the mother, assists us to a right understanding of the system on which all education, all direction, all initiation, ought to be conducted.

The singular advantage possessed by the mother in educating the child is, that being devoted and disinterested beyond all others, she allows proper scope to the dawning originality of the tender being who is beginning to assume an individual character, and protects it from undue interference. She would have him, at whatever cost to her own feelings, act according to the free bent of his genius, would have him grow up and *rise*.

What is the object of education, and of direction worthy of the name ? The same as that of love in its most exalted and disinterested form—that this young being may *rise*. Take this word in both its senses. True education seeks to raise him to the level of his instructor, and, if possible, above him. Far from deriving subserviency, the strong man desires to strengthen and bring this weak one to an equality with himself ; and he endeavours to effect this by developing, not only the similarities, but the dissimilarities of their character; by giving scope to the display of his natural genius, by favouring the free personal agency of this being born to act, by appealing directly to the individual, and to that which constitutes his individuality, his will. . . The most cherished wish of love is to exalt the will and moral powers of the loved one to the sublimest pitch, to heroism.

The beau-ideal of the mother, and it is that of all proper education, is to make a hero, a man powerful in act and fruitful in deed, a man who can will, do, and create.

Let us compare this with the aim of ecclesiastical education and direction.

This is to make a saint, and not a hero ; for the clergy believe the two to be radically different, being led astray by their standard of holiness, which they consider to consist, not in harmoniously working out God's designs, but in being lost in him.

The whole of their theology, as soon as we push them a little and drive them to strict reasoning, slips irretrievably down this gulph, into which it sunk, as it was natural it should, in the seventeenth century. The great spiritual directors of that day, who, from being the last in the field, were enabled to analyze the system, have detected and proved its base to be *annihilation*—the art of eradicating all free agency will, and individuality. . . " Annihilate—we grant you this ; but then, by annihilating to absorb in God." . . Does God desire this ? Free agent and creator himself, He must desire us to resemble Him, and to be free agents and creators likewise.—You know not God the Father !

Reduced to practice, the falsity of the theory is apparent. By closely tracking it, we have seen that its results contradict its anticipations. It holds forth the promise of absorbing man in God, and reconciles him to this extinction of self by assuring him that he will be a sharer in the infinitude that absorbs him ; whereas, in reality, it only absorbs him in his fellow man, in infinitude of littleness.

The directed being annihilated in the director, of two persons there remains but one. The other has perished as a person, and has become a thing.

From my study of devout direction, as exemplified in the first part of this work in the revelations of directors, the integrity of whose character is above suspicion, and in those of women of undoubted piety, I have been led to the two following conclusions:—

1st, A saint who has been long habituated to converse with a pious woman of the love of God, is sure to make her in love with himself.

2nd, For this love to remain pure depends on the chance of the director being himself pure; for, as the female whom he directs gradually loses all her own will, she must at last be utterly at his mercy. The corollary is, Will he who has her in his power refrain from using it; and can we expect this miraculous forbearance to be realized in all cases?

Priests have always secretly prided themselves on being great masters in matters of love. Trained to self-command, and accustomed to under-hand dealings and roundabout manœuvres, they fancy themselves alone in the secret of managing the passions. They creep on under the shelter of ambiguous "givings out;" and creep on safely, for they are patient and will wait until habit strengthens into familiarity. They laugh in their sleeves at our impassioned vivacity, imprudent franknesses, and ungovernable transports which carry us wide of the mark.

If love be the art of taking the soul by surprise, of subduing it by the force of authority and insinuation, of crushing it by fear in order to seize upon it by indulgence, until at last falling asleep through sheer exhaustion it suffers itself to be enmeshed in an invisible net—if love be all this, then, indisputably, the priest would be the mighty master of the art.

Fine masters, forsooth! Come and learn from the ignorant and undesigning, that, for all your little arts, you have never known what all sacred love means. . . . Ah! it requires, as a primary and indispensable condition, a sound heart and straightforward mode of proceeding; and, in the second place, that generousness of spirit which covets not the bondage but the enfranchisement of the loved object; which desires to strengthen it and love it in its freedom—leaving it free to love or not as it pleases.

Come, ye saints, and hearken to what two worldlings, two players, Molière and Shakspeare, tell us of love. They know more about it than you.— The lover is asked for a description of his mistress, her name, appearance, and stature . . . His answer is:—"Just as high as my heart *."

A noble standard, which is both that of love and of all education and initiation—an earnest endeavour and desire to elevate the loved object to perfect equality with one's self, to make her "just as high as one's heart *."

Shakspeare has laid down the standard; Molière has exemplified it. The latter was endowed in the highest degree with the "genius of education†," the genius which seeks to elevate and enfranchise, which loves equality, liberty, and intelligence.

* Shakspeare's "As You Like It."

† A most ingenious and just remark of M. E. Noël's.

He has stigmatized as a crime * that unworthy love which takes and keeps the soul its prisoner by fostering its ignorance; and, exemplifying his doctrines by his life, he set the noble example of that generous love which longs to make the loved object *its equal, the same as itself;* which fortifies and arms it even against itself. . . . This is love and faith.

It is the faith that, sooner or later, the emancipated being must be the prize of the most worthy; and is not he the most worthy who longs for affection freely given?

Nevertheless, let us weigh well the full import of this serious word—*his equal,* and the dangers it brings in its train. . . . 'Tis as if this creator said to the creature whom he has made and emancipated:—"Thou art free, and no longer shackled by the power which has reared thee. Thou canst act independently of me, transfer thy thoughts elsewhere, and, if thy heart and recollections do not bind thee to me. . . canst turn against me if thou wilt!"

Here we see the sublimity of love, and the reason that God is so indulgent to its many weaknesses. In the unmeasured disinterestedness of its desire to form a free agent and to enjoy its free love, it creates its own danger. . . . The words, "act independently of me," may imply "love independently of me," and involve a chance of separation. Love places the sword in the once feeble hand, grown strong and bold through the fostering cares of love, to be turned against itself even; for it has left itself utterly defenceless.

Let us elevate and expand this idea from woman's love, to universal love; to that which constitutes the life of the world and of civil society.

In the material world, it is constantly forwarding, throughout the three kingdoms, that progressive improvement which "beets the heavenward flame," and evoking from the womb of eternity new existences, which it emancipates from prejudices and arms with liberty, for good or ill, and leaves free to act even against their creator and emancipator.

In civil society, does love (call it charity, patriotism, or what you will,) act with any other view? No; its mission is to call to the work of social life, to the enjoyment of political power, and the franchises of the citizen all previously passed over; and to raise up and help forward on their rude path the weak and poor, now crawling on their hands and knees under the ban of fate, and elevate them to equal rights and liberties with their fellows.

A wish to absorb life is the lowest degree of love; the wish to breathe energy and fecundity into life, is the highest. Its delight is to elevate, expand, form what it loves; and all its happiness is in seeing a new creature of God's animated by its breath, and in accelerating the growth of that being which may be either its blessing or its bane.

"Is not love of this disinterested kind a rare miracle? Is it not one of those brief moments in which the pitchy night of our selfishness is illumined by a ray of light from God?"

No, it is a standing miracle, wrought before your own eyes; but you turn aside your head . . . it may be rare with the lover, but it is ever to be found in the mother . . . Man, man, thou seekest God in the heavens and under the earth . . . seek Him in thy home, and thou wilt find Him there.

* In his *Ecole des Femmes,* and works generally.

Man, woman, child—three persons in one, mutual mediators—this is the mystery of mysteries. It was reserved for Christianity to place the family upon the altar—divine idea! There placed, there left, the middle age, poor dreaming monk, gazed upon it for fifteen hundred years without understanding. Unable to soar to the idea of the mother *, as the principle of initiation, it wore itself out with efforts on sterile ground, worshipped the Virgin †, and left us Our Lady.

That which it could not accomplish is reserved for a new epoch. Man of the modern world, the work must be thine. Only, rapt in the abstraction of thy soaring mind, disdain not to lower thy looks to women and children; for, 'tis from them only thou canst learn the meaning of life. Teach them knowledge and the world—they will teach thee God.

Let home be once more sacred; and the tottering edifice of religion and of that other religion, politics, will settle down firm on its natural foundations. Never let us forget that the humble hearthstone, in which we only see the good old household god, is the corner stone of the temple, and first stone of the city—the ark, alike, of religion and the laws.

* The middle age never knew moderation, but either soared too high, or sank too low. The triumph of woman is purely ideal in Beatrice; and then her *passion* sinks too low in Griselda, who resigns even the feelings of the mother. We meet with nothing practical.—*A fortiori*, the absence of all moderation in the sermons of the present day is much more offensive. We always hear of heaven or hell—there is no medium. Woman is held forth either as a saint or a prostitute; and not a word said of the good wife or mother. This spirit of exaggeration renders preaching singularly ineffective.

† We every where detect the poetic feelings of monks and unmarried men. They make the Virgin younger and younger, more and more the maid, and less and less the mother. Empty and indecent legends abound; whilst they neglect that vital legend which would have made the middle age anticipate the modern—*the education of Jesus by the Virgin*. Yet could they hardly help feeling that he had *the mother's heart*. He weeps over Lazarus. . . . Suffer these little ones," &c.

ONE WORD TO THE PRIESTS

I have done; but my heart has not. One word, then, more.

One word to the priests. I had treated them with all forbearance, when they turned round upon me. Still, even now, I do not retort their attacks. This work is not directed against them.

I only denounce their slavery, the unnatural position in which they are kept, and the strange fate which renders them at once unhappy and dangerous; and if this volume produce any effect, it will be to accelerate the moment of their deliverance, the moment of their personal and spiritual enfranchisement.

Whatever they may do or say, they will never hinder me from taking an interest in their fate. I find no fault with them. They are not free to be just, or to love, or to hate: they are compelled to speak, feel, and think as their superiors dictate. The very men who are letting them loose upon me, are those who are at this moment instituting the severest inquisition over them *. The more lonely and unhappy they are made, the more serviceable will their restless activity become. If they have nor home, nor family, nor country, nor heart, all the better. For the working of a dead system, dead men are wanted—wandering, anxious, unburied, restless corpses.

They have been lured by professions of unity, and the pretext of an universal church, to quit the ways of the Gallican Church. Verily, they now taste the fruits of their conversion! They have found out what Rome is, and what it is to have a Jesuit for a bishop as well. . . . If Rome ever had universality of spirit, (which is the only true Universal Church) she has long lost it. In modern times, it has been rediscovered,—and by France. Morally speaking, France may be said to have been the pope for the two last centuries; for, under one form or another, we have possessed the authority. Louis XIV., Montesquieu, Voltaire and Rousseau, the Constituent Assembly, Napoleon and his Code, have alternately made France the centre of Europe; all other nations are eccentric.

The world is whirling on and flying onwards, far, far from the middle age; an age which most have forgotten, but which I never shall. The poor mockery of an imitation of it which is paraded before my eyes, will never change my feelings towards those sombre and sorrowful times which I have known and sympathized with so long *. The love I bear towards these bygone times whose ashes I have rekindled, prevents me from being indifferent even to its most faithless representatives. I draw comparisons, without a particle of hate, and they sadden me. I cannot pass the cloisters of Notre-Dame, without exclaiming with the ancient—" *O*

* We learn from the details published in one of our newspapers concerning the latest ecclesiastical *retreats*, that most bishops impose on the priests within their jurisdiction the Jesuitical rule called *manifestation of conscience*, by which they are bound *to confess to the confessor delegated by the bishop*, and *to inform against one another*. This obligation extends to women who may have been compromised by priests. See the *Bien Social, Journal du Clergé Secondaire* (Nov. 1844). This Catholic paper was taken in by three thousand priests, after it had been only a year in existence, when it was anathematized by the Archbishop of Paris (June 1845).—See, also, an excellent article in the *Réveil de l'Ain* (Nov. 17th, 1844); and the courageous letters of the Abbé Thions in the *Bien Public* of Maçon. To speak out, with such a mountain heaped up upon a man's breast, argues an heroic heart.—We must here name with all respect the two Alignols. But what do they hope to gain by their journey to Rome? What do they expect to find in that empty sepulchre?

* As long ago as 1833, I formed a wish and expressed a hope for the transformation of the principle of the middle age:—" It will transform itself to perpetuate its life." See my History of France (vol. i. p. 282 of the translation in Whittaker's " Popular Library.") See, also, my *Introduction à l'Histoire Universelle*, 1831.

miseram domum, quàm dispari dominaris domino!" Alas, poor house, thou hast made a sad change of masters!

Never have I for a moment been insensible to the humiliation of the Church, or the sufferings of the priests. They are all vividly impressed both on my imagination and my heart. I have traced this hapless man in his career of privations, and the woes of a life to which he is doomed by a hypocritical policy. And in his hour of loneliness, by the sad and cheerless hearth where he will sometimes sit of an evening, and relieve his bursting heart with tears, let him bear in mind that there is one man who has often wept with him, and that that man is myself.

Who but would pity this victim of social contradictions? The laws, as if in mockery, enjoin him things diametrically opposed to one another. They will, and they will not, have him obey the dictates of nature. The canon law says, No—and the civil, Yes. If he act upon the latter, the man of the civil law, the judge, to whom he looks for protection, turns priest, seizes him by his robe, and hands him over, degraded, to the yoke of the canon law. . . . Come to an understanding, then, ye laws, and let us have some certain standard by which to regulate ourselves. If two contradictory laws be equally binding, what is he to do who believes that both are to be held sacred*? . . .

Oh! what overflowing love I feel towards all these wretched men! How many prayers have I not offered up for their deliverance from a position so revolting to nature and so inconsistent with the modern march of mind! . . . Oh! that I might restore and rekindle the poor priest's hearth, give him back the first rights of man, put him once more upon the path of truth and of life, and say to him,—Quit that deadly shade; and take thy place with us, my brother, in the sunshine of God.

I have always felt a peculiar interest in two classes of men, both leading a solitary and monkish life—soldiers and priests. And repeatedly have I reflected with sorrow on the two vast, but sterile armies, to whom intellectual food is either altogether refused, or meted out with grudging hand. Great need have those whose heart has been rifled from their bosom, to be sustained with the living food of the mind.

I shall not attempt to suggest here the remedies for so serious a state of things. They will probably work their own cure in process of time.

It may, however, be safely predicted that one day, these two terms—*priest* and *soldier* will indicate two different periods of life rather than two different callings. *Priest* originally signifies *elder*; a young priest is a contradiction in terms.

The soldier is the young man, who, after the schooling of the child, and the schooling of his trade or profession, enters the great national school of the army to prove and harden himself before he takes a wife and settles down a family man. The life of the soldier, when the state shall have made it what it ought to be, will be the complement of education; and the experience derived from its mingled studies, travels, and danger, will turn to the advantage of the family ties to be subsequently contracted.

The priest, on the contray, in the most exalted sense of the term, ought to be an old man, as he originally was, or, at the least, a man of mature age—one, who having mixed with the world and had experience of family life can enter into the feelings of the great family of man. Taking his place among the old men, like the elders of Israel, he would impart to the young of the treasures of his experience, and would be the universal counsellor—the friend and advocate of the poor, the ready umpire whose arbitration would prevent recourse to law, the sensible physician who would labour for the prevention of evils. A young man is not fitted for this important task, from the very impetuousness and restlessness of his years. It requires a man who has seen, learnt, and suffered much, and whose heart is with the words of peace that direct us to the world to come.

* The clergy of the several parts of the south of Germany, who are good Catholics, have formally expressed a wish that this anomalous state may be put an end to, and the church conform to the progress of the age, which has caused marriage to be regarded as the true modern state, just as celibacy was (ideally at least,) that of the middle age.—The position of the priest—alone, yet not alone; free, yet not free—in the midst of a world with which he cannot assimilate, suggests the idea of a convict condemned to solitary confinement, who should carry his cell about with him. Nothing can be more likely to drive him mad. (Compare Léon Faucher's admirable articles.) Every one knows the late story of the Benedictine abbé (if I remember rightly in the Tyrol) who, shrinking from violating his vows, and being unable to obtain a dispensation, stabbed himself to the heart.

THE END.

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THE PEOPLE.

BY

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AUTHOR OF "PRIESTS, WOMEN, AND FAMILIES,"
"HISTORY OF FRANCE," &c. &c.

TRANSLATED BY

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CONTENTS.

THE PEOPLE,

&c.

TO M. EDGAR QUINET.

This book is more than a book; it is myself, therefore it belongs to you.

It is I—and therefore I presume to say it is you, my friend. You have observed with truth, that our thoughts, whether we communicate them or not, always agree. Our hearts are one . . . beautiful harmony, which may appear surprising; but is it not natural? Has not the very variety of our labours sprung from the same living principle: "Sympathy with France; love of our country?"

Receive then this book of "The People," because it is you—because it is I. By your military descent and my manufacturing one, we represent in our two selves, as well as any others perhaps, the two modern faces of the people, and its recent advancement.

I have made this book out of myself, out of my life, and out of my heart. It is born of my experience, much more than of my studies. I have derived it from my observation, from my relations of friendship and of neighbourhood; have picked it up upon the roads; chance loves to favour those who follow out one continuous idea. Above all, I have found it in the recollections of my youth. To know the life of the people, their labours and their sufferings, I had but to interrogate my memory.

For I too, my friend, have laboured with my hands, and have earned the true name of modern man, that of workman, in more senses than one. Before making books I *composed* them (as printer); I have arranged letters before arranging ideas. I have known the weariness of the work-room, the depression of the long hours of . . . . .

Sad epoch! those were the last years of the Empire: all that I prized seemed doomed to perish,—family, fortune, country.—What is best in me, I owe without a doubt to these trials; whatever little the man or the historian is worth I ascribe to them; it is from them above all, that I have retained a profound appreciation of the people; the full knowledge of their internal worth, of *the virtue of sacrifice;* a tender recollection of those golden hearts which I have met with in the lower orders.

It is but natural, then, that knowing as much as any one can of the former history of the people, more than this, that having myself been one of them and lived as they, I should feel, when they are spoken of, an engrossing anxiety for the truth. Whenever the composition of my History has led me to the consideration of the questions of the day, and I have glanced at the books where those questions are discussed, I must own that I have been surprised to find almost all contradicting my recollections. On these occasions I have closed my books and thrown myself again as much as possible amongst the people; the solitary writer has plunged again into the crowd, listened to its murmur, marked its words. . . . It was indeed the same people; the only change has been in externals; my memory did not deceive me. . . . I went on then, consulting men, hearing them speak for themselves of their own lot; gathering from their own mouths that which one does not always meet with in the most brilliant writers—words of good sense.

This inquiry I began at Lyons, about ten years since. I have followed it up in other towns, studying at the same time with practical and matter of fact men, the real situation of the rural districts, so neglected by our economists. The amount of new information which I thus acquired, and which no book gives, would hardly be credited. Next to the conversation of men of genius, or of remarkable learning, that of the people is assuredly the most instructive. If you cannot converse with Beranger, Lamennais, or Lamartine, go to the fields and talk with the peasant. What is to be learnt from the middle class? and with respect to the fashionable, I never left a drawing-room without finding my heart contracted and colder.

My varied historical studies have opened up to me facts of the greatest interest, on which all historians are silent; for instance, the different phases and alternations in small properties before the Revolution. My inquest *on the living* has also taught me many things, which are not in statistics. I will cite one, which to some may be a matter of indifference, but to me is most important, and worthy of all attention—the immense quantities of cottons for clothing or household use, amassed by poor families about the year 1842, although wages had fallen, or, at least, had diminished in value through the natural fall in the value of money. This fact, grave in itself, as proof of progress in cleanliness, a virtue closely allied to all others, is still more so, inasmuch as it proves a growing fixity in domestic life, and, above all, the influence of the wife, who, gaining little or nothing herself, could not make this outlay but by setting aside part of the husband's wages: in all such households the wife is economy, order, providence. Each addition to her influence is a step in morality*.

* It is natural to conclude, from this immense acquisition of linen for household purposes—a fact to which all the manufacturers can bear witness—that some little furniture has been got together as well. There is nothing surprising

This instance is not without its use in showing how insufficient all the documents amassed in statistical and other works on economy are, even supposing them exact, to convey a correct idea of the people. They give partial and artificial results taken from a confined point of view, which lead to misapprehensions.

Writers and artists who follow a process the direct reverse of these abstract methods, ought to be able to carry the sentiment of life into the study of the people. Many indeed of the most eminent have handled this grand subject, and their talents have not failed them; their success has been immense. Europe, so long uninventive, seizes with avidity the productions of our literature. The English write little else now-a-days than articles in reviews; and as to German books, who reads them except Germans?

It would be worth while to examine whether those French works, which are so popular throughout Europe, and carry such authority with them, are a true representation of France: whether they have not rather given certain exceptional views, and most unfavourable ones; and whether paintings, wherein only our vices or deformities are to be found, have not done us an immensity of harm with foreign nations? The talents and sincerity of the authors, and the known liberality of their principles, give an overwhelming weight to their writings. The world has accepted their works as a terrible judgment of France against herself.

France has this to be said against her: she shows herself naked to the world. Other nations keep themselves, in a manner, veiled—dressed up. Germany, and even England, with all her "Commissions" and all her publicity, are but little known in comparison. They cannot see themselves, for want of centralization.

What is it that most catches the eye in the human figure divested of clothing? Its defects! Whatever blemish exists it instantly obtrudes itself on our notice. What would be the effect if an obliging hand were to place a magnifying-glass over this very blemish, to dilate it into colossal proportions, and to bring it pitilessly forward into the full glare of light, so that the smallest unevenness of the skin should become unnaturally exaggerated to the astonished beholder?

Here is precisely what has occurred with France. Her undeniable faults, which her interminable activity, stirring interests, and ever-teeming ideas satisfactorily explain, have been magnified by these powerful writers, until they have grown into monstrosities. And the consequence is, that Europe looks upon her as it would do on a monster.

Nothing has more materially served, in the political world, *the feeling of the respectable classes.* All aristocracies—English, Russian, and German—have only to point to her own testimony against herself; the pictures she draws of herself, by the hands of her best writers, the greater part of whom are the friends of the people, and partizans of reform. Is not the people that has been thus limned the terror of the world? Where are the armies or fortifications strong enough to hem them in, to watch them, until a favourable occasion arise for overwhelming them?

Immortal and classic romances, revealing the domestic tragedies of the higher and wealthier classes, have made it an established article of European belief, that domestic life is not to be found in France.

Other works, of incontestable talent, but dealing in terrible phantasmagoria, have given as examples of ordinary life in our towns, retaken criminals and returned convicts.

A painter of manners, of wonderful genius for details, amuses himself with painting a loathsome village ale-house, a low tavern for the reception of thieves and blackguards, and to this hideous sketch, he has the effrontery to affix a word which is the name of the majority of the inhabitants of France.

Europe reads greedily, admires, and recognizes such or such a touch from life; and from some minute incident which startles her with its truth, jumps to the conclusion that all the rest is true.

No people upon earth can stand such a test. This singular mania for blackening ourselves, for parading our sores, and, as it were, for courting disgrace, will be fatal to us in the end. Many, I know, belie the present, that they may hasten a more brilliant future, and exaggerate our evils to hurry us on to the fruition of the felicity which their theories are to secure us*. Have a care, nevertheless, have a care; it is a dangerous game to play. Europe takes no account of all these clever tricks; if we call ourselves despicable, she is very ready to believe us. Italy, in the sixteenth century was still a great country. The land of Michael Angelo and Christopher Columbus wanted not for

in the circumstance that the workman deposits less in the savings' banks than the servant. The latter buys no furniture, few clothes; he gradually manages to get clothed by his master. So it is a mistake to estimate the economical progress of the people by the deposits in the savings' banks; or to believe that the surplus which is not vested therein goes to the public-house. The wife, especially, would seem to strive to make her little home as neat and attractive as possible, to win her husband to stay in it; and hence that passion for flowers which may be observed even in the classes but one remove from actual distress.

* Philosophers, socialists, politicians, all men now-a-days agree to fritter away from the minds of the people the idea of France, as one great independent whole. Most dangerous is this! Remember that this people, more than any other, is, in all the excellence and force of the term, a *true society.* Isolate it from its social idea, it lapses into weakness. All governments have been telling it for these fifty years, that the France of the Revolution, which was its glory, its creed, was a chaos, a contradiction (*un non-sens*), a pure negation. The Revolution, on the other hand, had cried down ancient France, and told the people that nothing of its past history deserved remembrance. It forgot the old; the new is fading away. It has been no fault of politicians if the people have not become a *tabula rasa,* and forgot its own existence.

How should it be other than weak now? It knows not itself. Every effort is made to efface from its mind the sense of the glorious unity which was its life: you are plucking its soul out of it. This soul was its sense of France as a grand fraternity of living men, as a glorious companionship with our Frenchmen of the olden ages. Yet these olden ages are within it, are part and parcel of its being; it is conscious of their stir within, yet cannot recognize them. It is not told what that grand deep voice is, which murmurs within it, like the distant bass of an organ in a cathedral.

Men of reflection and study, artists, writers—all have a holy and sacred duty to fulfil towards the people; and this is, to throw aside our sorry paradoxes, our freaks of the mind, which have aided politicians not a little in concealing France from the people, enfeebling its idea of it, in making it despise its country.

energies. But no sooner had she proclaimed herself miserable and degraded, by the voice of Machiavel, than the world echoed the words, and marched upon her.

We are not Italy, God be praised; and the day when the world shall agree to come to visit our France, will be hailed by our soldiers as the happiest of their lives.

Let it suffice to all nations to learn, that this people in no way resemble their pretended portraits. Not that our great artists have always failed; but they have chiefly delighted in exceptional details,—in accidental effects, at the most; they have given, in each style, the lesser, the under side of things. They have appeared to think the broader features too well known, trivial, and vulgar. They have required effects, and have searched for them out of the beaten track of life. Born, one may say, of agitation and tumult, they have painted with a passionate and stormy strength, yet, at times, with a touch as true and delicate as strong. Their chief defect has been in the want of any large perception of harmony.

Our novelists have supposed that art lies in the revolting, and believed that its most infallible effects were to be found in moral deformity. To them, a vagabond love has seemed more poetical than the domestic affections; robbery than industry; the galleys than the workshop. Had they but tasted for themselves, by personal sufferings, of the profound realities of the life of this epoch, they would then have seen that the family circle, the hard work, the lives of the humblest and the meanest of the people, have a holy poetry of their own. To feel this, and to describe it, is not the business of the machinist—is no proper subject for stage effect; only it requires to bring to the study the "single eye," adapted to the subdued light of these humble scenes, fitted to penetrate into the obscure, the small, and the humble, aided by the heart which shrinks not from the recesses of the fireside, thrown into Rembrandt shades.

Whenever our great writers have taken this view, they have been worthy of all admiration; but, too generally, they have turned aside their eyes to the fantastic, the violent, the strange, the rare; nor have they even deigned to warn us that they have been painting the exception. Their readers, their foreign readers especially, have taken their paintings as the rule. They have said, "Such is this people." And I, who am come of the people? I, who have lived, worked, suffered with the people; I, who more than any other have earned the right to say that I know them; I now come forward to oppose to all these exceptional paintings the people in their personality.

And this personality I have not seized on the surface, in its picturesque and dramatic points of view; I have not seen it from without, but have experienced it from within; and from this experience I have been enabled to comprehend more than one individual trait of the people which they possess without knowing it. Wherefore? Because I could trace it to its historical origin, and see it growing from the beginning of time. Whoever restricts himself to the present, the actual, will never comprehend the present or the actual. Whoever contents himself with seeing the exterior, and painting the form, does not see it even. To see it correctly, to paint it faithfully, we must know that which is within; no painting without anatomy.

It is not in a small work like this, that I can teach such a science. All I can do is, to throw out a few remarks essential to the comprehension of the state of our manners, to give some general results, setting aside all details bearing upon method, manner of learning, and the preparatory labour required.

And here one word only. The one feature which (in my long study of this people) has always struck me as pre-eminently remarkable is, that amongst the most disorderly, the most vicious, and the most wretched, I have found a mine of sentiment and a warmth of heart rarely met with in the wealthier classes. And this lies on the surface, is obvious to all observers. When the cholera was raging, who was it that adopted the children left orphans? The poor.

The faculty of devotion, the power of sacrifice—that is my rule for classifying mankind. Whoever possesses it in the highest degree, he it is who may best claim the title of hero. Superiority of talents, which results partly from education, can never enter into competition with this divine faculty.

To this there is one common-place answer,—"that the people, generally speaking, are but short-sighted; that they are led away by an instinct of goodness, the blind impulse of a good heart, because they cannot foresee the cost." Were this observation correct, it in no way takes from what must be allowed them,—the indefatigable sacrifice, the persevering devotion, of which the labouring poor so often give an example; and a devotion which does not end even with the immolation of one entire life, but often lasts from one life to another during whole generations.

Many an affecting story I could tell in proof, but I must not. However, I am strongly tempted, my friend, to give you one—that of my own family. You have not yet heard it. Our conversations have been more frequently of philosophy or politics, than of any personal matters. I yield to the temptation, which affords me the rich delight of acknowledging the persevering and heroic sacrifices of my family, in order to advance my welfare, and of expressing my gratitude to my relatives, some of whom have in their modesty buried superior talents in obscurity, and have only wished to live in me.

Both my father and my mother's family, the one Picard, the other belonging to the Ardennes, were peasants, who joined manual labour to the pursuit of agriculture. They were both large (twelve children in the one, nineteen in the other), and many of my uncles and aunts on both sides abstained from marrying in order to contribute to the education of some of the boys who were placed at school. Sacrifice the first which I have to notice.

In my mother's family particularly, the sisters, all remarkable for economy, seriousness, and the austere virtues, were slaves to their brothers; and to help them forward in the world, completely buried themselves in the village. Several of them, however, though without cultivation, and living apart from the world on the skirts of a wood, were endowed with acute and refined intellects. I have heard one of them, who was advanced in years, recite the ancient border stories as well as Walter Scott. They all had great clearness and

strength of understanding. There was no lack of priests among their cousins and relations, priests of divers sorts, worldly and fanatic; but they never gained the ascendancy. Our prudent and sensible spinsters never gave them the slightest hold upon them. They were fond of relating how one of our great uncles of the name of Michaud (was it? or Paillard?) was burnt once upon a time for having written a certain book.

My father's father, who was a teacher of music at Laon, got together his little savings after the Reign of Terror and came to Paris, where my father was employed in the printing-office of the assignats. Instead of laying out his money in land, as others were then doing, he entrusted all that he had to my father, his eldest son, and embarked the whole in a printing-office, exposed to the risks of the Revolution. A brother and sister of my father's determined not to marry in order to forward this arrangement; but my father married one of these same sedate spinsters of the Ardennes, of whom I spoke just now. And I was born in 1798, in the choir of the chapel of a nunnery, occupied at the time partly by our printing-office,—occupied, *not* profaned; for what is the press in modern times, if not the holy ark?

The printing-office succeeded admirably at first, fed by the debates of our assemblies, by the news from our armies, by the stirring life of the times. About the year 1800, a heavy blow was dealt it by the general suppression of newspapers. My father was permitted to continue but one, an ecclesiastical paper, on which he made a large outlay, when his licence was suddenly recalled to be given to a priest upon whom Napoleon thought he could depend, but who soon betrayed him.

We know how this great man was punished by these same priests, because he believed the consecration of Rome to be better than that of France. In 1810, he saw more clearly. But on whom fell his wrath? On the press! He hurled sixteen decrees against it in two years. My father, half ruined by him to advantage the priests, was now wholly so, to expiate their faults.

One morning we received a visit from a gentleman more polite than the generality of these imperial agents were, who informed us that his majesty the emperor had reduced the number of printers to sixty; the great printers were untouched, *the little ones shut up*; but with a magnificent indemnification of nearly a shilling in the pound. We were of the number; so there was nothing left for us to do but to be resigned and die of hunger. But we were in debt. The emperor gave us no reprieve from the Jews, as he had done Alsace. We could only hit upon one resource, this was to print for our creditors some works which belonged to my father. We could no longer employ workmen, so did the work ourselves. My father, who attended to some business out of doors, could not help us. My mother, an invalid, applied herself to book-stitching, cut, and folded. I, a child, composed. My grandfather, old and very feeble, undertook the hard work of the press, and worked the machine with his trembling hands.

The books which we printed, and which sold well enough, contrasted singularly from their frivolity with these years of tragic and terrible destruction; being trifling games, plays, charades, and acrostics. There was nothing here to feed the soul of the young compositor. But so it was, the very emptiness and dryness of these sorry productions left my mind the more at liberty. Never, I do believe, have I so revelled in my imagination as during the time I was fixed, immoveable, at the case. The more I was animated by my ideal romances, the more rapid became my hand, the quicker I picked up the letters. . . . And then I learnt that manual labours, which call for neither extreme delicacy nor great strength, are by no means unfavourable to the exercise of the imagination. I have known many distinguished females say that they could neither think, nor talk, so well as when employed at their needlework.

I was now twelve years of age, and knew as yet nothing, unless it be the few words of Latin I learnt from an old bookseller who had been a village schoolmaster, an enthusiastic student of grammar; who was also a man of antique mould, and a warm revolutionist, but who, nevertheless, had saved at the peril of his life the emigrants he detested. He left me, on his death-bed, all that he had in the world—a manuscript, a very remarkable grammar, though incomplete; for he had been able to consecrate to it the labours of but twenty or thirty years.

Solitary and free, left entirely to my own guidance by the excessive indulgence of my parents, I was all imagination. I had read some few volumes which fell into my hands, a Mythology, a Boileau, and a few pages of The Imitation.

In consequence of the extreme and unceasing embarrassments of my family, my mother an invalid, and my father occupied out of doors, I had not yet imbibed any religious ideas. . . And yet, in these pages, I descry, all at once, at the term of this sorrowful world, deliverance by death, another life and hope! Religion thus imbibed, without human interposition, took strong hold upon me. It was something I could call my own; a free, living source of comfort, so interfused into my very being as to assimilate all to itself, gaining strength as it grew from a thousand tender and holy things both in poetry and the arts, which are erroneously supposed to be alien from religion.

How shall I describe the state of dreamy delight into which I was thrown by the first words of The Imitation! I did not read, I listened. . . it was as if this sweet, paternal voice was addressing myself. . . . I have before me now the large unfurnished room, cold and desolate; it appeared to me actually illuminated by a mysterious radiance. . . . I could not enter deeply into this book, not comprehending Christ, but I felt God.

The strongest impression left me by my younger days next to this, is the Museum of French Monuments, since so shamefully destroyed. It was there, and there only, that I received the first vivid impressions of history. In fancy I filled those tombs—I felt the dead, as it were, through the marble; and it was not without some terror that I visited the vaults, where slept Dagobert, Chilperic, and Fredegonda.

The scene of my daily toil, our printing-office, was little less sombre. For some time this was a cellar, a cellar as regarded the boulevard where we lived, but the ground-floor of the lower street. I had there for company sometimes my grandfather, but always a certain industrious spider,

who worked close to me, and certainly harder than I. Amongst privations and hardships, which were certainly beyond what fall to the lot of most workmen, I had many blessings. The kindness of my parents, their faith in my future success—inexplicable truly, when I reflect how little progress I had made. My bounden work excepted, I was left entirely uncontrolled; a freedom which I never abused. I was an apprentice, but not placed in contact with minds of a coarse order, whose brutality would perhaps have stripped me of this flower of liberty. In the morning, before I went to my work, I waited upon my old master, who gave me a task of some five or six lines; and I have retained this much from my experience at this age, that improvement depends far less upon length of tasks and hours of application than is supposed. Children can take in but a little each day; they are like a vase with a narrow neck; you may pour little or pour much, but much will not enter at a time.

In spite of my want of capacity for music, which horrified my grandfather, I was quite sensible of the regal and majestic harmony of the Latin tongue. Its grand and sonorous Italian melody warmed me like a beam of the southern sun. I was born, like a plant in the shade, between two Paris streets, and so throve under this genial warmth from another clime. Without knowing anything of quantity or of the profound rhythm of the ancient tongues, I had sought for, and discovered in my themes, Romano-rustic melodies, like the *proses* of the Middle Ages. A child, so that he is left to himself, will follow precisely the same road as an infant people.

With the exception of the miseries ever attendant on poverty, and which I felt keenly in the winter, this very time of mixed labour, of Latin and of friendship (for I had a friend, of whom I shall speak in this book), was sweet as it passed, is sweet to remember. Rich in youth, in imagination, perhaps in love already, I envied none. As I have before said, man naturally would not know envy. It must be taught him.

Soon, however, all became gloom. My mother grew worse, France also (Moscow! . . 1813!). The indemnification allowed us by government, was exhausted. In this extremity of penury, a friend of my father's offered to get me into the Imperial printing-office; a great temptation to my poor parents. Few would have hesitated—but faith was always strong in our family—first, faith in my father, to whom the whole of our domestic circle had sacrificed themselves; then faith in me. It was I who was to repair, to save all.

Had my parents, yielding to the reason of the case, made a mechanic of me, and saved themselves, should I have been lost? No! I see amongst the industrial portion of the community men of great merit, who for intellect and intelligence are at least equal to men of letters, and are still better as to worth. . . . But, again, what difficulties should I have encountered; what struggles in the absence of all means; and amidst the general distress of the times? My father, without resources, my mother still ill, made up their minds that I should have learning, whatever might happen.

Our situation pressed for decision; so, knowing neither verse-making, nor Greek, I entered the third form at the college of Charlemagne. My difficulties may easily be comprehended, as I had no tutor to assist me. My mother, so firm up to this moment, gave way, and wept. My father set about writing Latin verses for me; he who had never attempted them before.

My greatest mercy in this terrible passage from solitude into such a crowd, from night to day, was, without doubt, the professor, Mons. Andrieu D'Alba, a man of equal piety and goodness of heart. My worst trial was my young companions. I was thrown among them like an owl in full daylight, all aghast. They thought me a fit subject for ridicule, and I now believe they were right; at the time, I attributed their jests to my appearance, to my poverty. I began, too, for the first time, to perceive one thing,—that I was poor.

On this I inferred that all the rich were wicked; that all were so, for I saw few who were not richer than myself. I sank into a state of misanthropy, rarely felt by youth. I sought the most deserted streets, in the most deserted quarter of Paris, "Le Marais." But, at any rate, during this excess of antipathy to mankind, there remained this good within me—I felt no envy.

My greatest solace, that which renovated my spirit most, was, on Sundays and Thursdays, to read two or three times following, a canto of Virgil, a book of Horace. By degrees, they became impressed on my memory, for I was never able to learn a lesson by heart, as others do.

I recollect, that in this fulness of my misery, suffering both from present privations and fears of the future, the enemy at our gates (1814!) and my own enemies daily jeering me, one Thursday morning, I huddled myself together. I had no fire, the ground was covered with snow, I could not be sure of another meal—all seemed over with me; but I had within me, without any mixture of religious hope, a purely stoical sentiment. I suddenly struck my oak table (which I have always kept), with my frost-bitten hand, and my heart throbbed with the virile joy of youth and divination of the future.

"What have I to fear now," I said to myself; "I who have died so often both in myself and in history? What have I to wish for? God has granted me, through history, to become a sharer in all things."

Life has but one hold upon me. I felt this, the twelfth day of February last. Thirty years had passed since the day of which I have been speaking. The weather was the same—there was the same snow, I was seated at the same table. One thought choked me—"You are warm, others cold . . . this is not right . . . Ah! what can comfort me for this hard inequality?" Then, looking at my hand which, since 1813, has borne the marks of the frost, I said to console myself—"If thou hadst worked with the people thou wouldst not be working for them. . . . Cheer up; if thou givest thy country its history I allow thee to be happy*".

To return. My faith was not absurd, as it was founded on will; I believed in the future, because

* I owed much to the encouragement of my illustrious professors, MM. Villemain and Leclerc; and I can never forget that once M. Villemain, after the reading of an exercise which much pleased him, descended from his seat, and came and placed himself by my side on the school form.

I would make it for myself. My studies finished soon and successfully. I had the happiness, on leaving college, to have escaped the two influences which were the bane of the young student: from the philosophy of the doctrinists, majestic, but sterile; and from literary employment, which was easy to be obtained from the publishers, who were then glad to catch at anything.

I would not live by my pen. I preferred a real trade; so chose that for which my studies had best fitted me—teaching. I thought with Rousseau, that literature ought to be a sacred thing, the luxury of life, the treasured flower of the soul. How happy used I to feel when, after having given my morning lessons, I returned to my home in the fauxbourg, near Père la Chaise, and luxuriated all day long in reading the poets—Homer, Sophocles, Theocritus, and sometimes the historians. One of my old schoolfellows and my dearest friends, Mons. Poret, was pursuing a similar course of study, and our daily readings formed a never-ending topic of conversation during our long walks in the forest of Vincennes.

This careless life lasted little less than ten years, during which I never suspected that I was one day to turn author. I taught the languages, philosophy, and history; and in 1821 I gained a professorship in a college by public competition. In 1827, two works, which I published at the same time, my "*Vico*," and my "*Précis de l'Histoire Moderne*," gained me a professorship at the Normal school*.

Teaching was of great advantage to me. The terrible trial of my college life had changed my character, had shrunk me up, and made me timid and mistrustful. Married early, and living in complete solitude, I cared less and less for the converse of my fellows. The society of my pupils, at the Normal school and elsewhere, served to soften and expand my heart. This rising generation, full of the amiability and confidence of youth, who looked up to and believed in me, reconciled me to my species. I was touched, often saddened, at seeing how rapidly wave after wave of youth passed by me; hardly did I attach myself, before they were gone. And now they are all dispersed, and many—so young!—are dead. Few of them have forgotten me; for myself, I shall never forget them, living or dead.

They rendered me, without knowing it, an immense service; for if I had, as an historian, any especial merit which upheld me by the side of my illustrious predecessors, I owed it to teaching, which was with me a labour of love. The great historians of whom I speak were grand, brilliant, just, profound; but I loved more.

I have also suffered more. The trials of my childhood are ever present to me; I have never lost the impression of my hard working days, of a harsh laborious way of life—I am still one of the people.

I said a little while ago, that I grew up like a shrub half hidden between two streets; but the shrub has kept its sap as well as the floweret of the Alps. My solitary way of life, which turns even Paris into a desert, the independence of my study, the unfettered freedom of my teaching, (unfettered, and everywhere the same,) aggrandised without changing me. Too often they who rise lose by rising, because they allow themselves to alter; they become mongrels, bastards; they lose the originality of the class from which they rose, without gaining that of any other. . . The difficulty is not to rise, but in rising, to remain oneself.

The rise of the people, their progress, is often, now-a-days, compared to the invasion of *the Barbarians*. I like the word, I accept the term. . . . *Barbarians!* yes! that is to say, full of sap, fresh, vigorous, and for ever springing up. *Barbarians*, that is to say, travellers towards the Rome of the future; proceeding slowly, perhaps, but each generation advancing a little, then halting in death; but others go on advancing from the point where they stopped.

We have, we Barbarians, a great natural advantage; if the upper classes excel us in refinement, we have much more vital heat. They have neither the ability to work hard, nor the intensity and stubbornness of feeling to carry them on; nor do they make it matter of conscience. Their elegant writers, spoilt children of the world, seem to glide among the clouds, or else, haughtily eccentric, scarce deigning to touch the earth—how then can they fecundate it? This earth asks to drink of the sweat of man's brow, to be impregnated by his warmth and living virtue. Our Barbarians lavish all this upon her, and she loves them. They love too, "not wisely, but too well," giving sometimes into minutiæ, with the holy grotesqueness of Albert Dürer, or the too elaborate polish of Jean Jacques, which does not sufficiently conceal the trick of art, and by this minuteness of detail compromises the effect of the whole. We must not be too severe upon them. Their faults proceed from excess of zeal, superabundance of sensibility, and often from the teeming strength of the vital principle, which, misdirected and perplexed, wrongs itself, striving to give everything at once—leaves, fruit, and flowers—till it breaks or distorts the branches.

These defects, common to great workers, are to be often found in my works, without their other qualities. It matters not: those who start up thus with the sap of the people in them, do not the less introduce into art a new burst of life and principle of youth; or at least leave on it the impress of a great result. They are apt to aim higher, further than others; consulting their heart rather than their strength. Be it my share in the future, not to have attained, but to have marked the end of history, to have named it by a name given by no one before me. Thierry called it *narration*, and M. Guizot *analysis*. I have named it *resurrection*, and it will retain the name.

Were I to review my books, they would meet with no severer critic than myself. The public has treated me only too indulgently. Can any one doubt my seeing the many imperfections of the present? . . . Why, then, publish it? You must have a great interest in it, or . . .

An interest? . . . Oh! much interest! In the first place, I shall lose by publishing it many friends; in the next, I renounce a life of peace, which suits my habits, and I drive off the completion of my great work, the monument of my life.

* I quitted it with regret in 1837, when the eclectic influence was uppermost. In 1838, the Institute and the College of France having both elected me, I obtained the chair I now occupy.

"I see: to enter into public life." Never. My own opinion of myself has long been settled. I have neither health nor talent for it; nor the power of managing my fellow-men.

"Still; why publish?" If you must know, I will tell you.

I speak, because no one would speak for me. Not but that there are many men more capable of doing it, but all are embittered and jaundiced by hates. I—I have ever loved. . . . Perhaps, too, I am better versed in the antecedents of France; I have lived in its grand eternal life, and not in the mere present. I have been more alive to sympathies and dead to interests; and so can face the questions of the day with the disinterestedness of the dead.

Besides, I have suffered more than any one else from the deplorable divorce which it is attempted to effect between men, between classes—for I unite them all in my own person.

The situation of France has become so grave that I could not hesitate. I am not led away by any exaggerated notion of the effects a book can produce; but the question with me is one of duty, not of ability.

I look, and see France sinking hourly, swallowed up like one of the Atlantides. Whilst we are disputing, our country disappears.

Who does not see, from east and from west, a death-like shade oppressively overhanging Europe; that, day by day, we have less sun; that Italy has perished; that Ireland has perished; that Poland has perished. . . . And that Germany wishes to perish! . . . O Germany, Germany! . . .

Were France dying of natural decay, were her time come, I might, perhaps, resign myself; I might, like a voyager in a sinking ship, close my eyes on the awful sight, and commit myself to God. . . . But our situation is nothing of the kind; and hence my vexation. Our ruin is absurd, laughable; it is our own doing, ours only. Who have a literature? Who are the directors of the mind of Europe? We; all enfeebled as we are. Who have an army? We; we only.

England and Russia, two weak and swollen giants, impose on Europe—great empires, feeble peoples! . . . Let France be one for a moment; she is strong as the world.

The first point to be attended to before the crisis* comes, is to know ourselves thoroughly, and not, as in 1792, and again in 1815, to have to change our front, our manœuvres, and our system in presence of the enemy.

The second is to trust to France, and in no degree to Europe.

Here, each goes abroad for his friends†; the politician to London, the philosopher to Berlin; the communist says, "Our brothers the Chartists." The peasant alone has preserved the tradition in which safety consists; a Prussian is a Prussian to him, an Englishman an Englishman. His good sense teaches him right whatever you may say, ye philanthropists! Prussia, your friend, and England, your friend, drank the other day the health of Waterloo to France.

Children, children, hearken—ascend a mountain, provided it be lofty enough, look to the four quarters of the globe, you will see only enemies.

Be it your task to come to an understanding with one another. Let us try to make a beginning among ourselves of that perpetual peace which some promise you (whilst the arsenals are ringing with the sound of preparation . . . see the black smoke over Cronstadt and over Portsmouth). True, we are divided; but Europe believes us to be more divided than we really are—and hence, her presumption. Whatever hard things we have to say to one another, let us out with them, let us open our hearts, let us hide none of our ailments, but set about discovering the remedy.

One people! one country! one France! . . . Never, I pray you, let us become two nations.

Without unity, we perish. How is it you see this not?

Frenchmen of all conditions, of all classes, remember one thing: you have but one sure friend on this earth—France. In the eyes of the still subsisting coalition of aristocracies, it will ever be a crime that, fifty years ago, you attempted to give the world freedom. They have not pardoned that attempt; they never will. You are their constant fear. You may distinguish yourselves from each other by different party names, but as Frenchmen, you are condemned by the rest of the world in one undistinguished mass. Be assured, France will never bear any but one name in the mind of Europe; that inexpiable name, which is also its true and eternal one—The Revolution.

Jan. 14th, 1846.

* A thirty years' peace is unknown in history. The bankers, who foresaw no revolution (not even that of the "Three Days," which many of them laboured to bring about), affirm that Europe will remain quiet. Their grand reason is, that *the world finds its advantage in peace*. The world, yes; not we. The rest run; we walk. Another moment, we shall be last in the race. A second reason of this is, *No war without a loan, and we won't advance one.* But if the war begin with a treasure, such as Russia has amassed, or pay its own expenses as in Napoleon's time, &c.

† Take a German or Englishman, at random, even the most liberal; speak to him of liberty, he will rejoin—liberty. Then get at his meaning of the word. You will find it bears as many senses as there are nations; that both the German and English democrat are aristocrats at heart; that the barrier of nationalities which you thought swept away, is still erect. All those people you believe so near, such close neighbours, are five hundred leagues off from you.

PART THE FIRST.

OF SLAVERY AND HATE.

CHAPTER I.

SERVITUDES OF THE PEASANT.

Do we wish to know the fixed idea, the ruling passion of the French peasant; we have only to take a country walk of a Sunday, and follow him. There he is, yonder before us. It is two o'clock; his wife is at vespers; he is in his Sunday's best. I warrant you he is going to see his mistress.

What mistress? His bit of land.

I don't say that he is going straight there. No; he is free to-day; can go or not as he likes. Is he not there often enough of week days? . . . And, see, he turns away; he is going elsewhere; he has business elsewhere. . . . Nay, but he is going there.

It is true he has to go close by it, and the opportunity is thrown in his way. He looks at it, but doesn't seem going into it. What should he do there to-day? . . . Sure enough, he does turn into it.

But he can't be going to work; he has his Sunday clothes on, his white shirt and blouse. That is no reason, however, that he should not pick up some weed or stone that has no business there. That stump, too, is in the way; but he has not his pick with him; it must stay till to-morrow.

So he crosses his arms, and takes a long, serious, thoughtful look. Long, very long, does he look; he seems lost in thought. At last, the sudden thought that he may be watched, or the footstep of a passer-by, startles him, and he turns away slowly and lingeringly. Hardly has he gone thirty yards when he stops, turns round, and fixes on his bit of land a last look—a deep, gloomy one; but, to a keen observer, that look is all passion, all heart, all devotion.

If this is not love, by what sign do you recognize it in this world? Smile not; it is love. . . . The land requires this love to make it yield; without it, this poor land of France, almost without cattle and without manure, would give nothing. It yields, because it is loved.

The land of France belongs to fifteen or twenty millions of peasants, who cultivate it; the land of England to an aristocracy of thirty-two thousand individuals, who get it cultivated *.

The English, not striking the same roots into the soil, emigrate wherever gain invites. They say, *our country* (le pays); we, *our native land* (la patrie) *. With us, man and the land are linked together, and will not sever; they are lawfully married, for life and death. The Frenchman has wedded France.

France is a land of equity. In doubtful cases, she has generally adjudged the land to him who has tilled it †. England, on the contrary, has decided in favour of the lord, and expelled the peasant; she is now only cultivated by labourers.

Serious moral difference! Whether a possession be great or small, it rejoices the heart. The man who would otherwise be without self-respect, respects and values himself on account of his little holding. It is a sentiment which adds to the just pride born in this people of their incomparable military renown. Single out at random from that crowd a working man who owns a twentieth of an acre, you will not find in him the feelings of the working man, the hireling; he is a landowner, a soldier (he either has been, or will be one to-morrow); his father was in *the grand army*.

Small holdings are no novelty in France. It is erroneously supposed that they are of late date, the work of one crisis, an accident of the Revolution. A grand mistake. The Revolution found them widely spread, and was born of this long established change. In 1785, an excellent observer, Arthur Young, was surprised and alarmed at seeing the land *so divided* here. In 1738, the abbé de St. Pierre observes, that in France "*the working-class have almost all a garden on some strip of a vineyard or of a field* ‡." In 1697, Boisguille-

* And out of these thirty-two thousand, twelve thousand belong to corporate bodies in Mortmain. If it be objected, that in England there are nearly three millions of persons who hold more or less real property (*propriété foncière*), it must be remembered that this term includes, besides land, houses, and the small plots of ground, court-yards, gardens, annexed to houses, more especially in the vicinity of manufacturing towns.

* Our Anglo-French say *pays* to avoid saying *patrie*. See the intelligent and vivid remarks of M. Genin, *Des Variations du Langage Français*, p. 417.

† This is one of the intellectual characteristics of our Revolution, which regarded man and the labour of man as of inestimable value, not to be put in comparison with the purse: the land went with the man. In England, on the contrary, man goes with the land. Even in the non-feudal provinces, where the Celtic principle of the clan has alone been in operation, the English lawyers have applied the feudal principle in its extremest vigour, ruling that the lord is not only *suzerain*, but proprietor. Thus, a Scotch county, exceeding in extent the department of the Upper Rhine, was adjudged to belong to the duchess-countess of Sutherland, and it was cleared, in the space of nine years (from 1811 to 1820), of three thousand families, who had been settled on it since Scotland was Scotland, the duchess offering a slight indemnification, which many would not accept. I beg my readers to peruse the account of this splendid transaction, for which we are indebted to the duchess's factor, James Loch, in his account of the improvements on the Estates of the Marquis of Stafford (8vo, 1820). An analysis of this publication is given by M. de Sismondi, in his *Etudes d'Economie Politique*, 1837.

‡ Saint Pierre, t x. p. 251 (Rotterdam). The authority of this writer, of little weight, is weighty in this particular, as he wrote from official information.

bert deplores the necessity to which the small proprietors were reduced in Louis Fourteenth's day, of parting with most of the holdings they had acquired in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

This great, but little known history, presents one remarkable feature—in the worst times, in periods of universal poverty, when the rich become poor and are forced to sell, the poor find themselves enabled to buy. In default of purchasers, the ragged peasant steps in with his bit of gold, and becomes possessor of a nook of land.

Strange mystery; this man must have a treasure concealed somewhere. . . . He has—in his constant labour, sobriety, and frugality. God seems to have bestowed on this indestructible race, as their patrimony, the gift of toiling, of fighting, of doing without food at a pinch, of brave lightness of heart, of living on hope.

These periods of misfortune in which the peasant has been able to purchase land cheaply, have always been followed by a sudden and inexplicable increase of productiveness. About the year 1500, for instance, when France, exhausted by Louis XI., seems about to consummate her ruin in Italy, the nobles who accompany the army are obliged to sell; the land, passing into new hands, all at once teems with plenty; men work and build. This moment of prosperity (to speak in the accredited style of monarchical history) is called *the good Louis XII.*

Unhappily, it is but momentary. Scarcely has the land been brought into heart before the screw of taxation is applied; the religious wars follow and threaten to strip even the very earth *—a time of fearful misery, of famine in which mothers devour even their own children! . . . Who could suppose the country would recover? . . . Nevertheless, hardly are the wars over than from these ravaged fields and black and smoking huts come forth the peasant's savings. He buys; in ten years the face of France is changed; in twenty or thirty, the land has doubled, tripled its value. This moment, also baptized with a royal name, is called *the good Henry IV.* and the great Richelieu.

Glorious movement! What man is there whose heart does not respond to it? Yet, why be ever stopping, and why are so many efforts all but lost before they have brought in their reward? . . . Do we reflect how much of labour, of sacrifice, of deadly privation, is compressed in these words—*the poor man saves, the peasant buys*, these simple words which fall from our tongue so glibly? The perspiration drops from one's forehead when one watches in detail the diverse accidents, the successes and reverses of this obstinate struggle; when we observe the unconquerable strain with which this miserable man has clutched, let go, then seized again upon this land of France. . . . Like the poor shipwrecked mariner who touches the shore, lays hold of it, is borne seaward by the receding wave, but struggles back; and, lacerated, and grasping the rock with bleeding hands, clings to it still.

This movement, I must own, relaxed, rather stopped, about the year 1650. The nobles who had sold, found a means to buy back again cheaply. Whilst our Italian ministers, a Mazarin and an Emeri, were doubling the taxes, the nobles who thronged the court easily obtained complete exemption, so that the burden fell doubled right upon the shoulders of the weak and poor, who were obliged to sell or give away the properties of which they had been such brief possessors, and to become once more hirelings, farmers, *métayers*, day-labourers. And by what incredible efforts they were able through all the wars and bankruptcies of the grand monarch, and of the regent, to keep or recover the lands which we have just now proved to have been theirs in the eighteenth century, is a fact never yet explained.

I pray and implore our law-makers, or law-administrators, to read the details of the fatal re-action of Mazarin's time, and that of Louis XIV., in the indignant and weeping pages in which they have been registered by a great citizen, Pesant de Boisguillebert *. May this history operate as a warning for them at this moment, when different influences are emulously striving to stop France in her chiefest work—the acquisition of land by the labourer.

Our magistrates, especially, need enlightenment on this subject, and to arm their consciences thereon, for they are attacked by craft and guile. The large proprietors, roused from their apathy by the lawyers, have lately brought innumerable unjust actions; and there has come into play against the *communes* and the small holders a special class of antiquarian pleaders, whose conjoint aim is to falsify history in order to mislead justice. They know that the judges have rarely time to examine their fabrications; and that those whom they proceed against can seldom show a regular and formal title. The *communes*, in particular, have either been most careless about them, or have never had any; and precisely because their rights are of high antiquity, and revert to a period when tradition was the safeguard of title.

In all frontier districts, especially †, the rights of the poor ought to be considered the more sacred, because but for reliance on such rights none would have peopled these dangerous *marches*, the land would have been a desert; there would neither have been inhabitants nor cultivation. And here, at this day, in a time of peace and security, you come and dispute the right of those to the land without whom the land would not have existed! You ask for their title-deeds. They are buried in the ground; they are the bones of their forefathers who kept your frontier, and who still guard the sacred line.

* See Froumenteau, *Secret des Finances de France* (1581), and, especially, the *Preuves*, p. 397, 398.

* A great citizen, eloquent writer, and practical man, not to be confounded with the utopists of the period. The idea of the *royal tenth* is erroneously attributed to him. What can be bolder than the beginning of his *Factum*? and, at the same time, what more painful? 'Tis the deep-drawn sigh of the agony of France. Boisguillebert published it in March, 1707, though Vauban had been proceeded against the month before for a far less daring work. How is it that no statue has yet been erected to this heroic man by Rouen, which gave him a triumphal reception on his return from his exile? . . . (This work of his has been recently reprinted in the Collection des Economistes.)

† Add that, in the middle age, what with the division of so many provinces, seigniories, and fiefs, which form so many states, *the frontier is everywhere*. Even in more recent times, the English frontier was in the centre of France, being in Poitou down to the thirteenth, and in Limousin down to the fourteenth century, &c.

There is more than one district in France in which the cultivator has a right to the land which takes precedence of all others—that of having made it. I do not speak figuratively. Look at those parched rocks, those arid summits, of the south; where, I ask you, would the land be without the man? The proprietor is there the property; which is the work of his untiring arm, which all day long hammers the flint to dust, and mingles a little soil with it. The land exists in the strong back of the vinedresser, ever pushing up from the bottom of the hill his little plot, which is ever crumbling down. The land exists in the docility and patient ardour of the wife and child, who yoke themselves with their ass to the plough, . . . a painful sight, . . . which nature herself compassionates. From rock to rock hangs the small vine. The chestnut, sober and hardy plant, strikes root into the flint, seems to live on air, and, like its master, to thrive on fasting*.

Yes, man makes the land; a truth applicable even to the poorest countries. Never must we forget this, if we would comprehend how much, how passionately, he loves her. Let us remember that for whole ages, generation after generation has expended upon her the sweat of the living, the bones of the dead, their savings, their nourishment. . . . This land, on which man has so long expended man's better part, his sap and substance, his energy, his virtue, he feels to be a human land, and he loves her as if she were a living being.

He loves her. To acquire her he consents to everything, even to see her no more; he emigrates, goes to a distance if it must be, supported by this thought and recollection. What think you is that Savoyard errand-boy, who is sitting on yon door-step, thinking of? Of the little field of rye, of the right of scanty pasture, which, on his return, he will buy on his mountain. It will take ten years! No matter †! . . . The Alsacian will sell his life, and go to die in Africa ‡, in order to have land in seven years' time. For a few feet of a vineyard, the Burgundian woman takes her bosom from her own child's mouth, and puts a stranger's infant to it, weaning her own before its time. "Thou may'st live, may'st die," says the father; "but if thou livest, my son, thou wilt have land!"

* I felt all this when, in May, 1844, going from Nîmes to the Puy, I crossed Ardèche, that savage district where all is of man's creation. Nature had made it frightful; thanks to him, it is lovely, lovely in May, though, even then, wearing a severe grace which rendered the moral effect the more touching. It cannot be said that the lord has given the land to the villein there—there was no land. What a pang shot through me then! to see still on the rocky eminences those stern, gloomy donjon-keeps which levied tribute so long on so poor and meritorious a race, that owed nothing but to themselves. My monuments, those which refreshed my eyes, were the humble huts of flint or stone, without mortar, in the valleys; the abode of the peasants. These houses are gloomy, and wear a desolate look, with their little ill-watered, indigent, and meagre garden; but their large, arched entrances, with a flight of noble steps, set them off. The harvest was at its height,—the silk harvest, and this poor district looked rich. Under the sombre doorway of each house, sat a young spinner, who, whilst plying her foot busily on the pedal of her spindle, smiled with her pearly teeth, and span gold.

† See Leon Faucher's paper, La Colonie des Savoyards à Paris, in the Revue des Deux-Mondes, Nov. 1834, t. iv. p. 343.

‡ See, further on, note, p. 13.

Is not this a hard, almost an impious thing to say? . . Think well before you so pronounce it. "Thou wilt have land;" that means, "Thou wilt not be a hireling—taken to-day, discharged to-morrow; thou wilt not have to slave for thy daily bread, but thou wilt be free!" . . . Free! great word, in which is comprised all human dignity: no virtue without liberty.

Poets have often spoken of the attractions of the water, of those dangerous fascinations which lured on the imprudent fisherman. More dangerous, if possible, is the attraction of the land. Great or little, there is this which is strange and fascinating in the possession of land—it is ever incomplete, it always requires rounding. It wants but very little; only this quarter, or even corner of a field. . . . . This is the temptation: to bring your land within a ring-fence, to buy, to borrow. "Amass, if you can; borrow not," says reason. But 'tis waiting so long, and passion calls out, "Borrow!"—His landlord, a timid, cautious man, is not minded to lend; although the peasant shows him a clean unencumbered plot of ground, he dreads there starting up out of it (such are our laws) a wife or ward, whose superior rights will swallow up the whole value of the pledge. He dares not lend then. Who will lend? The usurer of the place, or the lawyer, who has all the peasant's papers, who knows his business better than himslf, who can risk nothing; but who, for friendship, will lend him? No; will contrive to borrow for him at seven, eight, ten per cent!

Will he take this fatal money? His wife seldom counsels him so to do. His grandfather, if consulted, would not advise him. His ancestors, our old peasantry of France, assuredly would not. Humble and patient race, they never relied save on their personal savings, on a sou which they saved out of their food, on the small coin which at times they could save on return from market, and which that very night would go to sleep with its brethren at the bottom of a jug, buried in the cellar—as is even yet the custom.

The man of the present day is no longer that man; he is higher hearted; he has been a soldier. The great things which he has done in this age have accustomed him to think there is no difficulty in the impossible. The acquiring land is to him a battle; he goes to it as to the charge, and will not retreat. It is his battle of Austerlitz; he will win it, though there will be tough work, he knows—he has seen plenty such under *him* of old, *sous l'Ancien* (Napoleon).

If he have fought with a stout heart when there were only balls to be won, think you that he will march faintly on in this struggle with the land? Follow him before day-break; you will find your man at work, himself, and his little ones, and his wife, who has just lain-in, and who drags herself heavily along the dank ground. At mid-day, when the rocks are splitting with the heat and the planter bids his negro rest, the voluntary negro does not rest. . . . See his food, and compare it with that of the workman; the latter has better every day than the peasant on Sunday.

This heroic man has believed himself able to do every thing by the sole grandeur of his will, even to suppress time. But it is not here as in war. Time cannot be put down, but weighs

heavily, and the struggle is protracted between usury, which time goes on adding to, and his strength, from which it as surely takes. The land brings him in two, usury claims eight per cent.; that is to say, usury fights with the strength of four men against his single strength. Each year's interest swallows up four years' labour.

Marvel now, that this Frenchman, this laugher, this singer of aforetime, is no longer known to laugh! Marvel, when meeting him on this land which devours him, you find him so sombre. . . . You pass, give him a cordial "Good-day;" he forces his hat over his eyes and won't see you. Don't ask him your way; his answer might send you back the road you came.

And thus the peasant is more and more isolated and embittered. His heart is too frozen up for him to open it to any sentiment of goodwill. He hates the rich; he hates his neighbour and the world. Alone, on this miserable plot of ground of his, as much alone as if on a desert island, he becomes a savage. His insociability, arising from the very sense of his misery, renders it irremediable, and prevents him from coming to an understanding with those who ought to be his natural aids and friends *, his brother peasants; he would die sooner than advance one step to meet them. On the other hand, the denizen of the town has no mind to draw near to this fierce man, and almost fears him. "The peasant is mischievous, malignant, capable of any thing. . . . You cannot live among them with any safety." So, people in easy circumstances become more estranged from them; they make short visits to the country, but do not fix permanently there; their dwelling is the town. They leave the field open to the village banker, to the lawyer,—the secret confessor of all, who gains by all. "I will have no more to do with these folk," says the proprietor; "the notary will arrange all, I leave all to him; he will account to me, and must lease the land as he thinks fit." And thus in numerous localities the notary becomes the sole farmer, the only intermediary between the wealthy proprietor and the labourer. This is a great misfortune for the peasant. To escape from slavish dependence on the proprietor, who could usually wait, and who would allow himself to be long put off with words, he has chosen as his master the lawyer, the man of money, who will know but one thing—the time when payment falls due.

The disgust of the proprietor seldom fails to be excused and justified by the pious personages who surround his wife. The materialism of the peasant is the common text of their lamentations. "Ungodly age," they cry out, "material race! these men worship the earth; it is all their religion! They adore only the dung of their fields." . . Unhappy Pharisee, were this earth only earth, they would not buy it at so mad a rate; it would not lure them into such mistakes, or beguile them with so many illusions. You, spiritual and immaterial as you are, could not be taken in as they are; you can calculate to almost within a franc, how much such or such a field yields in corn or in wine. But the peasant swells this out with the riches of his imagination; it is he who is here too much led away by the mind, it is he who is the poet. In this foul, low, darkling land, he beholds sparkle the gold of liberty. Liberty to him who knows the compulsory vices of the slave, is *possible virtue.* A family that rises from a state of servitude to that of proprietorship, learns self-respect, is elevated in its own esteem. An entire change takes place: it reaps from its plot of ground a harvest of virtues. Are the sobriety of the father, the economy of the mother, the devoted labour of the son, the chastity of the daughter, are all these fruits of liberty, I ask you, material goods? are they treasures that can be too dearly paid for? *

Men of the past, who call yourselves men of faith, if you are really so, confess that that was a faith which, in our own days, by the arms of this very people, defended the liberty of the world against the world itself. Be not ever speaking, I beg you, of chivalry. That was a chivalry, and the proudest of all—that chivalry of our peasant soldiers. . . . You say that the Revolution destroyed the nobles; it is precisely the reverse: it called into being thirty-four millions of nobles. . . . An emigrant was extolling the glories of his ancestors; a peasant, who had gained battles, answered him with, "I am an ancestor!"

After their great deeds, this people of France is noble; Europe has remained plebeian. It behoves us to defend this nobility with intensest earnestness; it is in peril. The peasant, become the serf of the usurer, would not be miserable only; he would become tame of heart. A wretched, restless, trembling debtor, who fears to meet his creditor, and shrinks into holes and corners; think you such a man would retain much courage? And what would a race of men be, reared in such fashion, in terror of the Jews, and whose only feelings should be fear of writs, arrest, and distraining?

Laws must change: the law must submit to this high political and moral necessity.

Were you Germans or Italians, I would say to you, "Consult the legists: you have only to follow the rules of civil equity."—But you are France; you are not a nation only, you are a principle, a grand political principle, which must be preserved at any cost. As principle, you must live. Live for the salvation of the world.

In the second rank, as regards industry, you take the first rank in Europe by this vast and deep legion of peasant proprietary soldiers—the strongest basis on which any nation has rested since the Roman empire. It is by this that France is formidable to the world and able to help it, too; it is this which the world regards with fear and hope. What in reality is it? The army of the future—the day the barbarians shall come.

One thing gives our enemies confidence; namely, that this grand mute France which is undermost, has been long domineered over by a small, noisy,

* Further on, I shall speak of the principle of association. As to the politico-economic advantages and inconveniences of small farms, see Gasparin, Passy, Dureau Delamalle, &c. The topic is foreign from my subject.

* Still, the peasant is not let alone. After the priest, the artist comes to calumniate him, the neo-catholic artist, that impotent tribe of deplorers of the middle age, who can only deplore and copy . . . deplorers of stones; for, as to men, they may die of hunger, for what they care; as if the merit of these stones did not consist in recalling the men and bearing their imprint. The peasant, in the eyes of these men, is only a destroyer. Every old wall that he knocks down, every stone the ploughshare has shaken, was an incomparable ruin.

bustling France. No government, since the Revolution, has paid attention to the agricultural interest. Manufacture, younger sister of agriculture, has caused her elder to be forgotten. The Restoration favoured property, but property on a large scale. Napoleon, even, so dear to the peasant, and who knew him well, began by suppressing those imposts which reached the capitalist and spared the land. He swept away the laws of mortgage enacted by the Revolution in order to concentrate the money of the peasant.

At the present day, the capitalist and the manufacturer are all in all. Agriculture, which contributes more than one half of our revenue, is not benefited by more than one hundred and eighth part of our expenditure! It is treated little better in theory than in practice; for theory directs its exclusive attention to manufacture and manufacturers. Many of our writers on political economy absolutely say *labourer* (travailleur) instead of *workman* (ouvrier), in their entire forgetfulness of the twenty-four millions of agricultural labourers.

And yet the peasant not only constitutes the largest portion of the nation, but the strongest, the healthiest, and, both physically and morally, all to nothing the best *. Unsupported by the faith which formerly sustained him, left to himself, halting betwixt that religion which is no longer his and the lights of modern philosophy which are withheld from him, he is yet the depositary of the national sentiment, the grand military tradition of his race, still preserves something of the honour of the soldier. He is selfish and hard to deal with, no doubt; but who can rail at this who knows all that he has to go through? . . . Whatever faults may be at times objected to him, compare him, I beseech you, in his daily habits with your tradesmen, who are lying all day long, to the mob of the factory.

Man of the earth, and living wholly in her, he seems made in her image. Like her, he is greedy; the earth never says, Enough. He is obstinate even as she is firm and resistive. He is, like her, patient; like her, indestructible. All passes away; he remains. . . . Call you these—defects? Of a truth, had he not had them, France would long since have been no longer yours.

Would you really know what our peasants are? Look at them returned home after their time of military service is expired! You will see those terrible soldiers, the first in the world, but just returned from Africa, from warring on lions, quietly set down to work between their sisters and their mothers, resume their father's life of thrift and self-denial, and war only on themselves. You will see them peaceably, uncomplainingly, seeking by the most honourable means to accomplish that holy work which constitutes the strength of France—I mean the marriage of man and the land.

All France, had it the true sense of its mission, would aid those who are continuing this work. By what fatality is it at this moment doomed to come to a standstill in their hands †! . . . Should things go on as they are at present, the peasant, far from being purchaser, would be seller, as was the case in the middle of the seventeenth century, and would sink back into the labourer. Two centuries lost! . . . This would not be the fall of one class of men merely, but of the whole country.

They pay more than half a million to the state yearly! They pay a million to the usurer! Is this all? No. Indirect taxation—the duties, which, whilst they keep out foreign products, equally restrict the importation of our own—probably abstract from them as much more.

These hard-working men, are the worst-fed of all. Meat is unknown to them. Our breeders (who in reality are manufacturers), prevent the agricultural labourer from eating it *, *in order to protect agriculture.* The lowest handicraftsman eats white bread; but he who produces the wheat that makes it, can only eat black. They make wine, the towns drink it. What do I say? The whole world quaffs joyously the cup of France, save the French vine-dresser †.

A measure of considerable relief has lately been extended to our manufacturing towns, but which throws a greater burthen on the land, at the precise moment that the humbler manufacture of the rural districts—that of the "spinster," has been broken up by the machine for spinning flax.

The peasant, thus losing, one by one, the minor branches of manufacture which he considered his own—to-day, flax-spinning, to-morrow, perhaps, silk-spinning—finds it next to impossible to keep his land. It slips out of his hands, and carries away at once all his years of labour, of thrift, of sacrifice. He has appropriated his life itself. If anything is left him, he is soon stripped of it by adventurers. He listens, with all the credulity of misfortune, to the fables they trump up. Algiers teems with sugar and coffee; any man in America can earn

* Two fifths of our yearly statistics of crime are furnished by the population of our towns, which is only one-fifth part of that of the entire country.

† Or rather, retrogrades. M. Hipp. Passy (Mem. Acad. Polit ii. 301) asserts, that from 1815 to 1835 the number of owners of land, compared with the rest of the population, had decreased by *one-fortieth.* He takes the census of 1815 for his starting point; but is it to be depended upon? is it more trustworthy than that of 1826, and the returns of the progress of the nation in the time of the empire, &c.? See Villermé, Journal des Economistes, No. 42, May, 1845.

* And who sell him his only cow and his draught oxen at so high a price. The breeders say, no farmer without manure, and no manure without cattle. They are in the right, but stand in their own way nevertheless. Changing nothing and improving nothing (except as far as the wants of luxury and their own petty vanity is concerned), and keeping up inferior qualities at high prices, they hinder all the poorer countries from buying the small cattle which suit them, and so from obtaining the manure they require: thus, both man and land, unable to recruit their strength, perish of exhaustion.

† Paul-Louis Courrier's calculation recurs to one's mind here. He calculated that on the whole, an *arpent* (acre) of vineyard returned 150 francs to the owner, and 1300 to the government. This is an exaggeration; still, we must bear in mind that this very *arpent* is burthened with a much heavier debt than in 1820. Yet is there no occupation which demands more of the labourer, or in which he better deserves his wages. Traverse Burgundy, either in spring or autumn; you pass, for forty leagues, through a district where the land is broken up, turned over, and the vine-props taken up and laid down again twice a-year. What labour! . . . . And all that this produce, which has cost so much, may be drugged and dishonoured at Bercy and at Rouen. An infamous art calumniates nature and good liquor. The wine is as badly treated as the vine-dresser.

ten francs a-day. He must cross the sea; what matter? The Alsatian believes them when they tell him that the ocean is no broader than the Rhine *.

Before resolving on this step, before quitting France, every resource must be tried. The son will sell himself †. The daughter will go into service. The younger children will be put to the neighbouring manufactory. The wife will go out as nurse into the master's family ‡; or will take to nurse the child of the petty shopkeeper, or even of the workman.

The workman, however little better off he may be, is an object of envy to the peasant. He who styles the manufacturer "master" (*mon bourgeois*), is a master to the peasant. The latter sees him walking out of a Sunday, dressed like a gentleman (*Monsieur*). Fixed to the soil, he fancies that a man who carries his trade about with him, and works without a thought as to the weather, to whom frost and hail are all the same, is as free as the bird. He knows not, or will not see, the slavery of the mechanic. He judges of him by the young workman making his tour of France, who earns his living, and wherewithal to carry him on, wherever he takes up his temporary abode, then, with his long journeyman's stick (*canne de compagnonnage*), in his hand, and his little bundle, gaily walks off to some other town, and sings as he walks.

* The very words of an Alsatian to one of my friends. (September, 1845.)—Our Alsatians, on emigrating, sell their little all: the Jew is ever at hand to purchase. The German emigrants carry their moveables, if possible, along with them, and travel in waggons, like the barbarians in the days of the Roman empire. I recollect in one very hot, dusty day, in Suabia, meeting with one of these waggons, piled with the goods of the family. Trailed behind it was a small child's cart, with an interesting looking little fellow, about two years of age, perched in it. He was crying bitterly, and his little sister, who walked by his side, to take care of him, could not quiet him. Some women expostulated with the parents for their neglect of him, and the husband made his wife get down and bring him into the waggon along with them. Both husband and wife seemed to me utterly beaten down, hardened, dead beforehand of want, or of grief? Would they ever reach their destination? It was unlikely. And the child; could his frail vehicle last so long a journey? I durst not ask myself the question. . . Only one member of the family appeared to me a living being, and to hold out a promise of lasting—a boy of fourteen, who, at this very moment, was locking the wheel previously to going down a hill. This black-haired lad, with a physiognomy in which deep-seated feeling and gravity of character were commingled, seemed full of moral strength and ardour: at least such was my estimate of him. He seemed already to feel himself the head of the family, its providence, and as if charged with its safety. The real mother was the sister, for she discharged the mother's office. The little one, crying in his cradle, bore his part in this domestic drama, and not the least important; he was the bond on which the unity of the family depended, the link that made brother and sister one, their common nursling. In his little wicker cart, he carried along with him both their home and their native land; if he lived, Suabia would ever be where he was, even in an unknown world. . . . . Ah! how much have these children to do and to suffer! Contemplating the eldest lad, with his fine, serious head, I blessed him from the bottom of my heart, and so endowed him as far as in me lay.

† These substitutes (for military service) are held too cheap. M. Vivien, who, as member of a government commission, has instituted inquiries into this subject, did me the honour to tell me that their motives were often highly laudable, as to assist their families, help towards the purchase of a bit of land, &c.

‡ No painter of manners, whether novel-writer or socialist, has, so far as I am aware, deigned to speak to us of the nurse. Here, however, is a sad tale to tell, and which is not sufficiently known. The world is in the dark as to the traffic made of these poor beings, and how badly used they are; in the first place, as regards the vehicles in which they are dragged up to town (often but just confined), and, then, by the office-keepers who procure them situations. Hired as nurses on the spot, they are obliged to send their child home at the risk of its life. Having no formal engagement with the family that hires them, they may be dismissed at the first caprice of the mother, of the monthly nurse, or of the doctor; and if they lose their milk through change of air or living, they are dismissed without a farthing's wages. If kept, they acquire habits of indulgence, and suffer greatly on returning to their former way of life. Many of them are tempted, rather than forego their new habits, to take service, never go back to their husbands, and so the peace of whole families is broken up.

CHAPTER II.

SERVITUDES OF THE WORKMAN DEPENDENT ON MACHINERY.

"How gay the town is, how melancholy and poor the country!" Such are the thoughts of the peasant who visits the town of a fête-day. He knows not that if the country is *poor*, the town, with all its gaiety, is, perhaps, more *miserable**. This is a distinction, however, made but by few.

Look of a Sunday at those two crowds which are crossing each other at the gates of the town, the crowd of workmen hurrying off to the country, the crowd of peasants flocking into the town. Immense is the difference betwixt these two apparently analogous movements. The peasant's is not a simple walk; he admires all he sees, covets all, would stay if he could.

Let him have a care. Once quit the country, you do not easily get back to it. Those who take service, and come in for a share of their master's ease and pleasures, never dream of returning to a life of penury. They who enter manufactories would wish to return, but find themselves unable. They are soon enervated, rendered unfit for the rough labour, the rapid transitions from hot to cold, of a country life; the open air would kill them.

Yet if the town is so engrossing, we should not be too vehement in our blame, for she does her utmost to disgust the peasant by her terrible *octrois* †, and the enormous price of provisions. Besieged by such crowds desirous to enter, she strives by these means to keep out her assailants. But nothing checks them. They will force their way in, either as servant, or workman, as feeders of machines, or as machines themselves; reminding one of those ancient Italian peoples, who, in their frenzied longing for Rome, sold themselves as slaves, to become, at a later period, freedmen, or citizens.

The peasant is undeterred by the complaints of the workman, or the fearful pictures he draws of his situation. He who can earn but one or two

* A distinction very clearly drawn in the work of the excellent and much to be regretted M. Buret, *De la Misère*, &c. (*1840*); a work, however, in which too much attention has been paid to the exaggeration of the English Commissions of Inquiry.

† Tolls levied at the city-gates.

francs, cannot understand how a man can be ill off who earns his three, four, or five francs a day. "But fluctuations in trade? stoppings of the mills?" What matter? He saves out of his poor earnings in the country; how much more easily could he lay by for a rainy day out of the large wages of the town!

And, putting gain aside, a town life is an easier one. You work there, for the most part, under shelter: to have a roof over one's head seems a great improvement. Not to speak of the heat, the cold of our climate is a source of positive suffering even to those most accustomed to it. I have, myself, passed many a winter without fire, without, however, being a whit more insensible to the cold. On the coming on of a thaw, I have felt a sensation of delight with which few enjoyments can compare. When spring came, I was in ecstasy. The changes of the seasons, of little moment to the affluent, constitute the main part of the poor man's life,—they are his events.

In respect of food, the peasant gains by entering the town; if not more healthy, it is more savoury. During the first few months, it is not uncommon to find that he will thrive and gain flesh. As a set-off, his complexion changes, and not for the better. He has lost, in being transplanted, one most vital and most nutritive ingredient, which alone is sufficient to account for the field-labourer's remaining strong on food little calculated to keep up his strength,—free air, pure air, constantly refreshed and renewed by vegetable aroma. I do not believe the air of towns to be as unhealthy as is said; but it assuredly is so in the miserable dwellings in which our poorer workmen are huddled together of a night amongst prostitutes and thieves.

This has never been taken into the peasant's account. Nor has he taken into account that, whilst earning more in the town, he loses his treasure—that is, his sobriety, his thrift, or, to be plain, his avarice. When out of temptation's way, it is easy to put by; and, more especially, when putting by is the only pleasure at hand. But how difficult it is, what strength of mind does it not require, what self-command, to keep one's money prisoner, and one's pocket sealed up, when all around urge to open it! The savings' bank, too, which takes care of money you do not see, presents by no means the charm of the treasure which the peasant buries and digs up with so many conflicting emotions of mystery and fear; still less does it wear the charm of a pretty plot of ground, which always greets the sight, invites the hand, and is constantly urging you to add to it.

Of a certainty, great must be the workman's virtue if he can lay by; if he is a good, easy tempered fellow who can be led away by his comrades, he is beguiled into a thousand shifting expenses from the public-house to worse. If he is sedate, orderly, and takes a wife to himself at some happy moment of steady work, she can at the first add but very little to the common stock, and this little, when she begins to have a family, dwindles to nothing. Her husband, who was comfortably off whilst single, knows not how to make head against the fixed and overwhelming expenses which recur daily.

In addition to the *droits d'entrée* *, there was, formerly, another barrier which kept the peasant out of the town, and hindered him from turning workman, this was the impossibility of entering any trade without serving a long apprenticeship,—the spirit of exclusiveness kept up by companies and corporations. Mechanics took few apprentices, and these, for the most part, out of each other's families. At the present day, new trades have sprung up which require little apprenticeship, and welcome every comer. In these trades the real workman is the machine: the man requires neither much strength nor skill; his sole business is to watch and help this workman of iron.

* Equivalent to *octrois*: see the preceding note.

The number of this wretched portion of our population enslaved to machines, amounts to rather more than four hundred thousand souls *,—about a fifteenth part of our working class. All who can do nothing else, take to the tending of machines; and, in proportion to their number, their wages lower, and their wretchedness increases. On the other hand, articles, thus cheaply manufactured, are brought within the reach of the poor; so that the misery of the *machine-workman* lessens in some degree the misery of the workmen and peasants,

* Those writers who put the number down at a higher figure include workmen employed, it is true, in manufactures in which machines are used, but who have nothing to do with tending the machines. Those employed in the latter task are, and ever will be, an exception.—Is the extension of *machinism* (to express the system by one word) to be feared? Will machinery usurp every thing? Will France become, in this respect, an England? To these grave questions I answer unhesitatingly, No. We must not judge of the extension of this system by the epoch of the great European war, when it was called into unnatural activity by monstrous gains unknown to the usual course of commerce. Eminently calculated to lower the price of objects which ought to be brought within the reach of all classes, it has supplied an immense want, that of the lower classes, who, during a time of rapid ascent in the world, have wished all at once to acquire the comfortable, and even the brilliant, but content themselves with objects of mediocre brilliancy, often, a vulgar one—made *by the dozen* as we say. Although, by extraordinary exertions, machinery has been brought to produce objects of surprising beauty; these objects, manufactured in the gross and by uniform methods, are impressed irremediably with a character of monotony, which is made more evident as taste improves, and which becomes wearisome. An irregular piece of work, produced by hand, will often charm eye and mind more than such irreproachably exact master-pieces of machinery, which, by the absence of life, remind one of the uniformity of the metal which was their father and of their mother steam.

We should also bear in mind, that every one now does not wish to belong to *such or such a class*, but to be *such a man*, to be himself alone: consequently, he will be inclined to set less value on products manufactured by *classes*, and possessing no individuality answerable to his own. This is a road which the world inclines to pursue; each man seeks, whilst arriving at a more exact appreciation of the general, to present a marked *individual character*. It is exceedingly probable that, all other things remaining equal, men will prefer to the uniform fabric of machinery the ever-varied productions which bear the impress of human personality, and which to reach man, and change as he changes, must be man's own and sole work. In this is the true future of the manufacturing industry of France, much more than in the extension of *machinism*, in which she must ever remain inferior. However, the two systems mutually assist one another. The more man's first wants shall be cheaply satisfied by machines, the more will taste rise beyond the products of machinery, and call for those of entirely personal art.

who are, probably, about seventy times the more numerous.

We had experience of this in 1842. The cotton mills were at the last gasp; the warehouses full to bursting, and no sale. The terrified manufacturer neither dared work nor stop with these devouring machines of his,—interest on the money he has borrowed does not stop. He kept his mills going half-days, and heaped goods on goods. Prices fell; to no purpose. They went on falling, until cotton fell to *three-pence a yard*. . . . . A miracle followed. That one word *three-pence* operated like an "Open, Sesame." Millions of purchasers, of poor folk who never bought, started up. It was then found how immense a consumer the people is when set a going. The warehouses were emptied as if by magic. The machines went to work like furies, the chimneys vomited smoke. . . . It was a Revolution in France, hardly noted, but still a great one; a revolution in the cleanliness and embellishment of the dwellings of the poor—body-linen, bed-linen, table-linen, window-curtains: whole classes acquired these things, that had never before known what they were since the beginning of the world.

There needs no other example to make all this clear. Machinery, which, by the centralization of capital that it requires, seems to be a thoroughly aristocratic power, is, nevertheless, by the cheapness which it generates, and the vulgarization of its products, a most powerful agent of democratic progress, bringing within the reach of the poor numerous objects of utility, and even of luxury and art, which they could not before look at. Wool, thanks to God, has come down to the people universally, to keep them warm. They are already compassing the ornament of silk. But the great and capital revolution has been in cotton. The combined efforts of science and of art have been required to force this stubborn and rebellious tissue to undergo daily so many brilliant transformations, and, so transformed, to spread it every where, and set it within reach of the poor. Every woman formerly wore a blue or black gown, which she kept ten years without washing, for fear of its going to pieces. Now-a-days her husband, a poor workman, can, at the cost of a day's labour, array her in a robe of flowers. This vast concourse of females, who exhibit on our public walks all the dazzling colours of the iris, formerly presented one uniform black.

These changes, which are looked upon as frivolous, are of vast signification. They are not mere material ameliorations, but an immense advance made by the people in those externals by which men estimate each other; they have produced, so to speak, *a visible equality*. Hence, too, new ideas, to which, otherwise, the people would never have soared; fashions and taste are their initiation into the world of art. And, moreover, gravest consideration of all, dress imposes on its wearers, decent clothing inspires, decent habits; and moral worth often keeps pace with the outward appearance.

And it requires this general advance and evident improvement of the masses, to reconcile us to the hard condition on which we must purchase it,—that of having, in the midst of a population of men, a miserable, stunted population of men-machines, who enjoy but half an existence; who produce marvellous things, but who do not re-produce themselves; who beget only for the grave; and who only perpetuate themselves by incessantly absorbing other populations, which are being swallowed up in them.

By creating machines to have created creators, —mighty workmen that invariably pursue the work to which they have been once set,—was a great temptation to human pride. But, on the other hand, what a humiliation to see man, by the side of the machine, sunk so low! . . . One's head turns and heart is chilled when, for the first time taken over those fairy-houses, where the polished and dazzling engines of iron and copper seem to think, to will, and work of themselves, whilst man, pale and weak, is the lowly servant of these iron giants. "Look," said a manufacturer to me, "look at this ingenious and powerful machine, which takes in filthy rags, and compelling them to pass, without ever committing a mistake, through the most complicated transformations, yields them up in tissues as beautiful as the finest Veronese silks." I looked and admired, but with feelings of pain; for I could not help seeing, at the same time, the care-worn looks of the men, those faded girls, those deformed children, the slaves of the machine.

Many sensible persons, to escape compunction, still the voice of pity within them by jumping to the conclusion, that the physical debasement of this wretched class is the result of its own radical corruption; and commonly form their opinions by what meets the eye at the worst moment,—the hour at which the mills shut. The long pent-up inmates rush noisily out; the men speaking so loud, that you fancy they are quarrelling; the girls calling out to each other, with voices alternately shrill and hoarse; the children fighting or throwing stones; the whole presenting a scene of apparent violence. The sight is not a pleasant one; the passer-by shrinks from it, and, if a lady, turns into another street, fancying there is a riot.

But you must not shrink. You must enter the mill during the hours of work, and you will understand how needful are all this noise, bustle, and uproar at the hour of closing, to re-establish the vital equilibrium lost during so many long hours of painful labour and obliged silence. This is especially true of the spinning and weaving mills,— true hells of weariness. *Ever, ever, ever*, is the unvaried word thundered in your ear by the automatic vibration that makes the floors tremble. You can never get accustomed to it; your weariness, giddiness, disgust, are the same at the end of twenty years as at that of the first day. Does the heart of this crowd beat? Very little; its action is suspended, as it were. It seems as if, during these tedious hours, another heart, common to all, has usurped its place, a heart of iron, indifferent and pitiless; and that this loud noise, which stuns with its regularity, is only its beatings.

The weaver's solitary work was far less distressing. Why? He was free to dream. The machine suffers no reserve nor absence of mind. Would you slacken its movement for a moment, you cannot; as you are sure it would only be to have it accelerated the moment after. Hardly is the indefatigable fly-frame with its hundred spindles thrown off than it comes back to you. The hand-loom weaver can prosecute his work slowly or quickly, just as he respires slowly or quickly; his work keeps pace with his animal economy, and the

loom conforms itself to the man. In power-loom weaving, on the contrary, the man must conform himself to the loom, the being of flesh and blood in whom life varies with the hours must adopt the invariableness of this thing of steel.

In those manual labours which depend on ourselves, it often happens that our meditations identify themselves with our own work and elevate it to their own level, so that the inert instrument which we ply, far from being an obstacle to the intellectual process, becomes its help and companion. The rustic weavers of the middle-age were celebrated under the name of *lollards*, because, whilst working, they *lolled;* that is to say, sang in an under tone, or in mind at least, some merry rhyme. The rhythm of the shuttle, thrown and returning at equal intervals, chimed in with the rhythm of the heart. By evening, he would often find that, along with his web, he had woven a hymn or a "complaint" in the same ever-recurring rhyme.

What a change for him who is forced to quit domestic labour for that of the manufactory! To quit one's poor *home*, one's worm-eaten chairs and tables, to all of which some family recollection is attached, is hard; but harder still to renounce the liberty of one's soul. The vast, white-washed, new looking rooms of the mill, flooded with light, hurt the eye accustomed to the shadows of a lowly roof. No deep obscure here into which the thoughts can plunge; no sombre corner where the fancy can build up its dreams; no possible illusion when surrounded by a broad daylight which will not let you escape from stern reality. We need not be surprised that our weavers of Rouen * and French weavers of London so long struggled courageously and with stoical endurance against the hard necessity of such a change, preferring to starve and die; but at least to die in their own home. Long did they struggle with man's weak arm, an arm emaciated by hunger, against those terrible Briareuses, which, urged by steam, ply night and day a thousand arms at once: at each improvement of the power-loom, its hapless rival had to increase his labour, lessen his food. Our colony of weavers at London has become gradually extinct—poor, but honest beings, of innocent and resigned lives, whom want and hunger never tempted into crime! In their wretched Spitalfields they cultivated flowers with skill, and the Londoner loved to visit them.

I adverted just now to the Flemish weavers of the middle-age, the Lollards, the Beghards as they were called. The Church, by which they were often persecuted as heretic, could never reproach them, save with one thing—*love;* an exalted and subtle love for the invisible lover, for God; sometimes, a vulgar love, under the forms it takes in the populous centres of manufacture—vulgar, yet mystical, teaching for doctrine a more than fraternal community, which was to realize a sensual paradise here below.

This tendency to sensualism remains the same at the present day, without being exalted by the poetic reveries of the former time. An English puritan who has, in our own day, drawn a delightful picture of the happiness which the factory operative enjoys, confesses that the flesh is heated and rebels from the peculiar life he leads. This is not occasioned solely by the circumstance of the two sexes being thrown together, the high temperature, &c., but it depends on a moral cause. It is precisely because the manufactory is a world of iron, where man sees all around him only the hardness and chill of the metal, that he draws closer to woman in his hours of respite from work. The factory is the reign of necessity, of fatalism. The severity of the overseer is the only living thing allowed to enter; punishment is frequent, reward unknown. Man feels himself there so little man, that as soon as out of this prison-house, he must perforce eagerly seek after the liveliest exaltation of human faculties, that which concentrates the sense of vastest liberty in the brief moment of a splendid dream. This exaltation is intoxication; and, especially, that of love.

Unhappily, the weariness and monotony from which these captives feel a necessity for escaping, render them in all things which they are free to choose incapable of fixity and eager for change. Love, ever changing its object, is no longer love, but debauchery. The remedy is worse than the disease. Enervated by the slavery of labour, they are rendered worse so by their abuse of freedom.

Physical weakness, moral impotence. The sense of impotence is one of the greatest miseries of their condition. This man, so weak in presence of the machine, and who follows its every movement, is dependent on the mill-owner, and still more dependent on a thousand unknown causes, which may at any moment stop his work and deprive him of bread. The ancient weavers, who, however, were not like those of the present day the slaves of the machine, humbly recognized this impotence. It was their creed. They took as their text, "God can do all, man nothing." The true name for this class is that which Italy first gave them in the middle age—*Humiliati* *.

Our weavers do not so easily resign themselves. Sprung from warlike races, they are making incessant efforts to elevate themselves: they would remain men. They seek, as much as they can, for fictitious energy in wine. Does it take a great quantity to make one drunk? Watch, if you can overcome your disgust, in the public-house. You will see that a man in ordinary health, drinking unadulterated wine, could drink much more without any inconvenience. But for him who does not drink wine regularly every day, who comes jaded and enervated out of the atmosphere of the factory

* The testament of the weavers of Rouen is the remarkable little work written by one of themselves, Noiret, *Mémoires d'un Ouvrier Rouennais*, 1836. He asserts that they take no more apprentices.

* I have often, in my lectures and writings, sketched the history of manufactures (especially in the fifth volume of my History of France). To comprehend it, however, we should trace it still higher up, and not begin to contemplate it, as is commonly done, in those great and powerful corporate bodies which lord it even over the city. We should take the operative when he first started into existence, despised as he was at the beginning, when the primitive inhabitant of the town, the landowner of the *banlieue* (the liberty of the town), and even the shopkeeper who had hall, bell, and rights of justice there, joined together to oppress the operative, the *blue nail* as they called him; when the citizen hardly deigned to allow him to live outside the city, under the shadow of its walls, between two enclosures (*pfahlburg*); when he was debarred all justice unless he could pay the imposts laid upon him; when, with fantastic arbitrariness, he was bound to a certain tariff for his goods, so much to the rich, so much to the poor, &c.

and drinks, under the name of wine, a wretched alcoholic compound, drunkenness is inevitable.

We must seek for the causes of their vices then in their state of extreme physical dependence, in the calls of that life of mere instinct which contribute still more to this dependence, in their moral powerlessness and emptiness of mind, and not, as is now done, in external causes; as, for instance, in the fact of a crowd of different sexes being concentrated in the same spot, as if human nature were so evil that the being thrown together was quite enough for moral contamination. But this fine idea set our philanthropists all in a hurry to work to isolate their fellow-creatures, and to wall them up if they can: they think their only chance of preserving or curing the moral man is to build him a tomb.

This crowd is not evil of itself. Its disorders spring mostly from its condition, from its subjection to mechanical order, which, for living bodies, is itself a disorder, a death; and which, for this very reason, provokes, in these rare moments of freedom, to violent returns to life. If anything resembles fatality, it is this. How hardly, almost unconquerably, does this fatality weigh upon women and children? Woman, whom one pities least, is, perhaps, most to be pitied. She is a double slave; the slave of work, she gains so little by it, that the unfortunate being must also make a gain of her youth and beauty. When old, what becomes of her? . . . Nature has enacted one law with regard to woman; that she cannot live except supported by man.

In the height of the great duel between England and France, when the English manufacturers represented to Mr. Pitt, that the rise in the rate of wages incapacitated them from paying the taxes, he pronounced the terrible words, "Take the children." Those words weigh heavily upon England as a curse. Ever since that hour, the race of its men has been deteriorating. This people, heretofore so athletic, is growing nerveless and enfeebled. What has become of that vividness and freshness of complexion which was so great a charm of English youth? . . . Faded, sullied. They listened to Mr. Pitt—*they took the children.*

Let us profit by this lesson. The future is the question, and here the law ought to have more foresight than the father. In default of a mother, the child ought to find a mother in his country. She must open the school to him as an asylum, a shelter, a protection from the factory.

Emptiness of mind, we have just said, the absence of all intellectual interest, is one of the principal causes of the debasement of the manufactory operative. Work which requires neither strength nor skill, and never tasks the thought! Nothing, nothing, always nothing! . . . No moral force can support the strain. Schooling ought to give to the youthful mind, which such occupation can never elevate, some high and generous idea that may recur to it in these long empty days of work, and help to sustain their weariness.

In the present state of things, schools, so organized as to create weariness, can only add fatigue to fatigue. The evening-schools are, for the most part, a mockery. Fancy these poor little ones, who, having gone to their work before daybreak, return wet and weary to their homes one and two leagues from Mulhausen, slipping and stumbling, lanthorn in hand, along the muddy paths of Déville—called to go into school and begin their lessons!

Whatever the miseries of the peasant, there is this difference between them and those of which we are speaking, this terrible difference, which has not a mere accidental influence on the individual, but which exercises a deep and lasting influence on the class generally, and which may be summed up in one word—in the country the child is happy.

Almost naked, without sabots, and with a bit of black bread for all his food, herding a cow or watching geese, he lives in the open air and sports about. The agricultural labours, to which he is gradually inured, contribute to strengthen him. Those precious years, in which the body and powers of man are formed for ever, he spends in the enjoyment of great freedom, and amidst the genial influences of home. Farewell, now; thou art strong, whatever thou hast to do or suffer, thou canst make head against life.

At a later period the peasant may be miserable, dependent, perhaps; but he has, at the outset, gained from twelve to fifteen years of freedom. This alone makes an immense difference in his favour in the balance of happiness.

The manufactory operative bears about with him through life a most heavy burthen, the burthen of childhood, which has from an early hour enfeebled, and most commonly corrupted him. He is inferior to the peasant in physical strength, inferior in regularity of conduct. And, with all this, there is one thing that pleads for him, he is more sociable and gentle. The most wretched amongst them, in their extremest wants, have abstained from all acts of violence; they have waited patiently and resigned, though dying of hunger.

The author of the latest inquiry* into their condition, of our times, a steady, cool observer, who will not be suspected of any enthusiasm, bears the following grave testimony in favour of this class of men, whose vices he makes no attempt to dissemble. "I know of but one virtue only which our operatives possess in a higher degree than other classes of the community in happier circumstances, namely, *a natural disposition to aid and assist one another*, whatever the kind of help required."

I know not that they can claim this superiority

* Villermé, *Tableau de l'Etat Physique et Moral des Ouvriers des Manufactures de Coton*, &c. (Picture of the Condition, Moral and Physical, of those employed in the Cotton Manufacture, &c.) 1840. In 1839, when the dulness of trade was such, as to compel the manufacturer to part with all but his oldest hands, the men petitioned that the work and pay might be divided amongst them all, so that none might be turned off. See t. ii. p. 71, and, also, pp. 39, 113, as well as t. i. pp. 89, and 366—369. Many of them, who live in a state of concubinage, would, it is stated, marry, had they the money and the necessary documents, t. i. p. 54, and t. ii. p. 283. (Compare Frégier, ii. 160.) To the assertions of those who contend that the manufactory operative earns enough, were he only to make a good use of his earnings, we oppose M. Villermé's judicious remark (t. ii. p. 14), that four conditions are indispensable to his earning a sufficiency, namely—that he be always well, constantly employed, have no more than two children at the outside, and be free from all vicious habits: four conditions rarely met with.

only; but how great it is!—That they should be the least happy, yet most charitable!—That they should preserve themselves from the induration so natural to misery!—That, in the midst of this outward slavery, they should keep a heart free from hatred, *that they should love more!* . . . Ah! that is a great glory, and which, undoubtedly, raises the man, one concludes to be degraded, high indeed, in the sight of God.

CHAPTER III.

SERVITUDES OF THE WORKMAN.

The child who quits manufactures and tending machinery to apprentice himself to a master, certainly ascends in the industrial scale; more is required of his hands and his mind. His life is no longer an accessory to a movement without life; he will act himself, he will be really a workman.

Here we see advance in intelligence, advance in suffering. The machine was regulated, and the man is not*. It was impassible, without caprice, wrath, brutality. Besides, it left the child at liberty at a stated hour; at least, he rested at night. But the apprentice of the little master-manfacturer belongs night and day to his master. His hours of work are only limited by the orders that come in. He has not only his work, but, over and above, all the slavery of the servant; besides his master's caprices, he has to endure all those of the family: all the vexations of husband or of wife are pretty sure to rebound on his shoulders. A failure takes place—the apprentice is beaten; the master comes home drunk—the apprentice is beaten; whether work fails, or whether it comes in too fast, . . . he is equally beaten.

The foregoing was the ancient order of things in all handicrafts; it was, in fact, slavery. In the apprentice's indentures, the master becomes a father, but it is in Solomon's sense—"Spare the rod and spoil the child." As early as the thirteenth century, we find the civil power obliged to interfere to moderate this paternity.

And there was not severity and violence from the master to the apprentice only; in those trades in which the hierarchy was complicated (in which there were various stages), the blows went on in regularly increasing progression. The names given in certain trade-corporations, prove the fact. The journeyman is *wolf*; harassed by the *ape*, who is the master, he gives chase to the *fox*, the youth on trial, who pays it back, with usury, to the *rabbit*, the poor apprentice.

For the privilege of being ill-treated and beaten ten years following, the apprentice behoved to pay; and he paid at each stage he was allowed to mount in the course of this rude initiation. And, at the last, after he had worn out the rope as apprentice, and the stick as knave (*valet*), he had to submit to trial by a corporation interested in not increasing its numbers, and might be turned back, or refused admission, without appeal.

Now-a-days, the doors are thrown open. Apprenticeship is less long, if not less severe. Apprentices are only too readily taken. The miserable profit made upon them (to the gain of the master, father, or the body of the trade), is a constant temptation to take fresh ones, and to increase the number of workmen beyond the demand for them.

The workman of former days, admitted with difficulty one of a small body, and thence enjoying a sort of monopoly, had none of the anxiety that besets his descendant. His gains were far less*, but he seldom lacked work. Gay and active, freeman of his craft, he was a great traveller. Wheresoever he found work, there he stopped. His master generally lodged him, sometimes boarded—a frugal and light board. At night, after eating his bit of dry bread, he crept up to his garret, under the leads, and went contentedly to sleep.

How many changes have taken place in his condition, now that his apprenticeship is over; for good or for evil! Improvement in his material condition, accompanied with fluctuations, anxieties, and a deepening obscurity over the future!—a thousand new elements of moral suffering!

To sum up these changes—*he is now a man.*

To be a man, in the true sense of the word, is, in the first place, to have a woman. The workman, who seldom married formerly, is often a married man in the present day. Married or not, he generally finds, on returning from his daily work, a wife at home. A *home*—a fireside—a wife. Oh! life is transfigured!

A wife, a family, by and by, children! Expense, misery! . . . if work fail!

* M. Léon Faucher has defined these differences admirably, in his article on the *Travail des Enfans de Paris*, (Labour of the Children of Paris), in the Revue des Deux-Mondes, November 15th, 1844. See also, as regards apprenticeship to the small master manufacturers, the second volume of his *Etudes sur l'Angleterre* (Studies of England); where the able economist also stands forth as a writer of the first rank, and reveals to us, beyond the hell of manufactures, another hell but little dreamt of.

* We have adverted above (p. 17) to the wages of the manufactory operatives. If we desire to study wages in general, we shall find this much disputed question is reducible to this—according to some, *wages have risen*, and they are right, because they begin their data with the year 1789, or some remoter period; according to others, *wages have not risen*, and they are in the right, because they start from the year 1824, since which time the manufactory operative earns less; and others have only enjoyed a deceptive rise. The value of money being changed, he who earns now the same that he earned then, receives in reality one-third less; so that he who then earned, and who still earns, three francs, receives now hardly the value of two; add to this that wants accumulate with the progress of ideas, and that he is distressed by the absence of innumerable comforts which were at the previous period unknown to him. Wages are very high in France, compared with Switzerland and Germany; but, with us, wants are more keenly felt. The mean of *the wages paid in Paris*, which is estimated both by M. L. Faucher and M. L. Blanc at three francs and a half a day, is sufficient for the single man, but far below the requirements of the married man with a family. The following is the general mean of wages in France, as estimated by various authorities since Louis Fourteenth's time; but I doubt the possibility of fixing a mean with such varied elements:—

1698 (Vauban)	12 sous.
1738 (St. Pierre)	16 ,,
1788 (A. Young)	19 ,,
1819 (Chaptal)	25 ,,
1832 (Morogue)	30 ,,
1840 (Villermé)	40 ,,

These calculations only relate to wages in towns; in the country their rise has been very inconsiderable.

It is touching to observe, of an evening, this laborious multitude hurrying, with long strides, homewards. What legs has this man after the toilsome day passed, perhaps a league from his home, after his lonely breakfast and dinner, and who has been fifteen hours on his feet;—what legs of a night!—He flies to his rest.—To be a man an hour in the course of the day is not asking too much.

Holy trait! He brings food home, and the moment he reaches it, is still, is no more anything, but gives himself up, like a child, to the wife. She looks after his food and clothing, and both tend the child, who does nothing, who is free, who is master. . . That the last should be first is, indeed, the city of God.

The rich man never feels this grand enjoyment, this supremest of man's blessings, the delight of supporting his family daily with the best part of his life, with the labour of his own hands. The poor man alone knows what it is to be a father; each day, as it were, he creates and renews his own.

This glorious mystery is appreciated by the wife better than by all the sages in the world. She is blessed in owing all to her husband. This fact alone throws a singular charm over the home of the poor. Here, nothing is alien from, or indifferent to it; everything bears the impress of a loved hand, is stamped with the seal of the heart. The husband is generally ignorant of the privations which have been submitted to, that he may find his modest dwelling set off. Great is the wife's ambition for furniture, clothing, linen. The latter article is a novelty. The *linen chest*, which is the pride of the rural housewife, was unknown even to the wife of the operative of the towns, before the revolution of the manufacturing world, which I have spoken of above. Cleanliness, purity, modesty, feminine graces, rendered home an enchanted spot; the bed was enshrined in curtains, the infant's cradle arrayed in dazzling white, seemed paradise; the whole was cut out, sewn and up, at the expense of a few evenings' busier work than usual. . . . . And say, besides, a flower in the window. . . . . What a surprise! The husband, on his return, no longer knows his own house.

Should we regret this taste for flowers which now is so widely spread (we have many flower-markets now in Paris), these minor expenses for the ornament of the home, when it never can be safely said, that there will be work for the morrow? Call them not *expenses*, say *economy* rather. Great is the thrift, indeed, if these innocent blandishments of the wife can add fresh charms to home, and keep her husband there. Let us set off, I pray, both home and wife. A few yards of cotton make another woman of her, and she becomes young and blooming again.

"Stay, I beg thee." 'Tis Saturday night; she throws her arms about his neck, and saves for her children the loaf he was about to spend *.

Sunday comes, and the wife is victor. The husband, shaved and shifted, puts on a good, comfortable coat. This is soon done. The long business, the serious work of the morning is with the child; to dress the little one out for the day is a matter of weighty consideration. At last, the family party is off, and its hope trots on before, under the mother's eye; let him beware of spoiling that masterpiece of taste and care, his Sunday's dress.

Scan the party closely, and reflect; however high you may seek, you will find nothing morally superior. That woman is virtue; and endowed beyond with a peculiar charm of simple reason and address, enabling her to govern strength without the latter's being conscious of it. That man is the strong, the patient, the stout-hearted, who supports, for the general welfare of the community, the greatest weight that can be laid on human life. True *companion of duty* (fine title of fraternity), he has stood firm and steady, like a soldier at his post. The more dangerous his trade is, the surer is his moral conduct. A celebrated architect, who rose from the ranks of the people, and knew them thoroughly, said one day, to a friend of mine, "The best men I have ever known, were of this class. They know, when they leave their homes of a morning, that they may never return, and hold themselves ever ready to appear before God *."

Such a calling, however noble it may be, is nevertheless not that which a mother covets for her son. And her son is full of promise; he will rise in the world. The *Frères* † praise him, and load him with caresses. His drawings and Christmas pieces already adorn the walls, hung between Napoleon and the Sacré-Cœur ‡. He must certainly be sent to the free-school of design. The father asks why? Drawing, replies the mother, will always be of advantage to him in his trade; an equivocal answer, it must be acknowledged, under which she conceals a far different ambition. Why should not this fine, intelligent boy, be a painter or sculptor, as well as others? She stints herself, to purchase crayons and drawing-paper, expensive as it is. Her son will shortly exhibit and carry off all the prizes. In his mother's dreams already mingles the great name of Rome.

And thus the mother's ambition too often succeeds in making a poor and highly necessitous artist, of one who would have earned a better livelihood as a workman. The arts can hardly be remunerative even in time of peace, when all in easy circumstances, and especially females, instead of purchasing works of art, are artists themselves. Let a war come, or revolution; art is synonymous with starvation.

Often, too, the embryo artist, already in career, and full of ardour and youthful energy, is stopped suddenly short. His father dies; he must become the support of his family, so turns workman. Great is the mother's grief, loud her lamentation; and all heart is taken out of the youth.

For the rest of his life he will curse fate; his soul and his thoughts will be far from his work. Cruel struggles! And yet nothing will stop him. Do not come here with your advice; you would

* Bread! the landlord! Two thoughts which never quit the wife's mind. How much address, virtue, and strength of soul does it not often require to scrape together and save the rent! Who can ever know all the wife does and suffers to accomplish this one end?

* The observation one day made by M. Percier to M. Belloc, the director of the gratuitous school of design.

† Clerical teachers in the French free-schools.

‡ The "Sacred-Heart;" the representation of a heart, on a cross, commemorative of the Atonement, which, blessed by the priest, is a common ornament of the house in catholic countries.

meet with a sorry reception. It is too late; he must on through all obstacles. You will see him always reading, dreaming; reading during the few minutes he is allowed for his meals, and in the evening, and far into the night, absorbed in his books; all Sunday shut up in his room and thoughtful. It is difficult to picture to ourselves the hunger of reading produced by this state of mind. During work—and that work the most irreconcileable of all with study, amidst the whirl and vibration of twenty looms—a hapless spinner with whom I was acquainted, would place a book at the corner of his loom, and read a line each time that the sledge flew off and left him a second.

How long the day is when passed thus! How irritating the last few hours! To him who yearns for the sound of the bell, and curses its delay, the odious workroom, as evening sets in, seems peopled with phantasmagoria. The demons of impatience are mocking and mowing in its shadowy recesses, "O liberty, light! are you leaving me here for ever?"

I pity his family on his returning home, if he has a family. A man resolutely plunged into this struggle, and engrossed with his personal progress, looks upon everything else as immaterial. This sombre course of life deadens the very faculty of loving. His family becomes less dear, for it is in the way. He even weans himself from his country, for he blames it for the injustice of his fate.

The father of our literary workman, grosser, duller, and in so many respects the inferior of the two, had nevertheless one advantage over his son,—the love of his native land was much stronger in him; he thought less of mankind, and more of home. The large French family, and his own beloved little family, were his world, into which he threw his whole heart. Alas! where has this cheering home, this happy fireside which we were but this moment admiring, vanished?"

Knowledge of itself does not dry up the heart, does not chill it. Whenever it produces this effect, it is through entering the mind partially, through being cruelly shorn of its fair proportions. It has not been presented in its true, natural, and full light; but obliquely, scantily, like the scattered beams that make their way into a cellar. It does not make its possessors malignant and envious by what it communicates, but by what it holds back. He who is ignorant of the complicated media by which wealth is created, must naturally conclude that it is not created, that it does not grow, but changes hands only; and that man cannot become rich save by despoiling his fellows. Every acquisition will seem to him a robbery, and he will hate all who have accumulated. Hate! wherefore? On account of the goods of this world? Why, without love, the world and all it contains is valueless.

Whatever the inevitable errors of incomplete study, we must respect the student. What more touching, what fuller of grave matter for reflection, than to see the man who, up to this moment, learnt by chance, *will* to study, and pursuing knowledge with all the vehemence of an impassioned will through countless obstacles? It is *voluntary* improvement that places the workman,—seen in this exact point of view,—not only above the peasant, but above the upper classes, as they are called, who have all at their command—books, leisure; whom knowledge woos, and who, nevertheless, once they are freed from the shackles of compulsory education, turn their backs on study, and become indifferent to the pursuit of truth. Many is the man who has carried off the honours at our first schools, still young, but old at heart, who forgets the learning that he a few years since cultivated, without having to plead in excuse the whirlwind of the passions, who relishes nothing, sleeps away his existence, smokes and dreams.

Obstacles I know to be a great spur. The workman loves books, because he has few of them. May be he has but one; and if it be a sound work, he gets on all the better from having but one. One book, read and read over and over again, which you ruminate upon and digest, often develops the intellectual growth more than a vast indigested mass of reading. I lived years with a Virgil, and found my account in it. An odd volume of Racine, picked up at a stall on the quay, made the poet of Toulon.

They who are rich internally have always resources enough. What they have they extend and fecundate by thought, expanding it into the infinite. Instead of enjoying this world of clay, they make one of their own, all gold and light. They say to the first, "Keep thy poverty, which thou callest riches; I am richer in myself."

A peculiar character of gentleness and sadness is observable in most of the poems written of late years by men of the working class, which strongly reminds me of their predecessors, the workmen of the middle age. If any of these poems betray asperity and violence, they are the smaller number. These true poets would have been borne yet higher by their lofty inspirations, had they not too deferentially followed the aristocratic models.

They are but beginning. Why hastily say that they will never attain the highest rank? You set out with the false idea that time and cultivation do every thing. You make no account of that internal development which the soul attains by its own proper force in the midst even of manual occupations, of the spontaneous vegetation which forces its growth through every obstacle. Men of books know that this man of no books and of scant education possesses one thing by way of indemnification,—he has taken his degrees in sorrows.

Succeed or not, I do not see how the matter can be remedied. He will go his own road; the road of thought and of suffering. "He sought the light (says my Virgil), caught a glimpse of it, and groaned!" . . . . And, though with groans, he will ever seek it. Who can have caught a glimpse of it, and ever renounce it?

"Light! More light still!" Such was Goethe's last exclamation. This cry of expiring genius is the general cry of nature, and echoes from world to world. What this mighty man, one of God's eldest sons, exclaimed, his humblest children, the lowest creations of animal life, the very mollusca exclaim from the depths of ocean. They will not live wholly where light cannot reach them. The flower asks for light, turns to meet it, without it droops. Our yoke-fellows in labour, the animals, rejoice as we do, or pine, with its coming and its departure. My grandson, two months old, weeps as soon as day draws to a close.

Walking this summer in my garden, I heard and noticed on a branch a bird singing to the set-

ting sun; he turned to the sinking luminary, and was clearly transported at the brilliant sight. . . . And so was I to mark that songster. Our poor caged birds had never given me a notion of so intelligent and powerful a creature, so small, so impassioned: . . . I was thrilled by its strains. It threw back its tiny head, dilated its chest; never did singer or poet give way to such naïve ecstasy. However, it was not love (the season for that was over); it was manifestly the charm of light, the sweet radiance of the departing orb which ravished that little breast!

Barbarous knowledge, hard pride, which so depreciates animate nature, and separates man so widely from his lower brothers!

I exclaimed with tears, "Poor child of light, that reflectest it in thy song, how right art thou to greet it with thy strains! Night, full of ambush and of danger to thee, closely resembles death. Wilt thou be spared to see to-morrow's light only!" . . . . Then, from its fate, mentally turning to that of all beings who, from the depths of creation, rise so slowly to the light, I exclaimed with Goethe and the little bird, "Light, Lord, more light still!"

CHAPTER IV.

SERVITUDES OF THE MANUFACTURER.

I FIND it stated in the little book of the Rouen weaver, which I have already quoted, "Our manufacturers have all been *originally workmen*;" and, again, "Most of our manufacturers of the present day (1836) were hard-working, thrifty *workmen* in the first years of the Restoration." This observation I take to be general, and not confined to Rouen.

Many of our contractors for buildings have told me that they were *all workmen*; that they came up to Paris as masons, carpenters, &c.

If workmen have been enabled to rise to such vast and complicated undertakings as our large manufactories, one may much more readily believe their setting up on their own account in those businesses which require far less capital, in minor branches of manufacture and retail trade. The number of licensed dealers remained almost stationary under the Empire, but has doubled in the thirty years which have elapsed since 1815. Six hundred thousand individuals, or thereabouts, have become manufacturers or shopkeepers. Now as, with us, all who can manage to live stay as they are, and will not run the risks of business, we may boldly affirm that half a million of workmen have risen to the rank of masters, and have obtained what they have believed to be independence.

This movement was especially rapid in the ten first years, from 1815 to 1825. Those brave men who suddenly wheeled to the right-about from war to business, set about it as if they were storming the enemy, and carried every position. Their confidence was so great, that they even inspired capitalists with it. These enthusiastic natures hurried along with them the coldest. It was readily believed that they were about to renew the whole series of our victories in the field of peace, and here give us our revenge for our later reverses.

There is no denying to these newly risen workmen, who founded our manufactures, the possession of eminent qualities—impulse, daring, originality, and, often, a remarkable truth of calculation. Many made their fortunes; may their sons not lose them!

But with all these qualities, our manufacturers of 1815 did not the less experience the demoralisation of that sad epoch. We might then see how nearly allied political death is to moral. They preserved, in general, all the violence of their military life, and none of the sentiment of honour; cared neither for men nor things, recked not of the future, and behaved brutally to two different classes of persons, the workman and the consumer.

However, workmen being still few at this period in comparison with the demand, even in the power-loom factories, they were obliged to give high wages, and with this bounty *pressed* men both in town and country: conscripts of labour, they made them march at the quick time of the machine, and required them to be, like it, indefatigable. They seemed to apply to manufacture the grand imperial principle, and to sacrifice men to cut short war. That national spirit of impatience which often makes us cruel to animals, gained ground to the loss of our men of military traditions: as work was to go on at the *pas de charge*, and so quicken to a run, all the worse for those who fell.

As regarded traffic, the manufacturers of that day traded as if they were in an enemy's country, and treated the purchasers just as in 1815 our shopwomen of Paris fleeced the Cossack. They sold with false weights, with false measures, and palmed off dyes that would wash out for fixed colours. They thus soon finished their game, and retired with full pockets, after having closed her best markets against France, compromised for many years her commercial reputation, and, graver still, rendered the Englishman the essential service of alienating from us, to say not a word of anything else, a world—Spanish America, a world that was an imitation of our Revolution.

Their successors, who are either their sons or their principal workmen, have enough to do now, preceded as they are in every market by this ill-repute. They are surprised and irritated at finding their profits so reduced. The greater number would willingly withdraw from business, if they could; but they are embarked in it and must go on. *March! march!*

In other countries, manufacture rests on large capitals, on a collective whole of habits, traditions, and sure relations,—it rests on the basis of a vast and regular commerce. Here, truth to say, it is only a struggle. An adventurous workman, who inspires confidence, gets up a partnership, or else a young man hazards what his father had contrived to lay by. He begins with a small capital, or his wife's fortune, or a loan. Heaven send him the luck to wind up his affairs between two crises, for they come every six years (1818, 1825, 1830, 1836). 'Tis ever the same story. One or two years after the crisis, some orders come in, and with them forgetfulness of the past, hope of the future. The manufacturer thinks himself fairly started. He urges forward, hurries, overstrains men and things, workmen and machines; the industrial Bonaparte of 1820 reappears for a moment, and then the workhouses are filled, the market overstocked, and he must sell at a loss. . . . Besides, these expensive machines are, every five years, worn out, or else pushed aside by some new

invention. His profits, if any, go to purchase new machinery.

The capitalist, warned by so many lessons, now believes that France is rather a manufacturing than a commercial country, and better calculated to make than to sell. He lends to the new manufacturer, as to a man about to embark on a perilous voyage. What security has he? The most splendid manufactories are only parted with at a great sacrifice, and its brilliant machinery is worth no more, in a few years, than what the iron and copper will fetch. Therefore, he does not make his advances on the security of the manufactory, but of the man. The latter has this melancholy advantage—he may be flung into prison: this stamps value on his signature. He is perfectly aware that he has pawned his body, and, sometimes, much more—the lives of his wife and children, the property of his father-in-law, or that of too trusting a friend, perhaps, even property of which he is the trustee, dragged on as he is by the madness of this feverish existence. . . . He has no time to bargain; must conquer or die, make his fortune or drown himself.

A man in this state of mind is not overburthened with sensibility. Were he kind to clerks and workmen, 'twould be a miracle. Mark him, striding hurriedly along the vast floors of his factory, with stern and dogged look. . . . When he is at one end, the workman at the other whispers to his fellow, "What a temper he's in to-day; how he has given it the overseer!" He treats them all as he himself has just been treated. He is but now returned from the moneyed town, to Mulhausen from Bâle, for instance, from Rouen to Deville. He cries out, and those around him are astonished. They know not that the Jew has just taken from his body the pound of flesh.

From whom will he recover it? From the consumer? He is on his guard. The manufacturer falls back on the workman. Wherever there is no apprenticeship, wherever apprentices are heedlessly taken, they offer themselves in crowds at nominal wages, and the manufacturer takes the opportunity to insist on a general fall*. But then, as he over-manufactures, he is constrained to sell at a loss; and the depreciation of wages, which is death to the workman, is no gain to the manufacturer; the consumer alone reaps the profit.

The hardest manufacturer was, however, born a man, and at first felt an interest in this crowd of human beings†. Gradually, the cares of business, the uncertainty of his position, his dangers, and moral sufferings, have made him perfectly indifferent to the physical sufferings of his workmen. Neither is he as aware of them as his father was*, himself a working man. Renewed unceasingly, he comes to consider them as cyphers, machines, though of a less docile and regular kind, whom future improvements in machinery will allow him to do without. They are the defect of the system. In this world of iron, whose movements are so regular, the only thing to be found fault with is man.

It is curious to observe, that the only ones (few indeed) who interest themselves in the fate of the workman, are occasionally petty manufacturers, who live along with him in patriarchal fashion; or else, on the contrary, large and opulent firms which, resting on solid capitals, are above all the ordinary anxieties of commerce. The whole interval between is a pitiless battle-field.

All know that our manufacturers of Mulhausen petitioned, in opposition to their own interests, for a law regulating the hours of employment for children, and in 1836, after an attempt made by one of them to furnish his workmen healthy habitations, with small gardens, these same manufacturers of Alsace, touched by this happy idea, in the impulse of generous emotion subscribed two millions of francs. What became of this subscription? I have never been able to learn.

There can be no doubt that the manufacturers would be more humane, if their families, frequently most charitably disposed, were not so much estranged from the factory†. They gene-

* I long refused to believe what I was told of the infamous frauds practised by certain manufacturers on the consumer, with regard to quality; on the workman, with regard to quantity of work. But I have had the charges confirmed by friends of the manufacturers, who spoke of them with grief and humiliation, by magistrates, merchants, and bankers. The *prud'hommes* have no authority to repress these crimes; and the unfortunate workman dares not complain. Actions can be brought by the crown only.

† This gradual induration, the aptitude acquired of stifling in oneself the voice of humanity, is most subtly analyzed by M. Emmery in his pamphlet, *Sur l'Amélioration du Sort des Ouvriers dans les Travaux Publics* (1837). He treats, especially, of workmen maimed in the dangerous works undertaken for government by contractors.

"A contractor, with his heart in the right place, may once, perhaps several times, indeed, at first, assist workmen who have met with an injury; but when accidents become numerous he finds it too great a tax on his purse. As he puts himself on his guard against the first movements of generosity, he insensibly checks personal application, and decreases in a marked manner the extent of assistance he may still give. He observes that he is obliged to pay his workmen in proportion to the danger of the employment, without being himself able to make any surcharge on that account; and this increase of pay soon seems to him the equivalent for any accidents that may occur. To go on affording extra help strikes him as being beyond his means. The workman who has met with an accident has not been long in his employ, the one who is taken ill is not one of his best hands, &c. That is to say, his heart grows hardened from habit, often from necessity, all charitable feeling evaporates, the little aid he may continue to extend is no longer directed by a vigorous sense of justice towards all; and the sole result of all the generous emotions which such moving pictures ought to produce are limited to a few presents conferred arbitrarily, and calculated, not on the real wants of the distressed families, but according to the future interests of the contractor's works."

* The difference between father and son is, that the latter, who has not been a workman, being less skilled in the actual processes of manufacture, and less aware of the limits of the possible and the impossible, is sometimes hard and harsh through ignorance.

† I never shall forget a touching circumstance, full of grace and charms, of which I was an eye-witness. The owner of a manufactory having the kindness to propose showing me over the works himself, his young wife would join us. Surprised at first, to see her in her white dress, attempting this traject through wet and dry (all is not delightful or clean even in the manufacture of the most brilliant objects), I afterwards saw why she braved this purgatory. Where her husband showed me things, she saw men, human souls, and, often, deeply-wounded ones. Without saying a word in explanation to me, I perceived, that whilst gliding through this crowd, she had a delicate, penetrating perception of all the thoughts, I will not say of

rally live apart, only know the workmen at a distance, and are apt to exaggerate their vices, judging of them almost always by the moment I have spoken of above, when liberty, long held captive, bursts forth, noisy and disorderly; I mean, the moment when work is over, and they are leaving the mill. Often, too, manufacturer and family hate the workmen, supposing themselves hated; and, contrary to the commonly received notion, I must say that in this they are not unfrequently mistaken. In large manufactories the workman hates the overseer, to whose tyranny he is more immediately exposed; whilst the master's, not being so closely felt, is less hateful to him. Except he have been taught to hate it, he looks upon it as he does on the tyranny of fate, and does not vex himself about it.

The manufacturing question, as regards ourselves, is exceedingly complicated by the position of other countries in relation to France. Blockaded, in a measure, by the unanimous ill-will of Europe, she has lost, together with her ancient alliances, all hope of opening, whether in East or West, new channels of commerce. *Industrialism*, which has founded our present system on the strange supposition that the English, our rivals, would be our friends, finds itself, with all this friendship, blocked and walled up as in a tomb. . . . Certes, our grand agricultural and warlike France, of twenty-five millions of men, which readily listened to the industrial portion of the community, and remained immoveable on the faith of their word, which, through kindness to them, did not resume our frontier of the Rhine, is now justified in deploring its credulity. More sensible than they, it had ever believed that the English would remain English.

Let us distinguish, however, amongst manufacturers. There are who, instead of falling to sleep behind the triple line of customs, have nobly continued the war against England. We thank them for their heroic efforts to lift the stone under which she thought to crush us. Their industry, which makes head against her notwithstanding all disadvantages (their expenses being often greater by a third), has defeated her on various points, particularly in those departments of manufacture which require the most shining qualities, the most inexhaustible wealth of invention. They have conquered by superiority in art.

It would require a work specifically devoted to the subject, to display the magnificent efforts of Alsace, which, with a feeling the reverse of mercantile, without a thought of the expense, has drawn together all means, summoned every science, willed the beautiful, whatever it might cost. Lyons has solved the problem of a continual metamorphosis, each change increasing in ingenuity and brilliancy. What can we say of that Parisian fairy, who responds every minute to the most unforeseen impulses of fantasy?

Unexpected, surprising event! France sells. . . France excluded, condemned, interdicted. . . They come despite themselves, despite themselves they buy.

They buy patterns, which, good or bad, they set about copying at home. An Englishman, examined before a parliamentary commission, states that he keeps an establishment at Paris, *in order to secure patterns.* A few pieces bought at Paris, at Lyons, in Alsace, and then copied over yonder, enables the English or German imitator to inundate the world. So with books: France writes, Belgium sells.

The products in which we excel are unfortunately those which are constantly altering, and which call for fresh outlay. Although it is the province of art to add immeasurably to the value of raw materials, so expensive an art as this allows of but scanty profits. England, on the contrary, having channels for her trade amongst the inferior populations of the five divisions of the globe, manufactures in huge masses and uniform fabrics, renewed without any fresh outlay or new researches. Products of the kind, whether vulgar or not, are ever lucrative.

Work, then, O France, to remain poor! Work, suffer, without ever growing weary. The motto of the grand manufactures which constitute thy glory, and erect thy taste and sense of art into laws, is this—Invent, or perish!

hate, but of corroding care, of envy, perhaps, which were fermenting in those many minds. As we went on, she found many opportunities for addressing various parties, and always with good sense and admirable tact, at times almost with tenderness; as, for instance, speaking to a young girl in ill health, the youthful mistress, herself an invalid, spoke feelingly. Many were evidently touched: an aged workman, who fancied she was tired, offered her a seat with a charming vivacity. The younger were more grave. She, who saw every thing, spoke, and the cloud fled.

CHAPTER V.

SERVITUDES OF THE SHOPKEEPER *.

THE man of labour, workman or manufacturer, usually looks upon the shopkeeper as an idle man; seated in his shop, what has he to do but to read his paper of a morning, talk the whole day long, and in the evening lock up his till? The workman resolves, if he can manage to lay by, to turn shopkeeper.

The shopkeeper is the tyrant of the manufacturer, and throws upon him all the meannesses and vexations he has himself to undergo at the hands of the customer. Now the customer, in the present state of our habits and morals, is a man who wishes to buy for nothing, the poor man who affects to be rich, the mushroom of yesterday, who finds great difficulty in extracting from his pocket the money which has but just found its way into it †. They require two things—show and cheapness; the intrinsic worth of the object is a secondary matter. Who asks the price of a good watch? No one. Even the rich only want a showy watch at a low price.

The shopkeeper must outwit these folk, or perish. His whole life consists of two wars,—a war of trickery and cunning against the unreasonable

* I treat alone of the individual dealer, the retailer, such as he is generally found throughout France, not of the large partnerships which exist only in some of our large cities.

† New classes starting into fortune, as is exceedingly well explained by M. Leclaire, in his *Peinture en Bâtiment* (Ornamental House-Painting). They know nothing of the real value of objects, but want what is showy—in water-colours, no matter.

purchaser; a war of vexations and importunity against the manufacturer. Fickle, restless, trifling, he pays the latter back day by day the absurdest caprices of his master, the public; pulls him to the right or the left, gives him a different direction every moment, hinders him from following out any idea, and renders invention of the highest order in a variety of fabrics an impossibility.

The chief aim of the shopkeeper is to get the manufacturer to help him to trick the buyer; to prevail over him to descend to petty frauds, and not to shrink from great ones. I have heard manufacturers grieve over the dishonourable things required of them. They must either lose their customers or become accomplices in the most disgraceful cheats. It is not enough that they must deteriorate the quality of goods, they must also turn forgers, and affix to their goods the marks of noted manufactories.

The repugnance to trade displayed by the noble republics of antiquity, and by the haughty barons of the middle age, is no doubt unreasonable, if by trade is understood the complicated manufactures which require science or art; or that vast commerce which supposes so much knowledge, inquiry, combination. But it is perfectly reasonable if understood of the ordinary habits of traffic, of the miserable necessity the shopkeeper feels for lying, cheating, falsifying.

I do not hesitate to affirm that, to a man of honour, the position of the most dependent workman is freedom compared with this; though a slave in body, he is free in soul. On the contrary, to enthral his soul and his word, to be obliged, from morning to evening, to mask his thoughts, is the lowest slavery.

Imagine this man, who has been a soldier, who has possessed in all other things a sense of military honour, and who resigns himself to this; he must endure agony.

What is strange is, that it is precisely for honour that he lies daily—to *do honour* to his business Dishonour in his mind is not falsehood, but failure. Rather than *fail*, commercial honour will drive him on to that point where fraud becomes theft, and falsification, poisoning.

Mild poisoning, I know, in small doses, which only kills slowly. Though it should be shown that articles of food and daily use are adulterated only with innocent *, inert, inactive substances, the workman, who believes that he is recruiting his strength whilst using them, and finds them fail, goes on ruining and exhausting himself, and lives (if I may so speak) on the capital, on the funds of his life, which is slipping away from him.

The guilt, in my opinion, of this adulterator, who sells intoxication, is not only poisoning the lower classes, but degrading them. The man, exhausted with work, who enters confidently into the public-house as into his house of freedom, what finds he there?—disgrace. The spirituous compound which is sold him under the name of wine, produces, as soon as drunk, an effect which double or triple the quantity of wine would not have had. It mounts to the brain, renders mind, tongue, and body alike unsteady. Drunk, and his pocket empty, the publican turns him into the street. Who has not been struck to the heart on seeing, of a cold winter day, some poor old woman, who has been quaffing poison to warm herself, turned out in this state to be jeered by ruffian children? The rich pass by and exclaim, "These are the people!"

Every man who has or who can borrow a thousand francs, boldly commences business. From workman he turns shopkeeper, that is, an idle man. He lived in the public-house; he opens a public-house. He opens, not far from his old haunts, or rather, as near as possible, in order to draw their customers away; he flatters himself with the amiable idea that he shall ruin his neighbour. He gets customers at once,—all who are in debt to his neighbour, and who never pay. After a few months he finds that his novelty is gone, and that new rivals start up around him. He goes back—fails. He has lost his money, and what was more precious than money, the habits of work. Great is the joy of the survivors, who gradually come to the same end. Others follow, and he is no longer seen... Sad and miserable traffic, carried on without industry, and worked on the one principle of devouring one another.

The demand hardly increases, yet shopkeepers increase, multiply perceptibly, as do competition, envy, hate. They do nothing; there they are, standing at their doors, their arms crossed, looking askance at each other, to see whether the faithless customer will not make a mistake as to his shop. The shopkeepers of Paris, eighty thousand in number, had last year *forty-six thousand actions* before the tribunal of commerce alone, not to speak of the other tribunals. Frightful amount! How many hates and quarrels does it not indicate!

The special object of this hate, whom the licensed dealer pursues and seizes when he can, is the poor devil with a perambulating shop, the unhappy woman who bears goods about in a basket, and often also a child as well *. Let her not think of sitting down, let her be ever on the move; if not, she is taken up.

Truth to say, I know not whether he who has her taken up, this sorry shopkeeper, is happier for being seated, without the power of stirring, bound to wait, unable to calculate on anything beforehand. The shopkeeper scarcely ever knows whence his gain will come to him. Receiving his merchandize at second or third-hand, he knows not the state of his own trade throughout Europe, and has no means of inferring whether he shall next year make his fortune, or be bankrupt.

Two circumstances render the destiny of the manufacturer, and even of the workman, preferable to that of the shopkeeper. 1. *The shopkeeper does not create.* He has not the serious joy, worthy of man, of seeing a thing born, of seeing grow under his hand, a work which assumes form, becomes harmonious, and which indemnifies its creator by its progress, and rewards him for his weary watchings and toil.

2. *The shopkeeper is obliged to please*; another disadvantage, and, to my mind, a fearful one. The workman gives his time, the manufacturer his merchandize, for so much money—a simple con-

* It has been proved *juridically*, that many of these substances are by no means innocent. See the *Journal de Chimie Médicale*, the *Annales d'Hygiène*, and the works of MM. Garnier et Harel, *Falsifications des Substances Alimentaires*, 1844.

* See the touching picture of Savinien Lapointe.

tract, which has nothing degrading in it. Neither the one nor the other need flatter. Neither is forced, though heart-sick, and with eyes filling with tears, to be agreeable and sprightly all at once, like the mistress of a shop (*dame de comptoir*). The hapless shopkeeper, torn with care about the bill which falls due to-morrow, must smile; and, by a cruel effort, give himself wholly up to the babble of the young woman of fashion, who makes him unroll a hundred bales, prattles for two hours, and then leaves without buying.

He must please, his wife must please. He has embarked in his business, not only his goods, person, and life, but often his family*.

The man who is least susceptible as regards himself, will be agonized hourly at seeing his wife, or his daughter, behind the counter. Even the stranger, the disinterested witness, does not see without emotion the habits and domestic privacy of a worthy family entering into business, forcibly deranged—the hearth in the street, the holy of holies paraded with the show of goods! The young girl listens, with cast-down eyes, to the impertinent prate of an unfeeling coxcomb. Return a few months after, you will find her modesty changed into effrontery.

But the wife contributes much more than the daughter to the success of business. She talks with winning grace and charm. Where is the harm, when her every word and act has a thousand witnesses? She talks, but she listens . . and to every one rather than her husband. The husband is a "kill-joy," has no amusing chatter, is all hesitation and scruple, a waverer in politics, and in all besides, discontented with government, and discontented with the discontented.

The wife becomes more and more conscious that her occupation is a tiresome one—twelve hours a day in the same spot, exposed behind a window with the goods. She will not always remain impassive and immoveable: the statue may be animated.

And now begin the husband's torments. The most cruel spot in the world for a jealous man is a shop. . . . All enter, all flatter the mistress. . . . . The wretched wight is not always sure on whom to fasten the blame. He loses his senses, or makes away with himself, or with her; or will take to his bed and die. . . Unhappiest of all, perhaps, is he who resigns himself to his fate.

There was a man who died on this wise slowly, not of jealousy, but of grief and humiliation, at seeing himself daily outraged and insulted in the person of his wife—I allude to the unfortunate Louvet. After having escaped from the dangers of the Reign of Terror, and returned to the Convention, being without fortune, he settled his wife as a bookseller in the Palais Royal; this was a thriving business at that period; indeed, the only one. Unhappily, the enthusiastic Girondin, as hostile to the royalists as to the Mountain, had innumerable enemies. The gilded youth (*jeunesse dorée*), who showed how well they could run on the 13th Vendémiaire, marched bravely up to Louvet's shop, took possession of it, giggled, grinned, and avenged themselves on a woman. To the provocations of the exasperated husband, their only answer was shouts of laughter. He had himself supplied them with arms by printing, in his account of his flight and misfortunes, a thousand impassioned, and, no doubt, indiscreet and imprudent details, touching his Lodoiska. One thing should have protected her and rendered her sacred in the eyes of men of heart—her courage, her devotion: she had saved her husband. . . This was thrown away upon our gallant gentlemen, who coarsely kept up the cruel joke; and it was Louvet's death. His wife wished to die—but her children, whom they brought to her, condemned her to live.

* Much has been said of the workwoman employed in the silk manufacture, and of the clerk who makes her pay with her person for his winking at theft; and so of the females engaged in the cotton mills; but, I think, wrongfully. The manufacturer is but little in contact with those he employs. It has been said, too, that the country usurer often sets an immoral price on his forbearance. Why has nothing been said of the shopwoman exposed, on this fashion, and forced to please the customer, and give up her time and ear to him, so often, too, to her moral ruin?

CHAPTER VI.

SERVITUDES OF THE PUBLIC SERVANT.

When children grow up, and the family meet in conclave to consider what is to be done with them, the sprightliest and most refractory does not fail to exclaim, "I will be my own master." He takes to business, and becomes his own master after the fashion of which we have just been speaking. The other brother, the docile one, the staid and discreet, will enter a public office.

At least, every effort will be made to get him into one. The family cheerfully undergo enormous sacrifices to this end, and often beyond its means. Great efforts, and what a result! After ten years at college, and several before that at school, he will be appointed supernumerary, and, afterwards, get a small salary. His brother, the tradesman, who during all this time has fared very differently, is full of envy of him, and is constantly alluding to the unproductive classes, "who sit and sleep over the banquet of the budget." In the estimation of the man of trade there is no producer save himself—the judge, the soldier, the professor, the government-clerk, are "unproductive consumers*".

The parents were well aware that public employment is not a lucrative career; but they coveted for their quiet son a safe, assured, regular means of living. After so many revolutions this is the beau-ideal of families, this, in their opinion, the lot of the government-clerk. All else comes, goes, varies, changes: he alone has escaped the mutations of this mortal life, and lives in a better world.

I know not whether he ever may have enjoyed this earthly paradise, this life of immobility and of sleep; but, at the present day, I see no one exposed to greater changes. Not to speak of retrenchments and dismissals which fall on some, and which are a subject of constant fear to all, his life is nothing else than mutations, journeys, sudden translations (for this or that electoral mystery) from one end of France to the other;—inexplicable disgraces, pretended promotions, which raise his salary some two hundred francs a year and send

* As if justice, civil order, the defence of the country, and public education, were not *productions*, and the greatest of all!

him packing all the way from Perpignan to Lille. The roads are thronged with clerks moving from one station to another with all their furniture; so that many, now, never dream of troubling themselves with any. Encamped in an inn, and their bundle soon made up, they live there a year or less, a sad and solitary life in an unknown town; and when, at last, they have begun to form some intimacies, they are hurried off to the other pole.

Let them beware of marrying; their situation would be all the worse. Independently of these incessant changes, their scanty salaries cannot support a family. Those amongst our public functionaries who are obliged to keep up the respectability of their position, having the charge of souls, as the judge, the officer, the professor, will pass their lives, if they have no fortune of their own, in a miserable struggle to hide their misery and to invest it with some dignity.

Have you not met in a diligence (I do not say once, but often), a respectable, serious-looking, or rather, melancholy lady, respectably dressed, though somewhat out of the fashion, with one or two children, numerous boxes and luggage, and a quantity of furniture on the imperial. On reaching your destination, you will see her received by her husband,—a brave and deserving officer, who is past his better days. And thus she follows him—a life of inconveniences and weariness—from garrison to garrison, lies in on the road, is nursed in an inn, then resumes her journey. Nothing can be more saddening than to see these poor women thus sharing, through affection and duty, all the servitudes of a soldier's life.

There has been little change in the salaries of all paid by government, since the time of the Empire *. In this point of view, almost all enjoy that fixity which seems to be considered their supreme happiness. But as the value of money has fallen, the cipher representing their salary, nominally the same, has fallen in value also, and goes on falling. This is a fact we have pointed out when speaking of the wages of the industrial classes.

France may boast of one thing, which is, that with the exception of some high offices, which are far overpaid, our public functionaries serve the state for almost nothing. And, nevertheless, I boldly affirm that in this country of ours, so evil spoken of, there are few, very few, public servants accessible to bribery.

I know the objection. Many are corrupted by the hope of advancement, by intrigue, by evil influences. I know; I grant this. And yet I will, nevertheless, maintain, that amongst this poorly-paid crowd, you will not find one to take money in the shameless manner witnessed in Russia, in Italy, and so many other countries.

I come to the higher ranks. The judge, who decides on the fate and fortunes of men, who has daily on his hands matters involving millions, and who, for his high, constant, wearing duties, receives less than many a working man, is inaccessible to bribery.

* In all the other kingdoms of Europe they have been raised. With us, the salaries of a very small number of offices have been raised, but many others have been cut down; for instance, the clerks of our *préfectures* and *sous-préfectures*. For the general character and classification of this great army of functionaries, read M. Vivien's important work, *Etudes Administratives*, 1845.

Go lower. Go to a class exposed to great temptations. Take the custom-house officer. There are who may take a trifle for drink for a trifling civility, but not one to expose himself to the slightest suspicion of fraud. And what does he get for his ungrateful task? Six hundred francs; something more than thirty sous a day; and his nights are not paid for. On the frontier he passes every other night, without any other shelter than his cloak, exposed to the attacks of the smuggler, the pelting of the storm; and on the downs, is at times seized and carried off to sea. 'Tis there, to that desert strand, that his wife brings him his scanty meal; for he is married, has children, and has to maintain four or five human beings on about thirty sous.

A journeyman-baker in Paris * earns more than two custom-house officers, one lieutenant of infantry, more than many a magistrate, more than the majority of professors. He earns as much as *six national schoolmasters*.

Shame! disgrace! . . . The people that pays the worst those who instruct the people (hide ourselves whilst we confess it!) is France.

The France of this day. On the contrary, the true France, the France of the Revolution, declared instruction to be sacerdotal, the schoolmaster to be the equal of the priest. It laid down as a principle, that the first expense to be undertaken by the State, was that of instruction. Out of its fearful poverty the Convention voted fifty-four millions for the purposes of primary instruction †, and would have given them had it lasted longer. . . . Strange time, when men called themselves materialists, and which was, in reality, the apotheosis of thought, the reign of mind!

I will not hide the truth. Of all the miseries of the present day, there is not one which weighs more heavily upon me. The most meritorious, the most wretched ‡, the most neglected man in France, is the schoolmaster. The State, which does not even know what constitutes its true instruments and its real strength; the State, which does not dream that its most powerful moral lever is this class of men; the State, I say, abandons them to the enemies of the State. You say that the *Frères* teach better. I deny it. And were it

* That is to say, the journeyman who enjoys the medium rate of wages the year round, and without any winter stoppages. See above, note, p. 18.

† Three months after the 9th Thermidor (27th Brumaire, year III.), on Lakanal's report. See the *Exposé Sommaire des Travaux de Lakanal*, p. 135.

‡ M. Lorain, in his *Tableau de l'Instruction Primaire*, an official work of the highest importance, in which he gives the result of the reports of 190 inspectors, who visited all our schools in 1833, has no expressions strong enough to mark the abject and wretched condition of our schoolmasters. He states (p. 60) that some only make 50, 60, or 100 francs a year! And besides, they have often to wait for payment, and are often, indeed, not paid at all. They are not paid in money, but each family puts aside the worst of its harvest for the schoolmaster, *when he proceeds on a Sunday to beg from door to door, with a wallet at his back*. He is by no means welcome to claim his little lot of potatoes, *for this is stinting the pigs*, &c. Since the publication of these official reports, new schools have been established; but the condition of the existing schoolmasters has not been ameliorated. Let us hope that the Chamber of Deputies will grant, this year, the additional hundred francs asked in vain last year.

true, what's that to me? The schoolmaster is France, the *Frère* is Rome, is the foreigner, the enemy. Read their books, trace their habits, their relations. Flatterers of the university, and all Jesuits at heart.

I have spoken elsewhere of the servitude of the priest. They are great, worthy of compassion. The serf of Rome, the serf of his bishop, and, besides, almost always in a position which gives his superior, thoroughly aware how he stands, a lien upon him. Well! this priest, this serf, is the tyrant of the schoolmaster. The latter is not his subordinate legally; but he is his valet. His wife, mother of a family, pays her court to madame, the housekeeper of monsieur the curé, to the preferred and influential penitent. This woman, with her children, and with all her struggles to bring them up, perceives that a schoolmaster on ill terms with the parson is a lost man! . . . They do not go round about to ruin him; they do not lose time in calling him a blockhead—no, he is a drunkard, a profligate, a ——. His children, coming, alas! year after year, vainly testify to the correctness of his morals. The Brothers alone have morals. A few little actions, indeed, are from time to time brought against them; but how soon hushed up!

Servitude! heavy servitude! I find it whether tracing upwards or downwards, at every stage, crushing the worthiest, the humblest, the most deserving!

I am not speaking here of hierarchical and legitimate dependence, of obedience to the natural superior. I speak of that other oblique, indirect independence, which, proceeding from a higher station, descends downwards, which presses heavily, penetrates, enters into details, which inquires, pries, seeks to govern even the very soul.

Grand difference between the shopkeeper and the public servant! The first, as we have already said, is condemned to lie, even about the smallest objects, for his external interests; as regards his soul, he often preserves its independence. It is precisely on this side that the public servant is attacked: he is made uneasy about the things of the soul, and at times is warned that he must lie both as regards his political and his religious faith.

The wisest work hard to get themselves forgotten. They shun living and thinking, pretend to be nothing, and play their game so well that at last they have no need of pretending; they have become what they strive to appear. Our public servants,—who are, however, the eyes and arms of France, aim at seeing no more, at giving no more signs of life. A body with such members must be sick indeed.

Is the unhappy man free, at the expense of this self-annihilation? Not always. The more he shrinks and draws back, the more is asked of him. He is asked for what are called proofs of zeal, positive services. He may command promotion if he will make himself useful, give information touching so and so. . . . "Is your colleague, now, for instance, is your colleague a dependable person?"

Behold our man, now, distressed, sick at heart. He returns home full of thought. Tenderly pressed, he confesses that. . . . And where think you at this gravely critical moment he finds support? From his family? Seldom.

Sad and hard thing to say, but which must be said, the man of the present day is not corrupted by the world, he knows it too well; nor by his friends . . . for who has friends? . . . No; his most frequent corrupters are his own family. An exemplary wife, uneasy about her children, will instigate her husband, in the hope of advancing him in the world, to the basest meanness. A devoted mother thinks it a straightforward matter that her son should make his fortune by compliance. The end sanctifies all: how sin in serving a good cause? . . . What is man to do when he encounters temptation in the bosom of his own family, who ought to shield him from it? when vice comes to him recommended by virtue, by filial obedience, by respect to paternal authority?

This is the grave side of our morals; I know no gloomier one.

Still I will never believe that baseness, even so recommended, that servileness and jesuitism, will triumph in France. Repugnance for all that is false and treacherous is insurmountable in this noble country. The mass is good; judge not of it by the scum which rises to the surface. This mass, though fluctuating, has in it a power which renders it secure—the sentiment of military honour constantly renewed by our heroic legend. See that man on the point of giving way check himself and stop without one's being able to divine the cause—he has felt pass by his face the invincible spirit of the heroes of our wars, the wind of the time-honoured flag! . . .

Ah! my sole hope is in it! May that flag and the France of the army save France! May our glorious army, on which the eyes of the world are fixed*, keep itself pure! May it be iron against the enemy and steel against corruption! May the spirit of police never find its way into it! May it preserve a horror of traitors, of unworthy offers, of underhand means of advancement!

What a trust is in the hands of these young soldiers! what responsibility of the future! On the day of the last combat between civilization and barbarism, (and who knows that it may not be tomorrow?) the Judge must find them irreproachable, their swords pure, their bayonets sparkling without a stain! Each time I see them pass, my heart stirs within me: "Here, only here, march together, force and mind, valour and right, two things separate over all the earth. If the world is saved by war, you alone will save it. . . Sacred bayonets of France, that light which hovers over you, which no eye can sustain—watch that nothing dims its brightness!"

CHAPTER VII.

SERVITUDES OF THE RICH AND OF THE BOURGEOIS†.

The only people that has a positive army is one which counts for nothing in Europe. This phenomenon is not sufficiently accounted for by the weakness of a ministry or of a government; but

* If atrocities have been committed by our armies, they were ordered. Be the guilt on those who gave such orders. We may observe, however, that our papers, to further party interests, are too apt to give credit to the calumnious inventions of the English.

† As we have no exact equivalents for the terms "*bourgeois*" and "*bourgeoisie*,"—our "citizen" and "middle class" not expressing the same thing,—I have retained the French words. Besides, their meaning will be gathered from the context.—Translator.

springs unfortunately from a more general cause—from the decline of the governing class, a very new yet very worn-out class—the *bourgeoisie.*

To make myself better understood, I must go some way back.

The glorious *bourgeoisie* which dashed in pieces the middle-ages, and effected our first revolution, in the fourteenth century, had this of peculiar in it, that it was a rapid initiation of the people into the nobility *. It was less a class than a means of transition, a step. Then, having done its work, a new nobility and a new monarchy, it dropped its mobility, stereotyped itself, and remained a class—a class, indeed, too often ridiculous. The bourgeois of the seventeenth and eighteenth century is a bastard being, whom nature seems to have checked in its imperfect development, a mixed being, unpleasing to see, who reminds you neither of the classes above or below, who can neither walk nor fly, but who pleases himself, and who struts about on the strength of his pretensions.

Our actual bourgeoisie, born of the brief space of the Revolution, did not encounter, on starting up, any nobles over its head. So much the more did it seek to erect itself into a class at once. It took up a fixed position at its birth ; so fixed a one, that it idly fancied it could draw an aristocracy out of its own bosom—you might as well talk of improvising an antiquity. This creation turned out, as might have been foreseen, not antique, but withered and decrepit †.

Although the bourgeoisie ask no more than to be a class apart, it is not easy to define the limits of this class, to say where it begins, where it ends. All who are included in it are not in easy circumstances, there are many poor bourgeois ‡. In the country, the same man is a workman here, *bourgeois* there, because he has property there. Hence, thanks to God, we cannot strictly oppose the bourgeois to the people, as some do, which would be nothing less than creating two nations. Our small country proprietors, whether called *bourgeois* or not, are people, and the very heart of the people.

Whether we extend or contract this denomination, the point of importance to remark is, that the bourgeoisie, which for fifty years took the initiative in action upon itself, seems at the present day paralyzed and incapable of action. It was apparently to be renewed by quite a recent class; I mean by the manufacturing class, born of 1815, strengthened by the struggles of the Restoration, and which, more than any other, brought about the revolution of July. More French, perhaps, than the bourgeoisie properly so called, it is bourgeois through its interests, and dares not budge. The bourgeoisie neither will nor can make a move, but has lost the power of moving itself, or impelling others. Half a century, then, has sufficed to see it issue from the people, rise by its own activity and energy, and, suddenly, in the midst of its triumph, collapse upon itself. There is no other instance of so rapid a decline.

It is not we who say this, but itself. The saddest confessions escape it upon its own decline, and that of France, which it is dragging down with it.

Ten years ago, a minister said, in the hearing of many persons, "France will be the first of the secondary powers." This, which was then an humble prophecy, in the state to which things have now come, seems almost an ambitious one. So rapid has been the descent.

As rapid internally, as externally. The progress of the evil is marked by the discouragement of those even who profit by it. They can hardly feel interested in a game in which no one hopes longer to deceive anybody. The actors are as wearied almost as the spectators. They yawn with the public ; sick of themselves, and of feeling their decline.

One of them, a man of talent, wrote some years since, that great men were no longer required, that henceforward they could be done without. The saying hit the time. Only, if he writes again, he must extend it, and prove this time that mediocre men, secondary talents, are not indispensable, and that they can be done without as well.

Ten years ago, the press aspired to influence. It has given this notion up. To speak but of literature only, it has felt that the bourgeoisie,—and the bourgeoisie alone read—(the people read little), no longer wanted art. So it has been enabled, without any one's making the least complaint, to retrench two expensive things, art and criticism. It has addressed itself to the improvisateurs, the joint-stock novelists, and then, only keeping their name, to craftsmen of a lower rank.

The general depreciation is less felt, because it has taken place all together. All sinks; the relative level is the same.

Who would say, quiet as we are, that we have been so noisy a people ? The ear grows used to it by degrees, and the voice too. The diapason changes. He who fancies he bawls out, whispers. The only sound which breaks the general silence more than usual, comes from the stock exchange. He who hears it on the spot, and who witnesses the tumult, would readily conclude that this current must stir up the very depths of the vast sleeping marsh of the bourgeoisie. A mistake. It is doing too much wrong, too much honour to the vast bourgeois mass, to infer so much activity in it for material interests *. It is exceedingly

* The transition took place, as is known, through the noblesse of the courts (*noblesse de robe*). But, what is not so well known, is the facility with which this noblesse became military in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

† Ancient France had three classes; new France has two—the people and the bourgeoisie.

‡ Observe attentively how the humbler classes use this word, and you will find that it corresponds, in their minds, less to riches than to a certain portion of independence and leisure, to the absence of uneasiness about daily bread. A workman, who earns his five francs a day, will readily address as *Mon Bourgeois*, the starving annuitant who has but his three hundred francs a year from the funds, or from some small property, and who walks about in a seedy black coat in the very heart of January. If a sense of security be the essence of the bourgeois, must we comprehend under the term those who never know whether they are rich or poor, tradesmen, and others who seem more secure, but who, to purchase a situation, have made themselves the slaves of the capitalist ? If they be not really bourgeois, they are yet affixed to the same class by interest, by fears, and the fixed idea of peace at any cost.

* France, with the exception of its English fits (like Law's bubble, and this madness of stock-jobbing), and which are of rare occurrence, has not a shopkeeping soul. This is seen in the readiness with which those who, at first, seem the most eager in the pursuit of fortune, generally stop early and give it up. The Frenchman who has amassed in trade, or otherwise, an income of a few thousand francs, thinks

egotistical, it is true, but addicted to routine, and inert. Some brief accesses apart, it usually holds by its first gains, which it fears to endanger. The ease with which this class resigns itself to mediocrity in everything, especially in the country, is incredible. It has little; it acquired that little but yesterday; provided it can retain that little, it resigns itself to live without enterprise, without thought*.

That which characterised the ancient bourgeoisie, but which is wanting in the new, is, most of all, the consciousness of security.

The bourgeoisie of the two last centuries, firmly seated on the basis of fortunes of long standing, on legal and financial offices, which were looked upon as properties, on the monopoly of the large-trading corporations, &c. thought itself as secure in France as the king. Its ridiculous side was pride, an awkward imitation of the great. This effort at rising higher in the scale of society than was within its power, is marked by the emphasis and inflation which characterize most of the monuments of the seventeenth century.

The ridiculous side of the new bourgeoisie is that contrast between its military antecedents and the actual terror which it is at no pains to conceal, and which it expresses on all occasions with singular simplicity. If only three men begin talking of wages in the street, and ask the contractor, grown rich by their labour, for a rise of but a sou, the bourgeois takes the alarm, and cries out for help.

There was, at least, more consistency in the bourgeois of the former day. He admired himself in his privileges, sought to enlarge them, and looked upwards. Our present bourgeois looks downwards, sees the crowd mount behind him, as he has mounted, and does not like their aspiration; so recoils and fixes himself by the side of "the powers that be." Does he frankly confess his retrograde tendencies to himself? Rarely. His past life makes him shrink from it. He almost always remains in this contradictory position: liberal by principle, selfish by habit, wishing and not wishing. If there remain any of the Frenchman within to chide him, he appeases it by the reading of some innocently grumbling paper, pacifically warlike.

Most administrations, it must be owned, have speculated on this sad progression of fear, which, in the long run, is no other than the hastening of moral death. They have thought the dead easier to deal with than the living. To increase their dread of the people, they have been constantly showing these alarmed folk two Medusa's heads, which have at the last changed them into stone—the Reign of Terror, and Communism.

History has never yet entered into a searching examination of this unique phenomenon—the Reign of Terror; which, most assuredly, could be resuscitated by no man, by no party. All that I can say about it here is, that behind this popular phantasmagoria, they who worked the puppets, our great terrorists, were by no means men of the people, but bourgeois, nobles, men of cultivated, subtle, wayward minds, sophists and schoolmen.

As to Communism, a subject to which I shall return, a word is enough. The last country in the world in which the rights of property will be swept away, is France. If, as one of that school defined it, "property is nothing else than theft," we have twenty-five millions of thieves who will never let go their hold.

These two things, however, are none the less excellent machines for frightening those who are well off, for inducing them to act against their principles, and for stripping them of all principle. Such is the excellent use the Jesuits and their friends make of communism, especially in Switzerland. Each time that the friends of liberty are about to gain ground, there is discovered to a nicety, and published with great to-do, some new atrocity, some nefarious plot, which horrifies all good proprietors, Protestant as well as Catholic, Berne as well as Fribourg.

No passion remains stationary; fear less so than any other. Grow it will. Now, there is this quality in fear, that it always goes on to magnify its object, and to weaken the sickly imagination of the person who fears. Each day brings a new cause of distrust. This idea seems dangerous to-day; that man, or that class, to-morrow. One shuts oneself up more and more, barricades and walls up doors and mind, no more daylight, not even a cranny for the day to enter by.

No more contact with the people. Henceforward the bourgeois knows them only by the police reports. He sees them in his servant, who robs him and laughs at him. He sees them, through the windows, in the drunken man who passes along there, bawling, falling, rolling in the mud. He does not know that, after all, the poor devil is a worthier fellow than the poisoners, wholesale and retail, who have made him in this sad state.

Rude labours make rude men and rude words. The voice of the man of the people is rough; he has been a soldier, and ever affects military energy. Hence the bourgeois concludes that his habits are those of violence, and he is usually mistaken. In nothing is the improvement of the age more visible than in this. But the other day, when an armed force suddenly entered the carpenters' lodge, broke open their chest, and seized their papers and poor savings, did we not see these brave men restrain their passions, and appeal to the laws?

The rich man is, generally, the man who has grown rich, the poor man of yesterday. Yesterday he was himself the workman, the soldier, the peasant, whom he avoids to-day. I can understand

himself rich, and retires. The Englishman, on the contrary, sees in the riches he has heaped together a means of growing richer, and goes on working till death. He is chained to the oar, absorbed in his occupation, only he pursues it on a larger scale. He does not experience the want of leisure which would leave his life at his own free disposal.

Thus it happens that there are very few rich men in France, our foreign capitalists apart; and almost all these said rich men would be poor in England. From our rich men, too, you must deduct a certain number, who make a good figure, and whose means are either mortgaged, or still uncertain and hypothetical.

* I know a rather considerable town, near Paris, which contains some hundreds of independent men of small incomes, of from four to six thousand francs each, who never dream of exceeding this, who do nothing, read nothing, scarcely the paper, take an interest in nothing, never visit, and hardly know one another. The intoxication of the stock exchange is never felt by them, but, unhappily, it spreads lower down, among the thrifty of the humbler classes, even of the country, where the peasant has not even a paper to enlighten him on the subject of this knavery.

how the grandson, born rich, can forget all this; but to forget oneself in the space of a man's life, in the space of thirty or forty years, is inexplicable. For pity's sake, ye men of warlike times, who have seen the enemy a hundred times, fear not to face your poor countrymen, whom they tell you to dread. What are they doing? They are beginning to-day as you began. He who is passing there, is yourself of a younger day. . . . Is not that stripling conscript there, singing the *Marseillaise* as he trips along, yourself, setting off, a mere child, in '92? Does not that officer from Africa, full of ambition, and breathing of war, call to your mind 1804, and the camp of Boulogne? The tradesman, the workman, the small manufacturer, are singularly like those who, about 1820, clomb to fortune along with yourself.

These very men, like you, will rise, if they can, and, most probably, by better means, being born in a better time. They will be gainers, you will be none the poorer. . . . Away with the false notion, that one can only gain by taking from others. Each rising wave of people brings with it a wave of new riches.

Know you the danger of isolating yourselves, of shutting yourselves up so well? You only shut up the void. By excluding men and ideas, one diminishes and impoverishes oneself. 'Tis enclosing oneself in one's own class, in one's own petty circle of habits, where intellect and personal energy are no longer needed. The door is safely locked; but there is no one within. . . . Poor rich! If thou art thyself no longer anything, what is it that thou art so intent on guarding?

Let us open this soul; and see together with her, if she have any recollection, what she had, what is left. The young elasticity of the Revolution? Alas! who can find the faintest trace of it? The warlike force of the Empire, the liberal aspiration of the Restoration, will equally be sought in vain.

We have seen this, our man of the present day, growing less at each step which seemed to elevate him. Peasant, he had sense, morals, sobriety, and thrift; workman, he was kind-hearted to his fellows, and the support of his family; manufacturer, he was active, energetic, animated by the patriotism of industry, to make head against foreign industry. He has left all this behind on his road, and has brought nothing in its place. His house is full, his coffers are full, 'tis only his soul that is empty.

Life is lighted and kindled by life, is extinguished by isolation. The more it mingles with lives different from its own, the more it is answerable for other existences, the stronger, happier, and more fecund is its own existence. Descend in the animal scale down to those poor beings which leave you in doubt whether they are plants or animals, you enter solitude. These wretched creatures have scarcely any connexion with others.

Unintelligent egotism! On what side does the apprehensive class of the rich and bourgeois cast its eyes? With what is it going to ally and associate itself? Precisely with what is most changeable of all; with the political powers that come and go; with the capitalists, who, on the day of revolution, will take up their portfolios and cross the strait. . . . Men of property, know you not that which will not budge any more than the land itself? . . 'Tis the people. Lean on it.

The safety of France, and your safety, ye men of wealth, depends on your not fearing the people, on your going amongst them, on your scouting the fables told you, and which have no foundation in reality. . . . You must understand one another, unlock your mouths, your hearts also, and speak—as men amongst themselves.

You will go on sinking, growing weaker, always declining, if you do not summon around you and adopt the strong and the capable, wherever they may be. I do not allude to capacity in the ordinary acceptation of the term. An assembly which already contains a hundred and fifty lawyers, does not want three hundred. The men brought up by our modern schoolmen will not renew the world. . . . No; this is reserved for the men of instinct, of inspiration without cultivation, or possessing other cultivations (foreign from our modes of thinking, and which all cannot appreciate), for those whose alliance will breathe life into the man of study, and practical sense into the man of business; of which, indisputably he has stood in need these later times, as is only too apparent by the state of France.

What I have to hope from the rich and from the bourgeoisie towards large, frank, generous association, I cannot say: they are sick indeed. It is not easy to return from such a distance. But I confess it; I have still hope in their sons. Those young people, such as I see them in our schools, before my chair, have better tendencies. They have ever heartily welcomed every word in favour of the people. May they do more; may they stretch forth the hand to them, and early form an alliance with them for the common regeneration. May these rich youths never forget that they have to bear about with them a heavy burden, the life of their fathers, who, in so brief a moment, have risen, enjoyed, decayed; that they are aweary at their birth, and that, young as they are, their need is great to grow younger, by imbibing the popular feeling. Their greatest strength lies in their being still close to the people, their root, from which they have but just sprouted up. Ah! may they turn into this root with all their sympathies and heart, and regain a little of that powerful sap which since eighty-nine, has constituted the genius, the wealth, the strength of France.

Young and old, we are tired—why should we not confess it?—at the close of this laborious day's work which has been half a century? Even they who have traversed, as I have done, diverse classes, and who, through all sorts of trials, have preserved the fecund instinct of the people, have not the less lost by the way in internal struggles, great part of their force. . . . 'Tis late, I feel it to be late, the evening cannot be long of coming,—

"And broader shadows from the mountains fall."

Hither then, young and strong. Come, workmen, we open our arms to you: revive us with a new warmth; let the world, let science recommence again.

For my part, my trust and hope is that my science, my cherished study, history, will go on gathering new life from this popular life, and by the aid of these new-comers, will become the grand and salutary thing I dreamed of. From the people shall issue the historian of the people.

Certainly he will not love this people more than I. All my past life, my true country, my home, my

heart are among them. . . . But many things have hindered me from imbibing their most fecund element. The abstract nature of the education of the day long dried me up. It took me long years to efface the sophist which had been created within me: I am only come to myself by disengaging myself from this foreign accessary; I have only arrived at a knowledge of myself, by a negative process. And this is the reason that though always sincere, always an impassioned lover of the true, I have not attained the ideal of grand simplicity, which I have had present to my mind. . . . Go then, young man, to thee belong the gifts which I have been denied *. Son of the people, and at a shorter remove from it, thou wilt be the first to tread the ground of its history with its colossal strength and inexhaustible sap. My rivulets will rush of themselves to lose themselves in thy torrents.

I gift thee with all I have done. . . . Thou wilt gift me with oblivion: may my imperfect history be absorbed in a worthier monument, where science and inspiration may blend into harmony, and where, amidst vast and penetrating researches, one may everywhere feel the breath of great multitudes and the fecund soul of the people!

* But I must aid and prepare this young man beforehand. And this is the reason that I continue my History (of France). One book is the means of making another better book.

CHAPTER VIII.

REVIEW OF THE FOREGOING PART.—INTRODUCTION TO THE SECOND.

Reviewing this long social scale indicated in such few pages, a crowd of ideas and painful sentiments, a world of sadness besets me. . . . So many physical pains! But how many more moral sufferings! . . . Few are unknown to me; I know, I feel, I have had my full share. . . . I must, nevertheless, dismiss both my feelings and my recollections, and follow through this cloud my little light.

And, first, my light, which will never deceive me, is France. French feeling, the devotion of the citizen to his native land, is my measure for judging these men, these classes; a moral, but a natural measure as well. In every living thing, each part draws its functions from its connexion with the whole.

It is with nationality as with geology, the heat is below. Descend; you will find that it increases. In the inferior strata, it burns.

The poor love France, being indebted to her, having duties towards her. The rich love her as belonging to them, being indebted to them. The patriotism of the first is the sentiment of duty; that of the last, the importunity and pretension of a right.

The peasant, as we have said, has wedded France in lawful wedlock; she is his wife for ever: he is one with her. For the workman, she is his lovely mistress: he has nothing, but he has France, her noble past, her glory. He adores the grand unity, free from local ideas. Miserable must he be, and enslaved by hunger and by work, when this sentiment is weakened within him; extinguished, it never is.

The wretched slavery of interests increases proportionally as we ascend to the manufacturers, the shopkeepers. They feel themselves in constant peril, and walk as if on the tight rope. . . . Failure! To avoid partial, they would risk a general failure. . . . They made and unmade July.

And yet can we say that in this large class of many millions of souls the sacred fire is extinct, decidedly and irremediably? No; I would rather incline to believe that the flame in them is in a state of latent heat. Foreign rivalry, the Englishman, will hinder the spark from going out.

How chill, if I ascend higher! It is like being among the Alps. I reach the region of snow. Moral vegetation gradually disappears, the flower of nationality loses its hue. It is like a world seized in one night with a sudden frost of selfishness and fear. . . . Ascending a degree higher, fear ceases, and I only encounter the pure selfishness of the calculator who has no native land; I meet not men, but cyphers. . . . True glacier, deserted by nature *. . . . I must descend; the cold is too much for me here, I cannot draw breath.

If, as I believe, love is life itself, there is little life so high. It seems, that with regard to that national sentiment which enables a man to amplify his life with all the grand life of France, the more one ascends towards the higher classes, the less vitality one feels.

Is one indemnified by being less liable to sufferings, freer, happier? I doubt it. For instance, I see that the large manufacturer, so far higher than the miserable little rural proprietor, is like him, and still more frequently than he, the slave of the banker. I see that the petty shopkeeper, who has exposed his savings to the hazards of trade, and involves his family in these hazards (as I have explained above), who withers with corroding cares, envy, and competition, is not much happier than the workman. The latter, if a single man, if he can put by thirty sous for a rainy day, out of his daily earnings of four francs, is, beyond comparison, more light-hearted and more independent than the shopkeeper.

The rich, it will be said, suffer only from their own vices—but this alone is much. Still to this must be added weariness, moral despondency, the sensations of a man who feels that he had better things within, who preserves life enough to mark how life is sinking, and to note in lucid moments how he glides into the meannesses and follies of littleness of mind. . . . To sink, to be no more able to rise by an effort of the will, what more

* These glaciers do not present the impartial indifference of those of the Alps, which only accumulate fecundating waters to distribute them indifferently to the nations. The Jews, despite of all that is said, have a country. They operate everywhere, but their root is in the land of gold. Now that "armed peace," that fixed war which gnaws into Europe, has thrown into their hands the funds of all states, what can they love? The land of *statu quo*, England. What can they hate? The country of movement, France. . . . They have latterly imagined that they could kill her by buying some score of men whom France denies. Another fault:—through vanity, through an exaggerated sentiment of security, they have admitted kings of their band, have allied themselves with the aristocracy, and so associated themselves with political hazards. This is what their fathers, the Jews of the middle age, would never have done. What a falling off in Jewish wisdom!

wretched? From the Frenchman to sink into the cosmopolite, into any man, and from man into the mollusca!

What do I mean to say by all this—that the poor man is happy, that all conditions are alike; "that there is a compensation?" God defend me from maintaining so false a thesis, so calculated to kill the heart, and confirm selfishness! . . . See I not, do I not know by experience, that physical suffering, far from excluding moral suffering, is generally allied to it—terrible sisters, who are so well agreed to crush the poor! . . . Mark, for instance, the lot of the wife in the indigent quarters of Paris. She seldom brings a child into the world except to die; and finds in her material wants an endless cause of moral pains.

In the moral, as in the physical, this class of the community has, beyond all the rest, an ill peculiar to itself—it has become singularly susceptible. That man's ordinary ills have decreased, I believe; history proves it. They have, however, decreased in a finite proportion; and sensibility has increased in an infinite. Whilst the mind, enlarging, was opening a new sphere to pain, the heart was giving, through love, through family ties, new holds to fortune. . . . Dear occasions of suffering, which no one, assuredly, would sacrifice. . . . But how much more uneasy have they rendered life! We no longer suffer from the present only; but from the future, from the possible. The soul, a prey to pain beforehand, feels and has a presentiment of coming ill, and sometimes of that which will never come.

To fill up the measure of woe, this age of extreme individual sensibility is precisely that in which everything is done by collective means which are least within individual influence. Action, in all mechanical pursuits, is centralised around some mighty power, and, will he nill he, man is drawn into the whirlwind. Of how little import he himself is, what becomes in these vast impersonal systems of his most cherished thoughts and poignant griefs, alas! who can tell? . . . The machine rolls on, immense, majestic, indifferent, unconscious that its small wheels, which have to bear such hard friction, are living men.

Do these animated wheels ply their functions under one same impulse, know at least one another? Does their necessary intimacy of co-operation produce a moral intimacy? . . . In no degree. 'Tis the strange mystery of this age; the very hours in which men act most together are, perhaps, those in which their hearts are least united. Never have the collective means, which put thought in common, circulate and diffuse it, been greater: never has isolation been more profound.

To those who do not observe historically the progress of the system which gives it birth, that mystery remains inexplicable. I have named this system *Machinism.* Let me be allowed to recall its origin.

The middle age laid down a formula of love, and it ended but in hate. It consecrated inequality, injustice, which rendered love impossible. The violent re-action of love and of nature, which is called the *Renaissance*, founded no new order, and appeared disorder. Then the world, to which order was a positive want, said, "Well! let us not love; the experience of a thousand years has been enough. Let us seek order and power in the union of powers. We will find machines which will keep men together without love, which will frame, lock them in so tightly, shall so nail, rivet, screw them up, that, all the while detesting one another, they shall yet act together." And, then, administrative machines were made once more analogous to those of the old Roman empire, bureaucracy after the Colbert pattern, armies after that of Louvois. These machines had the advantage of employing man as a regular power; of employing life—minus its caprices and inequalities.

Yet are they still men, and preserve something of their nature. The marvel of machinism would be to do without men. Let us seek forces, which once put in motion by us, shall act as we, like the wheels of clockwork.

Put in motion by us? This is still man, and this is a defeat. Let nature furnish not only the elements of the machine, but the moving power. . . . 'Tis then that were created those iron workmen which could spin, weave, work in every imaginable combination with a hundred thousand arms, a hundred thousand teeth, acquiring strength, like Antæus, from the bosom of their mother, from nature, the elements, the water-fall, or else from the water which, made captive and expanded into vapour, animates and refreshes them with its mighty sigh.

Political machines—to render our social acts uniformly aristocratic, and enable us to dispense with patriotism; industrial machines, which, when once created, multiply to infinity monotonous products, and which, by the art of a day, dispense with our being artists every day. . . . So far well, there is not much seen of man. Machinism, however, wills more; man is not yet converted into a machine.

He preserves his solitary reflections, his philosophical meditations, the pure thought of the true. There he cannot be reached; except a borrowed scholasticism draw him out of himself to enmesh him in its formulas. Once he shall have set foot on this wheel, which turns in vacuity,—the machine for thinking, racked and toothed into the political machine, will whirl round triumphantly, and will be named *Political Philosophy.*

Fancy still remains free, vain poesy which loves and creates at its pleasure. . . . Useless movement! miserable expenditure of strength! . . . Are the objects which fancy pursues at random, so numerous that one cannot, by diligent classification, strike a mould for each class, into which we may run, as the occasion demands, any given romance, drama, or work according to order. Men will then not be required for literary labour; no more passion, no more caprice of fancy. . . . The English economists have dreamed, as the beau-ideal of industrialism, of one single machine, one single man to put it together and keep it going—how much more glorious the triumph of machinism, to have reduced to machinery the winged world of fancy!

Let us sum up this history:—The state, *minus* one's native land; industry and literature, *minus* art; philosophy, *minus* examination; humanity, *minus* man.

How be surprised at the world's groaning and suffocating within this air-pump. It has discovered a means of doing without that which is its soul, its life; I mean love.

Deceived by the middle age, which promised union, and broke its word, the world has renounced the idea, and, in its discouragement, has sought the art of not loving.

Machines, (I except not the most perfect, whether manufacturing or administrative,) have furnished man, amongst numerous advantages*, with one unfortunate faculty, that of combining forces without combining hearts, of co-operating without loving, of acting and living together without knowing each other—the moral power of association has lost all that mechanical concentration has gained.

Savage isolation, even in co-operation; ungrateful contact, without wishes, without warmth, and which one feels only in the severity of the friction. The result is not, as might be imagined, indifference, but antipathy and hate; not the simple negation of society, but its contrary—society actually labouring to become unsociable.

Here, before my eyes; here, in my heart, is the grand review of our miseries which the reader has assisted at along with me. Well! I would affirm on oath, that of all these most real miseries, which I do not extenuate, the worst, still, is the misery of mind. By this, I mean the incredible ignorance in which we live of each other; practical men as well as speculative. And the principal cause of this ignorance is that we do not think we have any need of knowing one another. Innumerable mechanical means of acting, without soul, dispense with our knowing what man is, with our seeing him in any other point of view than as power, as a cypher. . . . Cypher ourselves, an abstract thing, disembarrassed of vital action by the agency of machinism, we feel ourselves daily sinking and falling to zero.

Hundreds of times have I remarked the perfect ignorance in which each class lives of the other, neither seeing nor wishing to see.

For instance, how difficult is it for us, of cultivated minds, to recognize the good there is in the people! We blame them for countless things which depend, almost by fatality, on their situation —old or dirty dress, excess after abstinence, gross language, rough hands, and a thousand charges of the kind. . . . Why, what would become of us were their hands less rough? . . . We stop at externals, at pitiful points of form, and we do not see the good, the great heart which is often beneath.

On their side, they do not suspect that an energetic soul may inhabit a feeble body. They laugh at the sickly life led by the studious. He is, in their eyes, an idler. They have no idea of the power of reflection, of meditation, of the force of calculation decupled by patient thought. All superiority not gained by war seems to them undeservedly gained. How often have I seen with a smile that the cross of the Legion of Honour seemed to them out of place on the breast of a pale, dwarfed, anxious looking man. . . .

Yea: there is misunderstanding. They misunderstand the might of study, of persevering reflection by which inventions are made. We misunderstand the instinct, the inspiration, the energy which make heroes.

Take it for granted, this is the grand evil of the world. We hate, we despise each other; that is, we do not know each other.

The partial remedies that may be applied are good undoubtedly; but the essential remedy is a general one. It is the soul we should cure.

The poor man supposes, that by binding the rich man by such or such a law all is done, and the world will go on well. The rich man thinks that by recalling the poor man to such or such a religious form, extinct for two centuries, he strengthens society. . . . Splendid topical remedies! They apparently imagine that these formulas, political or religious, possess a certain cabalistic power to bind the world—as if all their power did not depend on the response which they receive or do not receive from the heart!

The evil is in the heart. Let the remedy be in the heart. Throw aside your old nostrums. Open your hearts and arms. . . . Ah! they are brothers after all. Have you forgotten it? . . .

I do not say that such or such a form of association may not be excellent. But fundamentals, not forms, are the question. The most ingenious forms will help you not if you are unsociable.

Of the men of study and reflection, and the men of instinct, who will make the first advance? We; the men of study. The obstacle with us (repugnance? indolence? indifference?) is frivolous. With them, the obstacle is truly grave; it is the fatality of ignorance; it is the suffering which closes and withers the heart.

No doubt the people reflect; and, often, more than we. Nevertheless, their characteristic is the instinctive powers, which equally affect thought and activity. The man of the people is eminently the man of instinct and of action.

The divorce of the world arises principally from the absurd opposition established at the present day, in this age of machinism, between instinct and reflection; and which springs from the contempt of the latter for the instinctive faculties, which she thinks she can do without.

I must, then, explain what instinct and inspiration are, and lay down their law. Follow me, I pray you, in this research. It is the condition on which my subject depends. The political city will not know itself in itself, will not recognize its evils and its remedies, until it shall have viewed itself in the mirror of the moral city.

* I, by no means, intend to dispute these advantages (See above, p. 15). Who would wish to return to days of impotence, when man was without machinery?

PART THE SECOND.

OF ENFRANCHISEMENT BY LOVE.—NATURE.

CHAPTER I.

THE INSTINCT OF THE PEOPLE; A STUDY HITHERTO NEGLECTED.

At my outset in this vast and difficult research, I am conscious of one thing, which is far from encouraging—I start alone, and shall meet no one to aid me. Alone! I will not the less go forward, full of courage and of hope.

Noble writers, of aristocratic genius, and who had been accustomed to paint the manners of the higher classes, have bethought themselves of the people, and have undertaken, out of their benevolence, to bring the people into fashion. They have quitted their drawing-rooms, descended into the street, and asked the passers-by where the people lived. They have been directed to the bagnios, prisons, and haunts of vice.

From this mistake has followed a most distressing consequence. They have produced an effect the exact reverse of that which they desired. They have selected, painted, narrated, in order to interest us in the people, things which must naturally alienate and alarm. "What! are these the people?" cries out with one voice the timid race of the bourgeois. "Quick, increase the police, arm ourselves; close our doors, bar them."

It happens, on examination, that these artists, grand dramaturgists above all, have painted, under the name of the people, a very limited class, whose life, all accidents, violences, and assaults, offered an easy means of attaining the picturesque, and success in the terrible.

Grave writers on crime, political economists, painters of manners, have all, almost exclusively directed their attention to an exceptional people . . . . . to a class *unclassed*, which terrifies us yearly with the progress of crime, with the number of relapses. They are a well known people, who, thanks to the publicity of our tribunals, to the conscientious slowness of our forms of procedure, arrest, with us, an attention, which they obtain in no other country in Europe. The secresy of justice in Germany, its rapidity in England, do not allow of their criminals, who are either buried in prison, or transported, being brought into full relief. England, twice or thrice richer than France in treasures of the kind, does not display her wounds. Here, on the contrary, no class obtains the honours of a completer publicity.

Strange element of the community, which lives at the expense of the others, and which is not the less watched by them with interest. It has its papers*, devoted to recording of its acts, arraying its sentiments, to making it intelligent and affecting. It has its heroes, its illustrious warriors, whom every one knows by name, and who periodically visit our assizes to relate their campaigns.

This chosen tribe, which enjoys almost a monopoly of sitting to the painters of the people, is principally recruited from the mob of our large towns. No class contributes more to it than the manufacturing.

Here, again, our criminal writers have led opinion. It is after them, and by their inspiration, that the politico-economists have studied what they called *the people*. They have considered the working class, and not especially the manufacturing working class, to be the people. Now, this way of handling the subject, which would not be out of place in England, where the manufacturing population forms two-thirds of the whole, is singularly so in France, a great agricultural nation, where the same class does not occupy a sixth part of the population*. It is a numerous class, but still a small minority. They who go to it for their models, have no right to write underneath, "This is a portrait of the people."

Examine closely this witty and corrupt mob of our large cities, which so absorbs the attention of the observer; listen to their language, note down their sallies, often most happy ones, and you will discover one thing, which no one has yet remarked, and which is, that these self-same beings, who, perhaps, may be unable to read, are not the less, after their way, men of highly cultivated minds.

Men who live together, and are always together, are necessarily developed by contact alone; by the effect, as it were, of natural heat. They give themselves an education, a bad one if you like, but still an education. The sight alone of a great town, where, without seeking to learn anything, one picks up something every moment; where, in order to acquire a knowledge of a thousand new things, you have only to go into the streets, and use your eyes: why, this sight, this town, is a school. They who live there do not live an instinctive and natural life. They are cultivated men; who observe for good or evil, and reflect for good or evil. I find them often exceedingly subtle, and evilly subtle. Here the effects of refined cultivation are only too perceptible.

Would you see a creature contradicting nature, directly opposed to all the instincts of infancy, behold that artificial thing called the *gamin* of Paris †. More artificial still, the last born of the devil, is the frightful little man of London, who, at twelve years of age, traffics, thieves, drinks gin, and keeps his girl.

Artists, such, then, are your models. . . . The fantastical, the exceptional, the monstrous, this is that you seek? Moralist, caricaturist! What is, now-a-days, the difference between the two?

A man one day proposed an art of memory to the great Themistocles. He answered bitterly, "Give me rather an art of forgetting."

* Papers are published in Paris exclusively devoted to reports of the proceedings in the police courts, &c.

* And of this sixth, the manufacturing workman only constitutes an inconsiderable part.

† That this neglected child, tempted to ill, and, in every way, of rankest growth, should produce any good quality—wit, courage, is the marvel of the national character.

May God grant me this art, so that I may now forget all your monsters, your fantastic creations, the revolting exceptions with which you bedaub and confuse the subject I have undertaken to handle. You go, eye-glass in hand, prying into the gutters, and finding all manner of foul and filthy things; you bring them back to us, "Huzza! huzza! We have found the people!"

In order to interest us in the people, they show them to us forcing the doors and picking the locks. To picturesque narratives of the kind, they add the profound theories by which the people, to hearken to them, undertake to justify this war on property.... Of a verity, 'tis a terrible misfortune for the people, over and above all their others, to have these imprudent friends. These acts and theories are none of the people's. The mass, no doubt, is neither pure nor irreproachable; but if you wish to characterize them by the dominant idea which occupies the minds of the vast majority, it is that of accomplishing by labour, economy, and the most respectable means, the immense work which constitutes the strength of this country—the participation of all in landed property.

I have just now said I feel myself alone, and should be saddened by the feeling, were I not buoyed up by my faith and my hope. I find myself weakened both in constitution and by my previous labours, in face of this grand subject, as if standing at the foot of a gigantic monument, which I had to move with my own unassisted strength.... Ah! how disfigured does it look, covered with foreign aggregations, with mosses and mildew, and sullied alike by the injuries of the heavens, of earth, and of man! ... The painter, the man *of art as art*, comes, looks, and is taken by—the mosses.... I would fain tear them away. This, thou painter that passest by, is not a plaything of art—it is an altar!

I must dig into the ground, I must lay bare the deep foundations of this monument. I see that the inscription is buried, concealed far below.... I have neither mattock, spade, nor pick; my nails will do.

Perchance, I may have the good fortune which befel me ten years ago, when I discovered two curious monuments at Holyrood. I was in the famous chapel, long unroofed and exposed to rain and mist, so that its tombs are covered with a thick, greenish moss. The memory of the ancient alliance (between France and Scotland), so unhappily lost, made me regret the loss of the inscriptions on these tombs of the old friends of my native land. I mechanically removed the moss from one of these stones, and read the epitaph of a Frenchman—who first paved the streets of Edinburgh. My awakened curiosity led me to another stone, with a death's head carved upon it. This tomb, which had fallen on the ground, was itself buried in a shroud of mouldiness. I scratched with my nails, not having a knife about me, and perceived that there had been a Latin inscription. After long labour, I at last managed to decipher four almost effaced words, words of grave import, calculated to awaken thought, and which suggested the idea of a tragic destiny: these words were the following—"*Legibus fidus, non regibus*," Faithful to the laws, not to kings*! . . . .

And I am still digging now.... I would fain dig to the bottom of the earth; but this time it is not a monument of hate and of civil war that I want to exhume.... On the contrary, I long to find, by descending under this cold and sterile earth, the depths where social warmth recommences, where is kept the treasure of universal life, and where will once more gush forth the dried up sources of love.

CHAPTER II.

THE INSTINCT OF THE PEOPLE; IMPAIRED, BUT POWERFUL.

CRITICISM catches me up at the first word, and imposes silence on me:—"You have filled some thirty and odd pages in drawing up a long balance of social miseries, of the servitudes attached to each condition. We have waited patiently in the hope that after the ills we should know the remedies. And we expect you will meet such real, such positive, such specified ills, by something else than vague words, than a common-place sentimentality, than moral and metaphysical remedies. Propose precise reforms; draw up for each abuse, a clear exposition of what ought to be changed, present it to the Chambers.... Or, if you stop at complaints and dreams, you would do better to return to your middle age, which you should never have left."

Special remedies, methinks, have not been wanting. We have some fifty thousand of them in our statutes (*Bulletin des Lois*); we are daily adding to them, and I do not see that we are going on any the better. Our legislative doctors treat each symptom that appears here and there, as an isolated and distinct disease, and think they can remedy it by some given local application. They are little sensible of the profound connexion between all the parts of the social body, and that of all questions which bear upon it †.

Herodotus tells us that the Egyptians, in the infancy of science, had different physicians for each part of the body; one devoted his attention to the nose, a second to the ear, a third to the stomach, &c. They never minded their remedies clashing; each of them worked apart without troubling the others; if, each separate member separately cured, the patient nevertheless died, that was his business.

My notion of medicine, I confess to be far different. I have considered that before thinking of any exterior and local remedy, it would not be without its use to inquire into the internal disease which produces all these symptoms. This disease, as I conceive, is the coldness, the paralysis of the heart, which produces want of sociability; and this want of sociability originates chiefly in the false supposition that we can isolate ourselves with impunity, that we have no need of one another. The rich and cultivated classes, especially, imagine that they can gain nothing from the instinct of the people, that their book-knowledge is equal to everything, that they can learn nothing from the men of action. To enlighten them I have been obliged to

* Here is the whole of the inscription, as I read it, or thought that I read it, for it was almost effaced under the moss of three centuries—*W. Harter. Legibus fidus, non regibus. Januar.* 1588.

† For instance, they have not seen that the penitentiary question depended on that of public instruction.

explore all that there is of fecund in the instinctive and active faculties; a long process, but the only legitimate one.

I bring three things along with me to this examination. When I said just now that I was alone, I was mistaken.

I. I bring *the observation of the present*, an observation the more important, as with me it is not only external, but internal. Son of the people, I have lived with them, I know them, they are myself. How could I, when in the secret, be led astray with the rest, and be imposed upon with the exception for the rule, monstrosities for nature.

II. My second advantage is, that not having my thoughts diverted by any given novelty in manners or the strangeness of any special class, but confining myself strictly to the mass in its legitimate generality, I have no trouble *in linking its present state with its past*. Changes are much slower in the lower classes than in the upper. I do not gaze at this mass as springing up suddenly and by chance, like some ephemeral monster vomited forth by the soil, but see it descending, lawfully begotten, from the very dawn of history. Life is less mysterious when we know the origin, the ancestors, and the precedents; when we have long watched the habits of the living being before, as one may say, it was born.

III. Grasping this people thus both in its present and its past, I see its necessary *relations* as they affine *with other peoples*, in all decrees of civilization or of barbarism. They reciprocally explain, and form a mutual comment upon one another. To any given question on the one, the other makes reply. For instance, you consider such or such a point in the habits of our mountaineers of the Pyrenees and Auvergne as gross—I look upon it as barbarism, and as such I comprehend it, I classify it, and know its exact place and value in the scale of general life. How many things, half effaced from our national manners, seemingly inexplicable and repugnant to all reason and sense, I have learnt to see in their wholeness, in harmony with the primitive inspiration, and to know to be no other thing than the wisdom of a forgotten world. . . . Poor shapeless fragments that I stumbled upon without a suspicion of what they were, but which, mastered by some unknown presentiment, I could not find it in my heart to pass by, so picked them up and filled the folds of my cloak with them . . . and which, on closer examination, with a religious thrill, I discovered to be neither stone nor pebble, but the bones of my fathers *.

In this small book, however, I have not been able to enter upon this criticism of the present by the past, and to develop it by the varied comparison of different ages and peoples. But it has, nevertheless, enabled me to register and set in their proper light the results at which I have arrived by observation, reading, and information of every kind.

"But," it may be objected to me, "has not this very registration its danger? Is not this plan of criticism a rash one? Can the people, such as we now see them, be identified in any serious respects with their *origins?* Prosaic as we see them to be, can they in the slightest degree recall those tribes which, in their very barbarism, preserve something of the inspiration of poetry? . . . We are far from asserting that popular masses have been deficient in fecundity and creative power. They do produce in the savage and barbarous state; the national songs of all people testify to the fact. They produce when, transformed by cultivation, they approximate to and blend with the higher classes.

"But that people which has neither primitive inspiration nor cultivation; that people which is neither civilized nor savage; that people which is in an intermediate state, in which it is at the same time both vulgar and rude—is not that people impotent! . . . The very savages, who have naturally considerable elevation and poetry, turn with disgust from our emigrants, the offspring of these gross populations."

I do not dispute the state of depression, of physical, and at times of moral degeneration, into which the people, especially the population of the towns, is now sunk. The whole bulk of heavy labours, the whole burthen which in ancient times fell upon the slave alone, is at the present day distributed amongst freemen of the lower classes. All share in the miseries, the prosaic vulgarities, the foulnesses of slavery. Even the races born under the happiest natural auspices, our races of the south for instance, so full of life and song, are sadly bowed down by labour. The worst is, that in these days the soul is often as much bent as the shoulders—misery, want, dread of the money-lender, of the bailiff, what can be less poetical?

The people have less poetry in themselves, and find less in the world around them, which rarely possesses that kind of poetry which they can appreciate,—striking detail in the picturesque or in the pathetic. Such poetry as this world has is of a high order that exists in harmonies, often exceedingly complicated, which an unaccustomed eye cannot seize.

Man, poor and alone, surrounded by these immense objects, these enormous collective powers, which force him on without his understanding them, feels himself feeble and humiliated. He has none of the pride which rendered individual genius formerly so powerful. If he have not the gift of expressing his thoughts, he stands discouraged in the presence of this great world, which seems to him so strong, so wise, so learned. All that comes from this centre of light, he readily accepts, and prefers to his own conceptions. In presence of this wisdom, the little popular muse restrains herself, and dares not breathe; the village maid is awe-struck, and is either silent or sings *its* songs. So we have seen Beranger, with his exquisite and nobly classical style, become the national song-maker, take possession of the entire people, displace the old village songs, and even the antique melodies sung by our sailors. Our later poets amongst the working class have imitated the rhythms of Lamartine, renouncing themselves as far as was in them, and too often sacrificing that popular originality which they might prefer their claim to.

The fault of the people, when it writes, is to be ever going out of its own heart, where its strength lies, to seek and borrow from the higher classes abstractions, generalities. It possesses the great advantage, which it in no degree appreciates, of not knowing the language of convention; of not

* Those who have read my *Origines du Droit*, will enter into this.

being, as we are, haunted, pursued by phrases ready cut and dry; by formulas, which come of themselves when we write, and flow from the very ink. And this is precisely what the writers of the people envy us, and borrow from us to the best of their power. They dress themselves, they put on gloves to write with, and so lose the superiority which the strong hand and powerful arm would give them, if they would but know it.

What matter? Why ask men of action what their writings are? The true products of popular genius are not books, but brave deeds, speaking thoughts; fiery, inspired words, such as I daily hear in the streets, proceeding from some vulgar mouth, the least made for inspiration. And now take this man who so shocks you by his vulgarity; make him doff his ragged coat, put a uniform upon him, give him sabre, musket, drum, colours, and the word to "charge,"—you will not know him. He is another man. Where is the other gone to? you cannot find him.

The depression, the degeneration is only external. The fundamental is the same. This race has always wine in its blood. Even in those who seem the most extinct, you will find a spark. There is ever the military energy, ever the courageous recklessness, the grand exhibition of independence of spirit. And not knowing where to ground this independence (shackled as they are on every side), they too often ground it on their vices, and boast of being worse than they are,—the exact contrary of the English.

Shackles externally, a strong life boiling within—the contrast generates many false movements, and a discordance in acts and words, which, at first sight, is repulsive. It also induces aristocratic Europe to delight in confounding the French people with the imaginative and gesticulating people, such as the Italians, the Irish, the Welsh, &c. But what distinguishes it from these in the strongest and most marked manner is, that in its greatest excesses, its most ebullient sallies of imagination, in what the world loves to call its fits of Don Quixotism, it preserves its good sense. In its moments of greatest exaltation, some firm, cool expression, serves to show that its foot still touches the ground, that it is not the dupe of its own madness.

This holds good of the French character generally. To return specifically to the people, we may observe, that the instinct by which it is governed, gives it an immense advantage in action. Reflective thought only arrives at action through all the intermediate stages of deliberation and discussion; it arrives at it through so many things that it often does not arrive at all. Instinctive thought, on the contrary, *touches the act*, is almost the act; it is almost at the same time an idea and an action.

The classes which we call inferior, and which follow instinct most closely, are, from this very circumstance, eminently capable of action, and ever ready to act. We, cultivated men, prate, argue, and expend all our energy in words. We enervate ourselves by dissipation of mind, by the vain amusement of roaming from book to book, or of a war of publications. We give way to great bursts of wrath on little subjects. We vent strong reproaches, loud threats of action. . . . This over, we do nothing, we do not act. . . . We pass on to other disputes.

They do not talk so much, they do not make themselves hoarse with crying out like the learned, and old women. But when the occasion comes, they take advantage of it, without any noise; they profit by it, they act with vigour. Economy of words adds what it saves to energy of acts.

This principle laid down, let us take as judges between the two classes, the heroic men of antiquity, or of the middle age, and let us see then which of the two, those who speak, or those who act, constitute aristocracy. They will unhesitatingly answer, "Those who act."

And if you prefer making superiority exist in good sense and good judgment, I know not in what class you will find a more sensible man than the old peasant of France. Not to speak of his acuteness (*finesse*) in whatever affects his interest, he knows men well, he divines that world (*société*) which he has not seen. He has a fund of inward reflection, and singular prescience of national objects and events. He judges of the heavens, and, at times, of the earth, better than an augur of antiquity.

Outwardly passing a wholly physical and vegetative life, these men think, dream; and, what is in the young man a dream, in the old becomes reflection and wisdom. We have all the aids which can stimulate, sustain, and fix meditation. But, on the other hand, more bound up with life, with pleasures, with vain conversations, we can rarely reflect, and still more rarely wish to reflect. The man of the people, on the contrary, is often compelled to solitude by the very nature of his employment—isolated either amidst the fields, or by those noisy trades which create a solitude even in the midst of a crowd. So, if he would not perish of listlessness, his soul must turn to itself, and converse with his soul.

The wives of the people, in particular, obliged much more than others to be the providence of the family, and that of their husband, and forced daily to employ all the resources of address and of virtuous stratagem, to keep him in the right path, occasionally attain, at last, to an astonishing degree of maturity. I have met with some who, having preserved up to the close of life, through all their rude trials, the best instincts, who having constantly cultivated themselves by reflection, and having been elevated by the naturally progressive improvement of a life of devotion and of purity, no longer belonged to their own class, nor, I take it, to any, but were, in reality, superior to all. They were of extraordinary prudence and penetration, even in matters that you would have supposed them to have no experience in. They saw so clearly into probabilities, that one would have been apt to attribute to them a spirit of divination. In no other persons have I met with such a junction of two things which are ordinarily supposed to be very distinct, and even opposed—worldly wisdom and the Spirit of God.

CHAPTER III.

DOES THE PEOPLE GAIN MUCH BY SACRIFICING ITS INSTINCT?—BASTARD CLASSES.

THIS peasant of whom we were speaking, this circumspect prudent man, has, however, one fixed idea: it is, that his son shall not be a peasant, that he shall rise, that he shall become *bourgeois*. He

succeeds but too well. You will have difficulty in recognizing this son, who is sent to college, who becomes Monsieur the priest (*curé*), Monsieur the lawyer, Monsieur the manufacturer. Red faced and burly, come of a strong stock, he will convey his vulgar activity into all places and things; he will be an orator, a politician, a man of importance, of high views, who has no longer anything in common with little folk. You will meet with him at every corner with his overpowering voice, and concealing in glazed gloves his father's coarse hands.

This is a wrong expression. The father had strong hands, the son has coarse ones. The father, beyond a doubt, was more muscular and shrewd. He came closer by far to the aristocracy. He did not talk so much, and he went right to the mark.

Has the son risen by quitting the condition of his father? Has there been a progress from the one to the other? Yes, without a doubt, as regards cultivation and bearing. No; as regards originality and real distinction.

All now-a-days quit their condition; they rise, or think they rise. Within these thirty years, five hundred thousand workmen have taken out licences and become masters. The number of labourers in the country who have become proprietors * cannot be calculated. The liberal professions, as they are called, have been recruited to an immense extent in the lower ranks—now they are full, filled up.

A profound change has been the result of all this, both in ideas and morality. Man makes his soul out of his material situation. Strange! there is the poor man's soul, the rich man's soul, the shopkeeper's soul. . . . It seems as if man were only the accessary of fortune.

There has been, then, amongst these different classes, not union and association, but hasty incomplete mixture. Undoubtedly, this has been a thing of necessity, in order to neutralize the obstacles otherwise insurmountable, encountered by this new equality. But the result has none the less been to imprint great vulgarity on art, literature, on everything. It is marvellous to see how people in easy circumstances, and even the rich, learn to do with articles of the commonest kind, so long as they are cheap. You will meet in sumptuous mansions with common, mean, tasteless ornaments. They desire art—*but at a discount.* That which constitutes true nobility, *the power of sacrifice*, is the defect of the new man. It is his defect in art as well as in politics. He can sacrifice nothing, even for his real interests. This moral infirmity pursues him even into his enjoyments and his vanities, and renders these mean and vulgar.

Will this class, made out of all classes, will this bastard mixture, which has been so quickly made, and which is already growing decrepid, be productive? I doubt it; the mule is sterile.

A people, which, compared with the military ones (France, Poland, &c.) appears to me eminently the people *bourgeois*—the English, may enlighten us on the future chances of the bourgeoisie. None other in the world has experienced more changes of classes, and none has taken more pains to disguise the new man, the shopkeeper's son, under the semblance of the lord. And these very men, who for the two last centuries have recruited the entire English nobility, have been most intent on preserving, together with the names and arms, the venerable seats, the moveables, the hereditary galleries and collections, and have even tried to copy the manners and characters of the ancient families whose hearths they had usurped. With sustained pride they have in attitudes, in speaking, in all matters of form, represented, enacted those old barons. Well! what have they produced with all this labour, this art of preserving tradition, of manufacturing the antique? They have made a grave serious race of nobles, with considerable steadfastness of purpose, but, substantially, with few resources, little political invention, and in no degree worthy of the great circumstances in which the British empire is placed and will be placed. Where, I pray you, is the England of Shakspeare and of Bacon? The bourgeoisie (disguised, ennobled, it matters not which,) have preponderated since Cromwell's time. Power, wealth have increased beyond all calculation. The means of cultivation have been raised, but, at the same time, an indescribably poor equality has been established amongst the gentlemen—a universal similarity of men and things. In their fashionable writing you can hardly distinguish letter from letter; nor, in their towns, house from house; nor in their people, Englishman from Englishman.

To return. I incline to think that, in future, great inventive originality will belong to those men who shall not lose themselves in those mongrel amalgamations, in which all native character is enervated. Strong men will appear, who will not seek to rise; who, born people, will remain people. To raise themselves to ease, well and good; but to enter the *bourgeoisie*, to change their condition and their habits, will seem to them undesirable. They will feel that they would be scant gainers thereby. The strong sap, the large instinct of the masses, courage of mind,—the working man possesses this all the better when he is not worn down by work, when his life is ameliorated, and he remains master of some leisure moments.

I have had two instances of this come to my knowledge, of men who, with great good sense, have declined rising above their station. One, a workman in a manufactory, intelligent and self-collected, constantly refused the situation of overseer, fearing its responsibility, the reproof to which it is exposed, the hard contact of the manufacturer, and preferring to work in silence, alone with his thoughts. His admirable internal peace, which recalled that of the mystic workmen of whom I have spoken, would have been lost had he accepted this new position.

The other, a shoemaker's son, having completed his classical studies, prepared himself for the bar, and been even called to it, bowed without a murmur to the necessity of his family, which demanded the sacrifice, and returned to his father's trade,—showing that a strong mind can indifferently either rise or descend. His resignation has had its reward. This man, who did not seek glory, has now attained it in his son, who, singularly gifted, conceived even in his trade the sentiment of art, and subsequently became one of the greatest painters of the day.

Constant change of conditions, trades, habits, hinder all internal advancement. They produce

* That is, holders of small bits of land.

those mixtures which are at one and the same time vulgar, assuming, unfruitful. If you were to change the relative value of strings in an instrument, under pretence of improving them, and reduce them all to a common standard, you would in reality have done away with them, have rendered the instrument useless, harmony impossible.

To remain oneself is great strength, a chance of originality. If fortune change, so much the better; but let nature remain. The man of the people should look to it well before stifling his instinct in order to follow in the wake of *bourgeois* spirits. If he remain faithful to his trade and change it, like Jacquart; if out of a trade he form an art, like Bernard Palissy, what greater glory could he have in this world?

CHAPTER IV.

OF THE SIMPLE.—THE CHILD, INTERPRETER OF THE PEOPLE.

Whosoever desires to know the highest gifts of the instinct of the people, must disregard the mongrel, bastard, semi-cultivated spirits who participate in the qualities and defects of the *bourgeoisie*. He must search out and study, above all, the simple.

The simple are, in general, those who are little accustomed to divide thought, who, not being armed with the machinery of analysis and abstraction, see each thing one, entire, concrete, just as it is presented in life.

The simple form a large people. There are the simple by nature, the simple by culture, the poor in intellect, who will never learn to distinguish, children who do not yet distinguish, and the peasants and the populace, who are not habituated to distinguish.

The schoolman, the critic, the man of analysis, of *nisi* ("I take an exception"), of *distinguo* ("I draw a distinction"), looks down on the simple. They, however, have this advantage from not dividing, of generally seeing things in their natural state, organized and living. Giving little into reflection, they are often rich by instinct. Inspiration is not rare in these classes of men; sometimes it is even a sort of divination. We find among them individuals who stand altogether apart, and who preserve, in a prosaic life, that which is the highest moral poetry—simplicity of heart. Nothing is rarer than to preserve these divine gifts of childhood, and so to do generally presupposes a peculiar grace and a sort of sanctity.

To treat of it only, requires the self-same gift and grace. Knowledge, it is true, by no means excludes simplicity, but does not give it. And the will has here little power.

The great legist of Toulouse * stops in the most difficult part of his work, and prays his auditory to ask for him a special light in so subtle a matter. How much more do we stand in need of it!—I, and you, my friends, who read me. How essential is it for us to possess, not the gift of subtlety, but, on the contrary, of simplicity and childishness of heart!

The wise must no more be content to say, "Suffer these little ones to come." They must go to them. They have much to learn in the midst of these children. The best course for them to take, is to adjourn their study, to close their books which have profited them so little, and to go quietly amongst mothers and nurses, to unlearn and forget.

Forget! No; but rather to reform their wisdom, to adjust it by the instinct of those who are nearer to God, to rectify it by placing it by the side of this small standard, and tell themselves that the knowledge of the three worlds does not contain more than there is in this cradle.

To speak only of the subject we are now considering. No one will be able to investigate it to the bottom, except he has well observed the child. The child is the interpreter of the people. What do I say? It is the people themselves in their native truth before they are deformed; the people—without vulgarity, without rudeness, without envy, inspiring neither distrust nor repugnance. Not only does the child interpret them, but, in regard to many things, it justifies and proves their innocence. The word you think rude and gross in the mouth of a rude man, in that of your child you consider (what it really is) naïve; and you thus learn to be on your guard against unjust prejudices. The child, like the people, being in a state of happy ignorance of conventional language, of the set formulas and phrases which dispense with invention, shows you, himself the example, how the people are obliged to go about seeking their language and to be constantly finding it; and both people and child often find with a happy energy.

It is by the child, again, that you can appreciate how much the people, all changed as it is, preserves of the young and primitive. Your son—as does the peasant of Brittany and the Pyrenees—speaks at each instant the language of the Bible or of the Iliad. The boldest criticism of the Vicos, the Wolfs, the Niebuhrs, is nothing in comparison with the luminous and profound lights which a few words of your child will suddenly open to you in the night of antiquity. How often, observing the historical and *narrative* form which he gives even to abstract ideas, you will perceive how infant peoples must have *narrated* their dogmas in legends, and made a *history* of each moral truth! . . . It is here, I say, that we must be mute. . . . Let us close round and hearken to this young master of antiquity. To instruct us, he does not require to analyze what he says, for he stands before us a living witness: "He was there, he knows the story better."

In him, as in young peoples, all is still concentrated, is in the *concrete* and living state. We have only to consider him to be conscious of the singularly *abstract* state at which we are now arrived. Many hollow abstractions will not stand this examination. Our children of France, especially, who are so lively and such talkers, with very precocious good sense are ever bringing us back to realities. These innocent critics are exceedingly embarrassing to the sage. Their naïve questions, too, often show him the Gordian knot of things. They have not learnt, as we have, to turn aside difficulties, to avoid certain problems which sages seem to have come to an agreement never to discuss. Their bold little logic goes always right on. No consecrated absurdity would have stood its ground in this world, if the man had not silenced the objection of the child. From four

* Montesquieu.

to twelve, especially, is the reasoning epoch. Between lactation and the appearance of the sex, children seem lighter, less material, livelier of mind than they afterwards are. An eminent grammarian, who has always preferred the company of children to any other, told me that at this age he found them capable of the subtlest abstractions.

They deteriorate infinitely by growing up so quickly, by passing rapidly from instinctive to reflective life. Up to this time they lived on the large fund of instinct, they swum in a sea of milk. When, from this obscure and fecund sea, logic begins to draw up a few luminous threads, there is progress, no doubt a necessary progress, which is a condition of life; but, in one sense, this progress is not the less a fall. The child becomes man—and was a little god.

Early infancy and death are the moments that the infinite radiates in man, are grace—understand the word either as artist or theologian: plastic grace of the infant who plays and accustoms itself to life, austere and solemn grace of the dying where life finishes, ever divine grace. Nothing more impresses us with the grand Biblical word, "You are gods, you shall be gods."

Apelles and Correggio were incessantly studying these divine movements. Correggio passed all days in seeing little children play. Apelles, says an ancient, loved to paint the dying only.

On these days of arrival, of departure, of passage between two worlds, man seems to contain them both together. The instinctive life in which he is then sunk, is, as it were, the dawn and the twilight of thought, more vague than thought, no doubt, but how much vaster! The whole intermediate travail of reasoning and reflective life is like a narrow line springing from the immense obscure, and returning to it. Would you seize it, study by the side of the infant, of the dying. Place yourself by their pillow; observe, be silent.

I have unfortunately had too many occasions to contemplate the approaches of death, and in those most dear to me. Especially do I call to mind a long winter's day that I passed between the bed of a dying mother, and the reading of Isaiah. The spectacle, a most painful one, was that of a struggle betwixt wakefulness and sleep, a laborious dream of a soul which rose up, sunk. . . . The eyes, which swam in the void, expressed with distressing trouble, uncertainty between two worlds. The thought, obscure and vast, revolved all the past life, and grew large and expanded with immense presentiments. . . . The witness of this grand struggle, who participated in its flux, reflux, all its anxieties, clung, as in a shipwreck, to the firm belief that a soul, which whilst returning to our primitive instincts, already anticipated those of the unknown world, could not be proceeding this way to annihilation.

The whole scene led to the inference that it rather went to endow with this double instinct some young existence, which would resume more happily the work of life, and would lend to the dreams of that soul, to its begun thoughts, its mute wishes, the words they had wanted.

One thing always strikes one when observing children and the dying—the perfect nobility with which nature endows them. Man is born noble, he dies noble. It takes the whole work of life to become gross, ignoble, to create inequality.

Look at this child, whom his kneeling mother has so well named *her Jesus*. . . . Society, education, quickly change him. The infinite which was in him, and which rendered him divine, gradually disappears. He acquires character, it is true, individualizes himself, but contracts. . . . Logic, criticism, hews, pitilessly sculptures what seems to it a block—hard statuary, whose chisel bites into the too tender matter, each blow strikes off whole flakes. . . . Ah! how meagre and mutilated is he now! Where is now the noble amplitude of his nature? . . . The worst is, that under the influence of so rude an education, he will not be only weak and sterile, but will become vulgar.

When we regret our childhood, we do not so much regret the life, the years that were there before us, as our nobleness. We had then, indeed, that simple dignity of the being who has not yet bowed down, equality with all; all were then young, all beautiful, all free. . . . Let us be patient, it will return. Inequality is only for life; equality, liberty, nobleness, we recover all by death.

Alas! this moment returns only too quickly for the larger number of children. We persist in seeing in childhood only our apprenticeship to life, a preparation for living, and the majority do not live. We seek to secure their happiness "in future years," and for the sake of these uncertain years, we render the little moment which is theirs, tedious, tiresome, and wretched *.

No, childhood is not a period, only a stage of life; 'tis a people, the people in a state of innocence. . . . This flower of humanity, which has, generally, so short a time to live, follows nature, into whose bosom she must soon sink back. . . . And it is precisely nature which we seek to subdue in it. Man who, as regards himself, endeavours to escape from the barbarism of the middle age, still keeps it up as regards the child—still setting out on the inhuman principle, that our nature is bad, that to reform, not to educate it, is thrift, that human art and wisdom ought to amend and chastise that instinct which is God's gift.

CHAPTER V.

CONTINUATION OF THE SUBJECT.—IS THE NATURAL INSTINCT OF THE CHILD DEPRAVED †.

Is human instinct depraved in advance? Is man wicked from his birth? Is the infant that I receive in my arms, as it leaves its mother's bosom, a little demon?

To this monstrous question, which it is painful only to write, the middle-age, without pity, without hesitation, answers—Yes.

What! this creature that seems so helpless, so innocent, towards which all nature feels tender, which the she-wolf or lioness would suckle, in default of its mother, has this creature the instinct of

* I do not allude to the preposterous tasks or the numberless and excessive punishments which we inflict on their restless activity, an activity willed by nature itself, but to the hard stupidity which leads us to plunge, suddenly, and without any previous preparation, into cold abstractions a young being that has barely quitted the maternal blood and milk, still warm from both, and which only asks to blow and blossom like the flowers.

† This chapter, which the heedless reader may think foreign from the subject, is its very essence.

evil only, the breath of that which lost Adam? Would it be the devil's, if we did not make haste to exorcise it? Even after this, if it die in its nurse's arms, it has to take its trial, it is in peril of damnation, it may be cast to the black *beasts* of hell! "Deliver not up *to the beasts*," says the Church, "the souls which bear witness unto thee!" And how is this being to bear witness? It has, as yet, neither understanding nor speech.

Visiting in the month of August 1843, some burial-grounds in the environs of Lucerne, I lighted upon a very simple and affecting exemplification of religious terrors. In conformity with ancient custom there was a vessel of holy water at the foot of each tomb, in order to guard the dead night and day, and to prevent *the beast* of hell from seizing the body, harassing it, taking it to and fro, from making a vampire of it. For the soul, alas! there are no means of defending it. This cruel fear was avowed in many of the epitaphs. Before the following I stood long unable to tear myself away:—*I am a child, two years of age. . . . How dreadful is it for such a little child to be summoned to the judgment seat, and to appear so early before the face of God!*" I melted into tears; I then became conscious of the abyss of a mother's despair.

The needy quarters of our great towns, those vast laboratories of death, where women, wretchedly fecund, bring forth only to weep, may give us some notion, though a very imperfect one, of the perpetual mourning of the mother of the middle age; and who, ever adding to her family, through the want of foresight characteristic of barbarism, was ever bringing forth, without truce or cessation, into this world of tears and of desolation, infants—dead, *damned*.

Frightful age! World of cruel illusions, over which hell seemed to hover with infernal irony. Man, the plaything of his own changing, divine, diabolic dreams! Woman, man's plaything, ever a mother, ever mourning! Childhood, playing, alas! for a day, at the sad game of life, smiling, weeping, and disappearing . . . . unhappy little shadows that come by millions and thousands of millions, and endure only in the mother's recollections. . . . The despair of the latter is marked by one thing above all—she easily abandons herself to sin and damnation, gladly avenges herself on man's brutality, deceives him, weeps, laughs*. . . . She is lost; what matter, so that she rejoins her child?

The child that survives is not the happier for it. The middle-age is a cruel schoolmaster to him; schooling him into the most complicated creed, the most beyond the reach of the simple, that has ever been taught. That subtle lesson, which the Roman empire in its palmiest day of wisdom had such difficulty in comprehending, the child of the barbarian, the son of the rural serf, lost in the shades of the woods, is called upon to learn and to understand. He learns it, he repeats it. To understand this thorny, Byzantine, and scholastic formula is what ferule, cuffs, and whippings will never get him to do.

The church, democratic by its principle of election, was eminently aristocratic in the difficulties of her teaching, and the very small number of men who could really conquer them. She condemned natural instinct as perverted and spoiled beforehand, and erected science, metaphysics, and a most abstract formula, into the condition of salvation. All the mysteries of the religion of Asia, all the subtleties of the western schools, in a word, all the difficulties the world of East and West contains, pressed and heaped up into one same formula! "Yes," said the Church to us, "it is the whole world in one prodigious cup. Drink it off in the name of love!" And, to the support of doctrine, she brings history, the touching legend—'tis touching the rim of the cup with honey. . . . "Whatever it contain, I will drain it, if love be really at the bottom," so answered mankind. Here was the true difficulty, the objection; and it is love which made it, not hate, not the pride of man as is constantly repeated.

The middle-age had promised love, and had not given it. It had said, "Love, love!" But it had consecrated a civil order full of hate—inequality in the law, in the state, in families. Its too subtle instruction, within the reach of so few men, had introduced a new inequality into the world, had set salvation as a prize which could seldom be gained, as the prize of an abstruse science; and it thus threw the weight of the whole metaphysics of the world on the simple and the infantile. To the child, who had been so happy in the ancient world, the middle-age was a hell. It required centuries for reason to force itself to light, for the child to reappear, what he is, *an innocent*. The world felt it hard to believe that man was a being hereditarily wicked. It became difficult to maintain in its barbarity the principle which damned sages, who had not been born christians, the simple and ignorant children dead without baptism. Then was invented for children, the palliative of limbos—a little milder hell, where they were ever wandering, in tears, far from their mothers. Insufficient remedies, which the heart rejected. With the *Renaissance* burst forth, in opposition to the hardness of the old doctrines, the reaction of love; which came, in the name of justice, to save the innocent, condemned by this system which had called itself that of love and grace. But this system, which rested altogether on the two ideas of the damnation of all by the fault of one, and of the salvation of all by the sacrifice of one, could not renounce the first without shaking the second.

Mothers were reconciled to believe in the salvation of their children. Henceforward, they always say, without inquiring whether they are exactly orthodox, "They are angels above, as they were whilst here below."

The heart has conquered, mercy has conquered. Humanity is constantly receding further from the ancient injustice. It steers in the contrary direction to the old world. . . . Whither? Towards a world ('tis plain to be foreseen) which shall no more condemn innocence, and where wisdom may truly say, "Suffer these little ones to come unto me."

* Woman's infidelity is the peculiar theme of the middle age. This unvarying subject for jokes, those joyous stories, can only sadden him who knows and who comprehends. They prove too clearly the overpowering listlessness of those times, the void of souls without food suited to their weakness, the moral prostration, the despair of good, the abandonment of oneself and one's salvation.

CHAPTER VI.

DIGRESSION.—INSTINCT OF ANIMALS.—CLAIM IN THEIR FAVOUR.

WHATEVER my eagerness in this review of the simple, of the humble sons of instinct, my heart stops me, and compels me to say a word of the superlatively simple, of the most innocent, of the most unhappy, perhaps—I mean, of animals. I just now observed that every child was born noble. In like manner, naturalists have remarked that the young animal, more intelligent at his birth, seemed at that moment to approximate to the child. In proportion to its growth, it becomes brute, and sinks into the beast. It seems as if its poor soul succumbed under the weight of the body, and underwent the fascination of nature, the spell of the great Circe. On this, man turns away, and can no longer recognize a soul. The child alone, in the instinct of his heart, still feels the person within this disdained being, speaks to it and questions it. And it, too, on its side, listens and loves the child.

The animal! Sombre mystery! . . . Immense world of mute dreams and pains. . . . Though, in default of language, these pains are expressed by too visible signs. All nature protests against the barbarity of the man who disowns, degrades, who tortures his inferior brother, and accuses him before Him who created them both!

Away with prejudice, and look at their mild and dreamy air, and the attraction which the most advanced amongst them evidently feel to man. Would you not say they were children whose development was hindered by a malicious fairy, who have not been able to unravel the first dream of their cradle, perhaps souls in a state of punishment and humiliation, lying under the curse of a passing fatality? . . . Sad enchantment, in which the captive being, of imperfect form, depends on all those that surround it, as a person cast into a sleep. . . . But because it is as if cast into a sleep, it has, in recompense, access to a sphere of dreams of which we have not an idea. We see the luminous face of the world, it the obscure; who can say, that this is not the vaster of the two? The East has remained in this belief; the animal is a soul cast into a sleep, or enchanted. The middle age returned to it. Religions and systems have alike been unable to stifle this voice of nature. India, nearer to the creation than we, has preserved the tradition of universal fraternity more faithfully, and has inscribed it in the beginning and at the end of her two grand sacred poems, the Ramayan, the Mahabbarat; gigantic pyramids, in presence of which our petty works of the West ought to stand humbly and respectfully. When you shall be tired of this disputatious West, give yourself the enjoyment, I pray you, of returning to your mother,—noble, tender, majestic antiquity. Love, humility, grandeur, you will find all united there, and that in so simple a sentiment, so divested of all the wretchedness of pride, that one need never speak there of humility.

India was recompensed for her gentleness towards nature; in her, genius was a gift of pity. The first Indian poet sees doves flying about, and whilst he admires their grace and their amorous play, one of them falls at his feet, struck by an arrow. . . . He weeps. His groans measured, without his thinking of it, in unison with the beatings of his heart, take a rhythmical movement, and poetry is born. . . . From this moment, two by two, the melodious doves, revived in the song of man, love and fly over all the earth. (Ramayan.)

Grateful nature has endowed India with another admirable gift, fecundity. Surrounded by her with tenderness and respect, nature has multiplied for her as well as for the animal, the source of life by which the earth is renewed. There, there is never exhaustion. Countless wars, disasters, and servitudes, have been unable to dry up the dug of the sacred cow. A river of milk always flows from this blessed land; . . blessed by its own goodness, by its gentle tenderness towards inferior creation. Pride has broken this touching union, which at the beginning linked man to the humblest children of God—but not with impunity; the earth has turned rebel, has refused to nourish inhuman races. That world of pride, the Greek and Roman city, had a contempt for nature; it only set store on art, only esteemed itself. This haughty ancient world, which would have the noble alone, succeeded but too well in suppressing all the rest. All that seemed low and ignoble disappeared from the eyes; the animals perished as well as the slaves. The Roman empire, disembarrassed of both, entered into the majesty of the desert. The earth, ever expending, and never recruiting, became, with the numerous monuments that covered it, as if a garden of marble. There were towns, still, but no more country; circusses, triumphal arches; but no more huts, no more labourers. Magnificent roads were ever ready for the traveller, but none travelled. Sumptuous aqueducts continued to bear rivers to silent cities, and met with none to slake their thirst.

Before this desolation was brought about, one man alone found in his heart a claim in favour of, a complaint in sorrow of all that was being swept from the face of the earth. One man alone, amidst the wide-spreading destruction of the civil wars, in which men and beasts both perished, found in his comprehensive pity tears for the labouring ox which had fertilized ancient Italy; and to these vanishing races he consecrated a divine poem. Tender and profound Virgil! . . I who was nursed by him, and brought up on his knees as it were, am happy that this unique glory is his, the glory of pity and of excellence of heart. . . . This peasant of Mantua, with his virgin-like timidity, and long hair falling down in country fashion, is, unconsciously to himself, the true pontiff and augur between two worlds, between two ages, on the half-way of history. Indian by his tenderness for nature, Christian by his love of man, this simple man reconstructs in his immense heart that lovely universal city, from which nothing that has life is excluded, whilst each wishes to introduce his own dear ones only.

Christianity, despite its gentle spirit, did not reknit the ancient union, but preserved a Judaic prejudice against nature. Judea, who knew herself, had dreaded loving this sister of man's to excess, and had fled it with curses. Christianity, faithful to these fears, kept animal nature at an infinite distance from man, and vilified it. The symbolic animals which accompany the Evangelists, the cold allegorism of the lamb and of the dove, did not raise up the brute. The new benediction fell not on it; salvation did not come for the smallest,

the humblest of creation. The God-man died for man, and not for them. Having no part in salvation, they remain out of the pale of the Christian law, as pagans, as unclean, and too often as suspected of connivance with the evil principle. Did not Christ, in the Gospel, suffer the devils to enter the swine? Never can we know the terrors in which the middle ages lived, for a succession of ages, always in presence of the devil; the vision of the invisible evil one, bad dream, absurd torture, and thence, a fantastic life, which would make one every moment laugh, were not one sensible that its sadness merits tears rather! . . . Who, of those times, could have a doubt of the devil? "I have seen him," says the emperor Charles. "I have seen him," says Gregory VII. The bishops who make popes, the monks who pray their life long, declare that he is there behind them, that they feel him, that he won't budge. . . . The poor village serf, who sees him figured as a beast over the church-door, dreads, as he returns home, to find him amongst his own beasts, who assume as the night falls, by the flickering light of the hearth, a most fantastic aspect—the bull wears a strange mask, the goat an equivocal mien, and what must he think of that cat whose skin, when touched at night, emits sparks of fire?

It is the child that reassures the man. So little does he fear these animals, that he makes them his companions. He feeds the ox with leaves, gets on the goat's back, boldly pulls about the black cat. He does better, he imitates them, counterfeits their voice . . . and the family smiles: "Why fear so; I was in the wrong. This is a Christian house, holy waters and holy bush—he durst not come. . . . My beasts are God's beasts, innocents, children. . . . Even the animals in the fields seem to know God, they live like hermits. That fine stag, now, which bears the cross on its head, which stalks like a living wood through the wood, seems itself a miracle. The doe is as gentle as any cow, and she has no horns; had the mother not been able, the doe would have nursed my child. . . ." And this last sentiment, expressed, as all then is, under an historical form, is developed, and ends in producing the finest of the legends of the middle-age, that of Géneviève of Brabant—the family, oppressed by man, welcomed by the animal, the innocent wife saved by the innocent brute of the wood; and safety thus proceeding from the least and humblest. The animals, rehabilitated, take their place in the villager's family next to the child who loves them, just as the humbler relatives seat themselves at the lower end of the table in a noble family. They are treated as such on great occasions, bear their share in the joys and sorrows, are tricked out in mourning or in wedding gear (the custom was kept up recently in Brittany). They say nothing, it is true, but they are docile and listen patiently; and man, as priest in his own house, preaches to them in the Lord's name *.

Thus the popular genius, simpler and more profound than the consecrated sophistry of priest and schoolman, brought about timidly, but effectually, the rehabilitation of nature. The latter was not ungrateful. Man was rewarded. These poor beings, who have nothing, gave treasures. The animal, as soon as he was loved, lasted and multiplied.

* See the little sermon to the fugitive bees, in my *Origines du Droit*.

. . . And the earth became fertile once more; and the world, which seemed drawing to a close, commenced a new, rich, and powerful career; for the blessing of mercy had fallen on it like the dew. The next step is, to introduce the family, composed on this wise; to introduce all its members into the Church. And, here, a great difficulty. There is no objection to receiving the animal, but only to sprinkle it with holy water, to exorcise it as it were, admitting it no further than the church-yard (*parvis*). . . . Simple man, leave thy beast there, enter alone. Entry into the church is the *judgment* which thou seest represented on the door; the *law* sits on the threshold, St. Michael standing above holds the sword and the balance. . . . How judge, save, or damn what thou bringest with thee? Has the brute a soul? . . . What do with these souls of brutes? Shall we open limbos for them, as for those of little children? No matter, our man persists. He listens respectfully, but cares not to comprehend. He has no wish to be saved alone, and without those belonging to him. Why should not his ox and his ass be saved along with St. Paulinus's dog? They have worked as well! "Ha, ha, I will be cunning," he says to himself, "I will choose Christmas day when the Church has a family meeting, the day when God is still too little to be just. . . . Just or not, we will all go in, I, my wife, my child, my ass. . . . Yes, my ass. He has been at Bethlehem, he carried our Lord. The poor brute may well call one day his in return. . . . Besides, I am not too sure that it is what it seems. After all, it is tricksy and idle. It is just like myself; if I were not so hard put to it, I would not work much."

Great was the spectacle, and still more touching than risible, when the animal in most common use among the people was, despite the prohibitions of bishops and councils, led by it into the church. Nature, condemned and accursed, returned victorious under the humblest form which could win pardon. She returned with the saints of paganism, between the Sibyl and Virgil. . . . They met the animal with the sword which stopped it when Balaam was on its back, but this sword of the ancient law, blunted as it was, frightened it no longer. On this day, the law ended and gave place to grace. Humbly, but confidently, the patient animal went straight to the manger. There it listened to the service, and knelt as devoutly as any baptized Christian. There was then sung to it, partly in the language of the Church, partly in old French (*Gaulois*), in order that it might understand what was passing, its anthem, at once burlesque and sublime:—

"On thy knees, and say, Amen!
Eat thy fill of grass and hay;
Amen! once and once again.
Leave the old things, and away!"

This reparation did the animal little good. The councils closed the church against him. The philosophers, who, as far as pride and hardness of heart were concerned, were continuators of the theologians, ruled that it had no soul. It suffers in this world; still must expect no compensation in a better one. . . . So there is to be no God for it. Man's tender father must be a cruel tyrant to what is not man! . . . To have created puppets, but endowed with sensibility, machines, but alive to suffering, automata which resemble superior creatures only in

the faculty of enduring evil! . . . Heavy be the earth upon you, ye hard men, who have entertained this impious idea; who pass such a sentence on so many innocent and painful existences!

A great glory has been reserved for our age. A philosopher has been found with a man's heart. He loved the infant, the animal. The infant, before its birth, had only excited interest as an outline, a preparation for life. He loved it for itself, traced it patiently through its little, obscure existence, and detected in its changes the faithful reproduction of the animal metamorphoses. And so, in the bosom of woman, in the true sanctuary of nature, there has been discovered the mystery of universal fraternity. . . . All thanks be to God!

This is the true rehabilitation of the inferior order of life. The animal, that serf of serfs, is discovered to be the kinsman of the lord of creation.

May the latter, then, resume, with a gentler sentiment, the great work of the education of animals, which formerly won him the globe, and which he has neglected for two thousand years, to the great injury of the earth. May the people learn that its prosperity depends on the regard it shall have for this poor inferior people. May science remember that the animal, being in closer relation to nature, was, in ancient times, its augur and interpreter. It will find a voice from God in the instinct of these simplest of the simple.

CHAPTER VII.

THE INSTINCT OF THE SIMPLE.—THE INSTINCT OF GENIUS.—THE MAN OF GENIUS IS, PRE-EMINENTLY, THE SIMPLE, THE CHILD, AND THE PEOPLE.

I HAVE read in the life of a great doctor of the Church, that, having revisited his monastery after death, he manifested himself not to the first of his brothers, but to the last, the simplest, a half-witted being, who was honoured by dying three days after, and expired, his face lighted up with a truly celestial joy. "You might," says the legendary, "have addressed him with the line of Virgil,—

"Little child, know thy mother by her smile!"

It is a remarkable fact, that most men of genius have a peculiar liking for children and the simple. The latter, on their side, usually timid in ordinary society, mute before men of wit, experience a complete sense of security in the presence of genius. The power which awes all else, gives them, on the contrary, confidence. They feel that they will not be received with mockery, but benevolence and protection. And then they find themselves really in their natural state; their tongue is untied, and it is discovered that these people, who are called simple because they are ignorant of the conventional tone of the world, are frequently only the more original for this; in particular highly imaginative, and endowed with a singular instinct for seizing upon remote affinities. They are fond of comparing and connecting, but seldom distinguish or analyze. Not only does distinguishing, dividing, overtax their powers, but it pains them,—they consider it a dismemberment. They shrink from dissecting life, and everything seems to them to have life. Things, whatever they may be, are to them like so many organic beings, which they would scruple to alter in the slightest degree. They draw back the moment it becomes necessary to derange by analysis whatever presents the least appearance of vital harmony. A disposition of the kind generally presupposes natural gentleness and goodness: we call them, *good people.* And not only do they not divide, but as soon as they find a thing divided, partial, they either pass it by, or mentally rejoin to it all from which it is separated; and they recompose this whole with a rapidity of imagination that could not be expected from their natural slowness. They only are powerful to reconstruct, in proportion as they are impotent to divide. Or rather, it seems, on looking at so easy an operation, that it betokens neither power nor its want, but is a necessary fact, inherent in their existence. In fact, it is by virtue of this that they exist as *simple.*

A hand appears in the light. The reasoner concludes that undoubtedly there is in the shadow a man, whose hand is all he sees; from the hand he infers the man. The simple does not reason, does not draw any inference; but at once, on seeing the hand he exclaims, "I see a man." And, in fact, he has seen him with the eyes of the spirit.—Here both agree; the reasoning and the simple. Yet, on innumerable occasions, the simple, who from a part sees a whole which is not seen, who, from a sign, divines and affirms a being still invisible, is laughed at and passes for a fool. Now to see what is invisible to all other eyes, is second sight; to see what is likely to come, or about to be, is prophecy: two things which form the wonder of the multitude, the derision of sages, and which are, in general, a natural gift of simplicity. And this gift, which is rare in civilized countries, is, it is known, very common amongst simple nations, whether savage or barbarous. The simple sympathize with life, and are endowed, as their reward, with the magnificent gift—that the slightest sign is sufficient for them to see and foresee it. And here is their secret affinity with the man of genius. They often attain, without effort, and of their simplicity, what he obtains by his own power of simplifying; so that they who are the first of men, and they who seem to be the last, meet on common ground, and understand one another. Their means of mutual understanding is their common sympathy for nature and for life, which makes them take no pleasure except in living unity.

If you study seriously, in his life and in his works, that mystery of nature called a man of genius, you will generally find it to be one who, whilst he has acquired the gifts of the critic, has at the same time, acquired the gifts of the simple*. These two men, opposed everywhere else, are conciliated in him. At the moment that his inward criticism seems to have impelled him to infinite division, the simple keeps unity present to him, preserves in him the sentiment of life and retains it indivisible. But although genius combines the two powers—the love of living harmony, and the tender respect for life are so strong in him, that he would sacrifice study and science itself, if it could only be mastered by a process of dismemberment. Of the two men that are in him, he would reject him who divides, and would keep the simple with his ignorant power of divination and prophecy. This is a mystery of the heart. If genius through all the divisions and fictitious anatomy of science, constantly preserve in itself one simple being who will

* La Fontaine and Corneille, Newton and Lagrange, Ampère and Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, were at the same time the simplest and the subtlest of men.

never consent to true division, who ever tends to unity, who fears to destroy unity even in the minutest thing that exists, it is because the essence of genius is very love of life, that love which impels us to preserve it, that love which produces it. The crowd, who see all this confusedly and from without, unable to explain it to themselves, find at times that this great man is a *good* man and a *simple* man, and marvel at the contrast. But there is no contrast. Simplicity and goodness are the constituents of genius, its primary cause; by them it participates in the creativeness of God.

This goodness which inspires it with a respect for those smaller existences which others disregard, which checks it, sometimes all at once, for fear of destroying a blade of grass, is the amusement of the multitude. That spirit of simplicity which prevents divisions from ever shackling his mind; which, from a part, a sign, enables him to see, foresee a whole being, a system which none around him can as yet divine—this marvellous faculty is precisely that which constitutes the astonishment, the scandal almost, of the vulgar. It sets him out of the world as it were, places him beyond opinion, place, time . . . him, who alone will leave traces there. And these very traces which he will leave are not the only work of genius, but all ages will turn to his life of simplicity, infancy, goodness, and sanctity, as to a source of moral renewal. This or that discovery of his may become less useful in the progress of human events; but his life, which, in his lifetime, appeared his weak side and that on which envy fastened by way of set off, will remain the world's treasure and the eternal festival of the heart.

Of a verity, the people are in the right to call this man simple. He is pre-eminently the simple, the infant of infants; he is people, more than the people itself.

I must explain. The simple has his unintelligent side—confused and undecisive views, amidst which he wavers, is at fault, follows many paths at once, and steps out of his character of simple. The simplicity of genius, which is the true simplicity, is never embarrassed with these dubious views, but fixes on objects like a powerful light which has no need of management, because it at once penetrates and traverses all. Genius has the gift of childhood, but beyond the child's measure. This gift, as we have said, is vague, immense instinct, which reflection soon renders precise and distinct, so that the child is early a questioner, a caviller, and full of objections from an early period. Genius preserves the native instinct in its grandeur, in its strong impulsiveness, with a grace of God which unhappily the child loses—young and vivacious hope. The people, in the highest sense of the word, is seldom to be found in the people. Whether I observe it here or there, it is not it; it is such or such a class, such or such a partial form of the people, altered and ephemeral. In fact, it only exists in its truth, and at its highest power, in the man of genius; in him resides the great soul. . . . The whole world marvels to see the inert masses vibrating at the least word he utters, the roar of ocean stilling before that voice, the billowy multitude hushed at his feet. . . . Wherefore marvel? That voice is the voice of the people; mute of itself, it speaks in this man, and God in him. Here is, in truth, the "*Vox populi, vox Dei.*"

Is he God, or man? To express the instinct of genius, must we seek out mystic names—inspiration? revelation? This is the tendency of the vulgar, which must forge gods for themselves. Instinct? Nature? "Fie!" they exclaim. "Had it only been instinct, we should not have been led away. . . . It is inspiration from on high, it is God's well beloved; it is a God, a new Messiah!" Rather than admire a man, than admit the superiority of one's fellow, we make him inspired of God, and, if needs be, God. Each says to himself that nothing less than such a supernatural light could so far have dazzled him. . . . And so we place beyond the pale of nature, of observation, and of science, him who was true nature, him whom of all men science must watch; we exclude from humanity him who alone was *man*. . . . An imprudent adoration rejects to the heavens this man, pre-eminently man, isolates him from the land of the living, where he had taken root. . . . Ah! leave him amongst us, him who is the giver of life here below. Let him remain man, let him remain people. Separate him not from children, from the poor and simple, where his heart is; exile him not on an altar. Let him be surrounded by this crowd of which he is the spirit; let him plunge into full, fecund life, live with us, suffer with us. He will draw out of his participation in our sufferings and weaknesses the strength which God has buried there, and which will be his genius itself.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BIRTH OF GENIUS, TYPE OF THE BIRTH OF SOCIETY.

If perfection is not to be found here below, the nearest approach to it is apparently the well-poised and creative man, who manifests his inward excellence by a superabundance of love and of strength, and who proves it not only by fleeting acts, but by immortal works, by which his great soul will remain associated with all mankind. His superabundant gifts, fecundity, and the lasting character of his creations are, seemingly, the sign that in him we are to find the copiousness of nature, and the model of art. And the philosophy of society, the most complicated of all arts, ought to consider well, whether this master-piece of God, in whom the richest diversity is harmonized in the most creative unity, cannot throw some light on the objects of its researches. Allow me, then, to dwell upon the characteristics of genius, to penetrate into its inward harmony, and to review the wise economy and well-regulated police of that great moral city which dwells in the soul of man.

Genius, the inventive and generating power, supposes, as I have already explained, that the same man is endowed with two powers, that he combines in himself what may be called the two sexes of the mind—the instinct of the simple, the reflection of the wise. He is, in a manner, male and female, infant and mature, barbarous and civilized, people and aristocracy. This duality, which is a subject of astonishment to the rest of mankind, and which the vulgar often regard as a whimsical phenomenon, a monstrosity, is the very thing which makes him, in perfection, the normal and legitimate type of man. To say the truth, he alone is man, and there are no others. The simple is only half a man, the critic half a man; they

do not procreate; still less the mediocre, who may be called *neuter*, being of neither sex. He who is the only perfect one, is the only one who can procreate; and he is charged with continuing the divine creation. All the rest are sterile, with the exception of the moments in which they reconstruct for themselves by love, a sort of double unity; their idiosyncrasies, transmitted by generations, remain powerless, until they encounter the perfect man, who alone has the generative virtue. It is not that the instinctive spark, the spark of inspiration, has been wanting in all these men, but that reflection soon freezes it up, or obscures it in them. It is the privilege of genius to have inspiration precede reflection; the flame bursts into a blaze at once. In others, everything drags slowly on, in a halting progression; and the interval that occurs renders them sterile. Genius fills up the interval, joins the two extremities, annihilates time, is a lightning-flash of eternity. . . . Instinct, rapid here, touches the act and becomes act; the idea, thus concentrated, quickens and engenders.

There are those who, now vulgar, have been endowed in the germ with this fecund duality of the two persons, of the simple and the critical, but their natural perversity has soon destroyed the harmony of the two; with their first acquisitions in knowledge, pride has come, subtlety—the critical has killed the simple. Reflection, idiotically proud of its precocious virility, has despised instinct as infantile. Puffed up by vanity and its aristocratic longings, it has joined at the first possible instant the glittering crowd of sophists, and, shrinking from their laughter, has denied the humble relationship of the people. It has gone far beyond them; and, for fear of them, has impiously mocked its own brother. . . . Its punishment is to remain alone; alone, it does not constitute a man, for this man is impotent.

Genius rises superior to this mean policy; and so far from stifling its internal fire, through dread of the world's laughter, does not even know what it means. Reflection, in it, is accompanied by neither bitterness nor irony; and so is tender over the *infancy* of instinct. This instinctive half, requires to be spared by the other. Weak and uncertain, it is liable to rash precipitancy, because hurried on by its aspirations, and blinded with love, it rushes to meet the light. Reflection is well aware that if superior, from already possessing that light, she is inferior to instinct as regards generative warmth, and the concentration of living powers. The question between them is one of age rather than of dignity. The instinctive is the first form thought takes. The reflection of to-day was the instinct of yesterday. Which is the more potent of the two? Who can tell. . . . The youngest and weakest has, perhaps, the advantage. . . There can be no doubt, I repeat, that the fecundity of genius depends, in great part, on the goodness, gentleness, and simplicity, of heart with which it welcomes the feeble essays of instinct. It welcomes them in itself, in its inward world, and in its outward as well, in man and in nature. It sympathizes every where with the simple; and its ready indulgence is ever evoking from limbo new germs of thought. They fly to it of themselves. Innumerable things, yet without form, which wandered solitary and disregarded, fearlessly rush to it. And the man of genius, he of the piercing look, heeds not whether they are without form and rude, but gives them smiling welcome, warms to them because they are things of life, absolves and extols them. . . And this benevolence insures him an inestimable advantage, since, from every quarter, he is enriched, aided, fortified; whilst to all others the world is a sandy desert, where they seek and do not find.

How is it that love enters not this soul saturated with the living gifts of nature? A loved object presents itself. . . . Whence? One cannot say. 'Tis enough, it is loved. It proceeds to grow and live in him, as he himself lives in nature, welcoming whatever comes, thriving on everything, expanding and enlarging into beauty, becoming the flower of genius as he himself is the flower of the world. Sublime type of adoption! . . . This embryo, which but now was hardly visible, hatched under the paternal eye, acquires organization, vitality, bursts forth into brilliant being—is a great invention, a work of art, a poem. . . I admire this beauteous creation in its result; but how much rather would I have traced its generation, and penetrated into the mystery of the tender incubation under which began its life, its heat! Men of power, ye in whom God works these grand things, deign to tell us yourselves which was the sacred moment that the invention, the work of art, flashed upon you for the first time? What were the first words spoken by your soul and this new-born being? what the dialogue that took place within you between old wisdom and young creation? what the tender reception? how the former encouraged the latter, still rude and unformed, fashioned it without changing it, and, far from chaining it down, did all to render it free and make it truly herself? Ah! were you to reveal this, you would clear up not only art, but moral art as well, the art of education and of policy. Did we know how genius cultivates its own darling idea, how lives with it, and the skill and gentleness with which, without impairing its originality, it warms it to take life and form according to its nature, we should have attained at once the rule of art, and a model for education and initiation into the duties of life. Goodness of God, 'tis here we must contemplate you! It is in this superior soul, where wisdom and instinct are so finely harmonized, that we must seek the type for every social work. The soul of the man of genius, that divine soul, plainly divine, since, like God, it creates, is the internal city on which we must model the external one to render this divine also.

This man is harmonious and productive when the two men that are within him, the simple and the reflective, mutually understand and aid one another. Well! society will be raised to its highest degree of harmony and productiveness whenever the cultivated and reflective classes, by welcoming and adopting the men of instinct and of action, shall receive heat from them and lend them light. Here it may be objected, "But how great the difference. See you not that in the soul of one only man the internal city is composed of like and like. Where the propinquity is so close, approximation is easy. In the political city how different and discordant are the elements, how varied the opposing forces! The datum here is infinitely more complex — what do I say? one of the two objects compared is almost the exact reverse of

the other: in one I descry only peace, and in the other war." Would to heaven the objection were well-founded and admissible? Would to God, discord were only to be found in the external city, and that in the internal one, in the apparent unity of the individual, there were truly peace! . . . But I feel it to be the reverse. . . The general battle of the world is still less discordant than that which is going on within me, the dispute of myself with myself, the combat of the *double man* (homo duplex). This warfare is visible in every man. If there be truce and peace in the man of genius, the cause depends on a fine mystery, on the inward sacrifices made by his opposing powers to one another. Never forget that the basis of art, like that of society, is sacrifice.

Nobly is the struggle rewarded. The work, which one would take to be inert and passive, modifies its workman. It ameliorates him morally, and thus recompenses the fostering cares of the grand artist when it was young, weak, and without form. He made it, but it makes him; in proportion to its own growth it dignifies him, and makes him great and good. If it were not for the burden cast upon him of the miseries, necessities, and hostile fatalities of the whole world, it would be made manifest that there is no man of genius but who, for worth of heart, is a hero. All these inward trials, of which the world is not aware, preserve genius from all miserâble pride. If he repel, in the name of his work, the stupid laughter of the vulgar, it is on account of his work, and not for his own sake; in himself, he remains heroically gentle, always the child, the simple, the people. However great his achievements, he is ever with the little ones. He suffers the crowd of the self-conceited and worldly wise to disport themselves in the void, and exult in jeers, sophisms, negations. Let them speed in triumph, as they list, along the beaten paths of the world. . . He stays tranquilly there, where all the simple will come, on the steps of the throne of the Father.

And it is through him that they will ascend thither. What other stay, what protector have they than he? He is the common heritage of these disinherited ones, their glorious indemnification. He is the voice of these dumb ones, the power of these powerless ones, the tardy fulfilment of all their aspirations: in him, finally, they are glorified, by him saved. He draws and bears them up in the long chain of classes and genera into which they are divided—women, children, the ignorant, the poor in intellect, and with them our humble companions of labour, who have been animated by pure instinct only, and, behind these, the infinite tribes of inferior life as far as instinct extends.

They all claim kindred with the simple one, at the gate of the city, into which they will, sooner or later, be admitted. "What do you here? Who are you, poor simple things?" "The younger brothers of the eldest born of God."

CHAPTER IX.

REVIEW OF THE PRECEDING PART.—INTRODUCTION TO THE THIRD.

THE impulsive feelings of my heart have hurried me far away, too far perhaps. I wanted to characterize popular instinct, to show in it those springs of life from which the cultivated classes ought now-a-days to seek renewal of youth; I wanted to prove to these classes, born of yesterday and already worn out, the need they have to draw nigh to the people, from whom they spring. And in order to discover the genius of this people, disfigured by its misfortunes, and impaired by its very advancement, I have felt it essential to study it in its purest element, the people of children, and the simple; among whom God preserves for us the stores of living instinct, the treasure of eternal youth. But it has happened that these very children, these simple ones whom I have called upon to bear witness on behalf of the people in this my book, have put in a claim of their own. I could not but listen to them, and vindicate them as well as I could, from the contempt of the world. I have asked, on behalf of the child, how it happens that the harshness of the middle-age is still kept up towards him. What! you have rejected from your creed and from life the cruel fatalism which took for granted that man was born corrupt in consequence of a fault which he did not commit, and yet, as regards the child, you act upon this gratuitous supposition. You chastise the innocent, and you deduce from an hypothesis whose adherents are daily falling off, an education of punishments. You stifle and gag the young prophet; the Joseph or Daniel who alone can solve the enigma which perplexes you, and expound your forgotten dream!

If you maintain that man's instinct is evil, corrupt from his birth, and that man can only be rendered worthy in proportion as he is chastised, amended, and metamorphosed by knowledge or school divinity, *you have passed sentence on the people*, both the people of children, and the peoples, children still, whom we call savages or barbarians. This has been a murderous prejudice for all the poor sons of instinct. It has made the cultivated classes disdain and hate the uncultivated; has cursed children with the hell of our system of education; and has stamped with authority innumerable ridiculous and mischievous fables concerning the peoples, still children, which have in no slight degree encouraged us, self-styled Christians, in exterminating these people. One of the objects of my book is to screen these savages or barbarians, to shelter their poor remnant. Another moment, and it will be too late. The work of extermination is going rapidly on. In less than half a century, how many nations have I seen disappear! Where now are our allies, the Scotch highlanders? An English bailiff has driven forth the people of Fingal and of Robert Bruce. Where are our other friends, the North American Indians, whose hands our old France had so nobly clasped? Alas! I have just seen the last of the race exhibited as a show. . . . The Anglo-American traders and puritans, in the density of their unsympathetic ignorance, have trampled upon, famished, and will soon have annihilated these heroic races who will leave a void for ever upon earth, and a lasting regret to humanity.

With these ruins before her, and the destruction now going on in the north of India, in the Caucasus, and in Libanus, may France timely perceive that our interminable war in Africa has been thus protracted by our mistaking the genius of the people, from whom we keep aloof, without an effort to dispel the mutual ignorance and the misunderstanding which it occasions. They confessed but

the other day, that they only fought against us because they believed us to be enemies to their religion, which is the Unity of God. They know not that France, and almost all Europe, have shaken off the idolatrous beliefs which obscured the idea of the divine Unity during the middle age. Bonaparte told them this at Cairo : who will repeat it to them now ? The mist between the two shores will, one day or other, disperse, and they will recognize each other. Africa, whose races so affine to our race of the South ; Africa, whom I at times recognize among my most distinguished friends of the Pyrenees and of Provence, will render France a great service ; she will explain many things in her which are despised and misunderstood. We shall then better comprehend the rough popular sap of our mountain races, of our districts which have been kept most free from foreign admixture. Certain mannerisms, as I have already said, which are set down as rude and gross, will be found to be barbarian, and link ours with the African races, barbarian, I admit, but in no degree vulgar.

Barbarians, savages, children, the people even (for the greatest part), have this misery in common,—that their instinct is mistaken, and that they themselves cannot make us comprehend it. They are as if dumb, and suffer and die away in silence ; and we hear nothing of this, scarcely know it. The African dies of hunger on his devastated Silo ; dies and complains not. The European slaves to death, and ends in an hospital, unknown. The child, even the child of a wealthy man, languishes and cannot complain ; none will hearken to him. The middle age, over as regards us, still exercises its barbarian tyranny over him.

Strange spectacle ! On one hand, beings full of young and potent life . . . but which, as if bound by a spell, cannot communicate their thoughts and griefs. On the opposite hand, other beings who have amassed all the instruments humanity has ever forged for analyzing, for expressing thought, language, classification, and logic and rhetoric, but life is weak in them. . . . They require these dumb ones, in whom God has poured his sap to overflowing, to spare them a drop.

Who would not offer up vows for this grand people, who, from humble and obscure regions, aspire scale upwards gropingly, without light to mount, and not having a voice even to utter their groans withal ? . . . But their silence speaks. . . . It is reported of Cæsar, that, whilst coasting along the shores of Afric, he had a dream. He saw as if a great army, weeping and extending their arms to him imploringly. When he awoke, he wrote on his tablets Corinth and Carthage; and he rebuilt the two cities. I am not Cæsar; but how often have I not had Cæsar's dream ! I saw them weeping, I understood those tears :—" *Urbem orant.*" They want their City ; they pray her to receive and protect them. . . . Poor solitary dreamer that I am, what could I give to this grand voiceless people ? All I had—a voice. . . . May it be their first entry into the City of right, from which they have been hitherto excluded. I have given a voice in this book to those who are not in a capacity to know whether they have a right in the world. All those who groan or suffer in silence, all who are aspiring and struggling towards life, are my people. . . . They are the People. May they all enter with me! Why cannot I aggrandize the City into solidity? She totters, crumbles, as long she is incomplete, exclusive, unjust. Her justice is her solidity. But if she wishes to be just only, she will not even be just. She must be holy and divine, founded by Him who can alone found.

And she will be divine, if, instead of jealously closing her gates, she calls unto her all God's children, the lowest, the humblest (wo to him who shall blush to own his brother !). Let all, without distinction of class, without classification, weak or strong, simple or wise, bear hither their wisdom or their instinct. These powerless, these incapable ones, *miserabiles personæ*, who can do nothing for themselves, can do much for us. They have in them a mystery of unknown power, a hidden fecundity, living sources in the depths of their nature. When she summons them, the city summons that life which can alone renew her. Here, then, after this long divorce, may man be happily reconciled unto man and unto nature ; may pride in all its various shapes be cast off ; may the City of Protection extend from heaven to the abyss, vast as the bosom of God !

For my own part, I solemnly swear, that if there remain but one behind, whom she shall reject and not shelter with her right, I will not enter, but remain on the threshold.

PART THE THIRD.

OF ENFRANCHISEMENT BY LOVE.—OUR NATIVE LAND.

CHAPTER I.

FRIENDSHIP.

It is a great glory for our old *communes* of France to have been the discoverers of the true name of our native land. In their just thinking and profoundly sensitive simplicity, they named it, *Friendship* *. And, indeed, one's native land is the great friendship which comprehends all others. I love France, because she is France, and also because she is the country of those whom I love and those whom I have loved. Our native land, that great Friendship in which all our attachments centre, is first revealed to us by them ; when, in her turn, she generalizes, extends, and ennobles them, the friend grows into a whole people. The first stages of this grand initiation are our personal friendships, which are so many stations through which the soul passes, and by which she gradually ascends until she learns to recognize and love her-

* The feeling did not extend beyond the *commune:* they said, the *Friendship* of Lille, the *Friendship* of Aire,—see Michelet's History of France, vol. ii. p. 189, in Whittaker's "Popular Library."

self in that better, more disinterested, loftier soul, called Native Land. I say *disinterested*, because wherever this love is strong it compels us to mutual love, despite opposition of interests, difference of conditions, and inequality. It elevates us all, poor, rich, great, little, above all our pitiful envyings; and is truly *Great* Friendship, because it renders heroic. They who are united by it are solidly united; their attachment will endure as long as the Native Land endures. What do I say? She is no where more indestructible than in their immortal souls. Though ended in the world and in history, though engulphed in the bosom of the globe, she would survive as *Friendship.*

To listen to our philosophers, it would seem as if man were so insensible a being that it would require the most painful efforts of art and meditation to invent the ingenious machine which should bring man and man together. Now the slightest glance shows me that he is sociable from his birth. Before his eyes are opened, he loves society. He weeps the moment he is left alone. . . . And how be surprised at this? On the very day which we call his first day of life, he parts from a society the tender intimacy of which he has been long enjoying, and in which he had his beginning. When already aged by nine months, he is compelled to a divorce from it, to enter into solitude, and to grope about to find a shadow of the dear union, which was his, and which he has lost. He loves his nurse and his mother, so loves that he seems hardly able to distinguish them from himself. . . . But what ecstasy of joy is his when he first sees *another*, a child of his own age, who is himself, yet not himself! The liveliest joys of love will hardly yield him the transport of that moment. Family, nurse, mother even, for a time, yield to the *companion*; all is forgotten for him. Look at this spectacle; see how little nature is embarrassed by inequality, that stumbling-block of politicians. So far the contrary, it delights, in all the relations of the heart, to sport with differences and inequalities which seemingly oppose insurmountable obstacles to union. Woman, for instance, loves man, precisely because he is the stronger. The child loves his friend, often because he is the superior. They delight in inequality as affording them opportunities of devotion, as being a ground for emulation, as yielding the hope of equality. The dearest wish of the heart is to make the other its equal; its fear to remain the superior, to preserve an advantage which he has not. It is the singular characteristic of the beautiful friendships of childhood, that inequality forms their most powerful bond. There must be inequality for there to be aspiration, exchange, reciprocity. The charm of the friendship of children arises from the analogy of their character and habits, the inequality of their minds and education. The weak follows the strong without servility or envy, listens to him with ecstasy, and finds happiness in giving way to the attraction of initiation.

Friendship, whatever be said to the contrary, is a much more powerful means of progress than ove. Love, like it, is no doubt an initiation, but it cannot create emulation between those whom it unites. Lovers differ by sex and nature. The least advanced of the two cannot make any great change, so as to resemble the other; the effort at mutual assimilation is soon checked. The spirit of rivalry, which is soon awakened in girls, lies much longer dormant in boys. It takes school, college, and all the master's efforts to arouse its unhappy passions. Man, in this point of view, is born generous, heroic. He must be taught envy, for he knows it not of himself. Ah! how right he is, how much does he not gain by it! Love neither counts, nor measures, nor sets about calculating a mathematical, rigorous equality, which can never be attained. Its longing is to go far beyond it. Most frequently it creates, in opposition to the inequality of nature, an inequality in an inverse sense. Between man and wife, for instance; it often makes the stronger choose to be the servant of the weaker. As the family increases, when the child is born, the privilege becomes that of the new comer. The inequality of nature favoured the strong, that is the father; the inequality substituted by love favours the weak, the weakest of all, and makes him first. Such is the beauty of the natural family! The beauty of the artificial family is to favour the son by adoption, the son of the choice, dearer than the son by nature. The ideal of the City, and which ought to be her model, is the adoption of the weak by the strong, inequality to the advantage of the weak. Aristotle says excellently, in opposition to Plato, "The City is composed not of similar, but of dissimilar men." To which I add, "Dissimilar, but brought into harmony, and rendered more and more similar by love." Democracy is love in the City, and initiation.

The initiation of patronage, Roman or feudal, was artificial, and the result of circumstance. We ought to come back to man's natural and invariable relations. And what are these? . . . You need not go far to find them. You have but to look at man before he is enslaved by passion, broken down by hard education, embittered by rivalry. Take him, before he feels love or envy. What find you in him? That which to him is the most natural of all things, the first (ah! may it also be the last!) friendship. Soon shall I be old. Independently of my age, history has heaped two or three thousand years upon me, with countless events, passions, and many-coloured recollections, in which my own life, and that of the world, are confusedly mingled. Well! amongst all these countless great events, and poignant remembrances, there is one thing which stands out prominently, triumphantly, which is ever young, fresh, flourishing—my first friendship.

Well do I call to my mind (much more vividly and readily than I can my thoughts of yesterday) the immense, the insatiable desire we felt of communications, confidences, mutual disclosures, to which neither words nor paper sufficed. After long walks, one would see the other home, the other would then insist on seeing him home. What joy to feel of a morning, how much one had to tell of! I would be off early, in my strength and freedom, out of my impatience to speak, to resume the conversation, to confide innumerable things. "What secrets? What mysteries?" None; some historical fact, perhaps, or some verses of Virgil, which I had just learned. . . . And how often would I mistake the hour! At four or five o'clock of a morning, I was there, knocking, making them get up and open the door, awakening my friend. How paint with words the airy, vivid lights, in which all things were bathed of these morn-

ings and on the wing? My life seemed to fly, and of a spring morning the impression will sometimes come back to me. I felt, lived in Aurora. Age ever to be regretted, true paradise on earth, unconscious of hate, or contempt, or baseness, where inequality is altogether unknown, and when society is still truly human, truly divine! . . . Too fleeting age. Interest comes, competition, rivalry. . . . And yet some sparks of the ethereal flame would be left, did but education labour as hard to unite men as she does to divide them. If only two children, the one poor, the other rich, had sat on the same form of the same school, if united by friendship, divided by pursuits, they were to see each other frequently, they would do more among them than all the politicians, all the moralists in the world. By their disinterested, innocent friendship, they would preserve the sacred bond of the City. The rich one would know life, its inequality, would groan over it, and strenuously strive to take his share of it. The poor one would rise to greatness of heart, and would console him for being rich. How live, without knowing life? Now we can only know it by paying for the knowledge, by suffering, toiling, being poor; or else by making oneself poor through sympathy and heart, and voluntarily participating in toil and suffering.

What can a rich man know, though his mind be stored with all the learning of the schools? Life being made smooth to him, he must be ignorant of its deep and powerful realities. Neither investigating nor resting, he runs and glides as on ice. He enters nowhere, but is ever on the outside. In this rapid, external, and superficial state of existence, he will have reached his term to-morrow, and will depart in ignorance as he came. What he wanted was a solid point on which he might rest, and from which he might investigate, with all the energies of his soul, life and knowledge. The poor, on the contrary, is fixed on one obscure point, unable to see or heaven or earth. And his want is the power to raise himself up, to breathe, and contemplate the sky. Riveted to this spot by fatality, he requires to extend himself, to generalize his existence and even his sufferings, to transport his life out of this spot on which he suffers, and, since his soul is infinite, to expand it infinitely. . . He lacks all the means. Laws will do little for him; friendship alone can effect what he wants. The man of leisure, of cultivated mind, and reflective habits, ought to liberate this captive soul, and to restore it to its relations with the world. What, change it? No; but aid it to become itself, and remove the obstacle which hindered it from unfolding its wings.

All this would become easy, were each of the two to comprehend that he can only receive his enfranchisement from the other. The man of science and of cultivation, at present the slave of abstractions and of formulas, can only regain his liberty by contact with the man of instinct. That very youth and life, which he thinks to renew by distant voyages, is here, close at hand; he will find it in the childhood of society; I mean, in the people. And, on the other hand, he who is immured in his ignorance and his isolation as in a prison, will extend his horizon and will emerge into open air, if he will accept the overtures of knowledge, and if, instead of enviously calumniating it, he will respect in it the accumulation of the labours of humanity, the entire effort of the anterior man. I acknowledge that their entering on this path of mutual assistance, this serious and vigorous reciprocal culture, presupposes in both true magnanimity. We appeal to their heroism, and what appeal worthier of man? What more natural, from the moment he returns to himself, and, with God's grace, rises once more.

The heroism of the poor man is to immolate envy, to rise so superior to his own poverty, as not even to deign to inquire whether the riches of his fellow be well or ill gained. The heroism of the rich consists, whilst recognizing the right of the poor man, in loving him and seeking him.—"Heroism? . . . Is not this mere duty?" No doubt; but it is precisely the knowledge of its being a duty which closes the heart. Sad infirmity of our nature. We seldom love but those to whom we owe no duty, the deserted, unarmed being who threatens us with no right. Both ways the heart must enlarge. They have taken democracy by right and by duty, by the law; whilst they have only had the dead law. . . . Ah! let us retake it by grace!—you will say, "What is this to us? We will make such wise laws, so cunningly drawn up and combined, that there will be no need of loving." . . . The wish for wise laws, and the inclination to obey them, must be preceded by love. "But how is it possible to love?" See you not the insurmountable barriers, which interest raises up between us? With the overwhelming competition with which we are struggling, how can we be simple enough to aid our rivals, and stretch forth our hand to-day to those who will become so to-morrow? Humiliating confession! What, for a little money, for some wretched place which you will soon lose, you deliver up man's treasure, all that is good and great within him, friendship, native land, the true life of the heart. Miserable man; so near to, so far from the Revolution, have you already forgotten that the foremost men in the world, our young generals, in their terrible career, their violent race to an immortal death which they all disputed with each other—desperate rivals for the beauteous mistress who lights up the fiercest love in the human heart, Victory! were unconscious of jealousy? That glorious letter by which the conqueror of Vendée shielded with his virtue and his popularity the man who was already an object of suspicious dread—the conqueror of Arcola—and pledged himself for him, will remain to latest times *. . . Ah! great epoch, great men, true conquerors, who would subdue everything; you conquered envy as easily as you did the world! Noble souls, wherever you may be, save us by breathing into us a spark of your spirit!

* Letter written by Hoche to the minister of police, at the time a report ran that Bonaparte was to be arrested for acting without orders from the Directory, after his conquest of Italy; and in which the writer exclaims:—"Courage, Bonaparte, lead our victorious armies to Naples, to Vienna; let thy answer to thy personal enemies be the humbling of kings, and the lending new lustre to our arms. Leave the care of thy glory to us!"

CHAPTER II.

OF LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

To undertake to discuss such a subject in a few pages were to be insensible to its gravity. I shall confine myself to insisting upon one important point, which, in our existing state of manners, is essential. Indifferent as we are to our native land and to the world, being neither citizens nor philanthropists, there is but one particular in which we pretend to discard our selfishness, and this is as regards our families. To be a good father is a merit which is loudly trumpeted, and often most profitably. Yet, it must be confessed that in the higher classes the family tie is in most perilous state, and, if things go on as they are, cannot exist. The men are accused of this, and not without reason. I have myself spoken elsewhere of their materialism, their harshness, the singular want of skill with which they forfeit their ascendancy soon after marriage. Still I must own that the fault lies chiefly with the wives, that is, with the mothers. The education they give their daughters, or which they suffer them to receive, has made marriage an intolerable burden.

The scenes that pass before us, remind one but too forcibly of the latter ages of the Roman empire, when women, having become the inheritors of large fortunes, presuming on their wealth, and acting the patroness towards their husbands, rendered the condition of the latter so miserable, that no pecuniary advantage or legislative power could persuade men to undergo such slavery. They preferred flying to the desert, and the Thebaid was peopled. Alarmed at the depopulation, the legislature was obliged to favour and regulate those inferior ties which were the only ones into which men would enter; and perhaps it would be the same with us now if we did not entertain more chapman-like views, and speculate on marriage. Necessity or cupidity impels us to accept the chances which deterred the Romans. 'Tis an unsafe speculation. The young wife knows the fortune she brings, but not the worth of money, and so spends more than before. Judging by what I have myself seen, I should say, "If you want to ruin yourself, marry a rich wife."

I am aware of all the inconveniences attendant on taking a wife inferior in birth and breeding to yourself, and the greatest of which is, the isolation to which it condemns you, by cutting you off from your former associates and associations. Another is, that you do not marry your wife only, but her whole family, of, perhaps, rude and coarse habits. And if you try to raise her, and to form her for yourself and as yourself, it will often happen that, though possessing a happy instinct and a certain degree of willingness, she is not to be raised. The tardy education, attempted to be given to the vigorous, but less malleable, and harder races of the people, has seldom taken hold of them. Acknowledging these inconveniences, I nevertheless recur to the far more serious one attendant on the brilliant marriages of the present day, and which consists simply in one thing,—life there is *an impossibility*. For your life consists in beginning every evening, after a day of labour, a still more fatiguing day of amusements and pleasures. There is nothing like it in all Europe, nothing similar among the people. The Frenchman of the rich classes is the only man in the world who never rests. And this is, perhaps, the chief reason why our newly-enriched men, our *bourgeois*, a class sprung up yesterday, is already worn out. In this working age, in which time is of incalculable value, serious, productive men, who look at results, cannot accept, as the condition of marriage, so enormous an expenditure of life. The night, consumed in taking the wife from one party to another, kills the morrow by anticipating upon it. Man needs his fireside and rest of an evening. He comes home full of thought, and wants to collect himself as well as to meet with a congenial heart in which he may repose his troubles, his anxieties, the day's vicissitudes, to which he may open his whole bosom. He comes home to a wife who has done nothing, but who, dressed, ready, and impatient, is in haste to make the best of her strength and spirits. . . . How converse?—"Very well, sir, 'tis late; we are behind time; I can hear all that to-morrow."

He will go, except he chooses to trust her to some older female friend, who, too often corrupt, spiteful, and malicious, will have no greater pleasure than in exasperating the young wife against *her tyrant*, and in committing her by compromising her in wretched follies. No, he cannot leave her to such suspicious guidance, but will take her himself. . . . With what envy does he note the workman returning late to his home! The latter, it is true, has been hard-worked the whole day long; but he is going where rest, home, and the lawful happiness with which God has gifted his evenings, summon him. His wife is expecting him, counting the minutes; the cloth is laid; wife and child are at the door looking out for his coming. If he be but a moderately deserving husband, all her vanity centres in him; she admires, reveres him. . . . How full of thoughtful care she is! I see her, out of their scanty meal, without his perceiving it, taking the poorest portion for herself, and reserving for her husband, who has most to bear, the nourishing food which will recruit his strength. He goes to bed; she puts her children to bed, and sits up working far into the night. At earliest dawn, long before he opens his eyes, she is up, all is ready, both his warm breakfast and the dinner he takes along with him. He is off to his work, after embracing wife and sleeping children, contented at heart, and easy as to those he leaves behind. This I have said, and say again, is happiness. She feels that she is supported by him, and is blessed in the idea; and he works the more contentedly, knowing that he works for her. Such is true marriage. "A humdrum life," you say. No, the child vivifies it. . . . And if the supreme spark were added,—if the workman, together with a little security and leisure, had moments of more exalted life, could make his wife the companion of his studies, and kindle her mind by his . . . 'twould be too much. All that we should ask from Heaven would be such an eternity here below.

This was the happiness you might have enjoyed, sad victim of cupidity; but you have sacrificed it. Regret now the humble maiden whom you loved, who loved you: regret her bitterly. Was it wise (putting honour and humanity out of the question), to bruise this poor creature, and to bruise your own heart, in order to wed slavery? The money you coveted will make itself wings and escape from your hands. The children of this unloving union, conceived of a calculation, will bear on their pale face the mark of their sad origin; their un-

harmonious existence testify to the divorce which this marriage bore within itself; they will not have the heart to live. Was there so great a difference between this girl and that; after all, both are of the people. The father of the wealthier, is a workman who has risen to wealth. There is no gulph betwixt the true unmixed people and the people *bourgeois*, the bastard classes. If the bourgeoisie want to recover from their exhaustion, they will entertain fewer fears of marrying into families which are to-day what they were yesterday, and where are strength, beauty, and a hopeful future. Our young men marry late, after a life of dissipation, and commonly some young sickly girl. The offspring die, or lead an ailing life. In the second and third generations, the bourgeoisie will be as puny as our nobles were before the Revolution. And it is not only the physical which deteriorates, but the moral. What capability of continuous labour, important business, or of great invention can be expected from a man who, having married for money, is the slave of his wife and family, and is obliged to waste on nothings all his time and best energies? Think what must become of a nation in which the governing classes expend themselves in idle talk and empty bustle. . . . To make life fecund, the mind must have time to collect itself, the heart to rest.

A remarkable fact of the present time is, that the women of the people (who are by no means coarse like the men, and who feel the want of delicacy and attention), listen to men of a station above their own, with a confidence they did not formerly exhibit. They used to consider rank an insurmountable barrier to love, but they do not seem to think wealth constitutes a line of demarcation between the classes—mere riches seem so little in comparison with love! Touching trust of the people, who, in their best, most amiable, and tenderest half, thus approximate to the superior ranks, and bring with them vigour, beauty, moral grace! . . Ah! wo to the seducer! If inaccessible to remorse, he will, at the least, experience a bitter regret, when he thinks that he has lost what is more worth than all the treasures of the world, heaven and earth—the being beloved!

CHAPTER III.

OF ASSOCIATION.

I HAVE long studied the ancient "associations" of France; of all of which the most charming, in my opinion, is that of the fishing-nets on the coasts of Harfleur and Barfleur. Each of these vast nets (a hundred and twenty *brasses*, or six hundred feet long) is divided into numerous lots, which pass by will to the daughters, as well as the sons; and though the former cannot take part in the actual fishing, they yet mend, and remake their shares of the nets, which they entrust to the fishermen. So, the handsome and prudent Norman maiden spins her own dowry. Her lot of net is her fief, which she administers with the prudence of the wife of William the Conqueror. Doubly proprietor, in virtue both of her right and her labour, she requires to know as such all the arrangements of the fishing voyage. She calculates its chances, takes an interest in the selection of the crew, and identifies herself with the risks of this hazardous employ. Ay, and she sometimes risks more than her net in the smack. Often the fisherman to whom she has entrusted her interests during the voyage, entrusts his happiness to her keeping on his return. True *country of wisdom*. Normandy, which has served as a type in so many things to France and England, strikes me as having discovered in this a type of association more worthy than any other, of being recommended to the attention of futurity. It is quite distinct from the cheese-making associations of the Jura, where, after all, they only join in the risk and profit. Each brings his milk to the common cheese, and has a proportionate return on the sale. But this collective economy calls for no moral union, puts selfishness at its ease, and may subsist with all the unsociableness of individualism. It does not seem to me deserving of the cheering title of association; whilst that of the Norman fishermen is pre-eminently so, being quite as moral and social as economic. What in reality is it? A young, well-disposed, well-conducted girl, out of her labour, her nightly vigils, and her little savings, enters into partnership with young men, and entrusts her fortune to their boat before committing her heart. She has a right to know, to choose, to love the skilful and successful fisherman. Here we have an association truly worthy of the name; and which, far from excluding the natural association of the family, prepares the ties that are to twist it together, and so contributes to the grand association, that of the native land.

Here, my heart fails me, and my pen drops. . . . I must avow that native land and family reap little advantage from it now. The associations of the net will soon exist but in history; being already replaced on many parts of the coast by that which replaces every thing—the bank and the usurer.

Great race of Norman seamen, who first discovered America, founded the factories of Africa, conquered the two Sicilies and England! am I then to meet with you no more save in the tapestry of Bayeux? Who but is heart-broken, as he passes from our cliffs to the Downs, from our drooping coasts to the opposite ones which teem with life, from the inertia of Cherbourg to the burning and terrible activity of Portsmouth? . . . What is to me that Havre is filled with American vessels, with a transit trade which is made by France, without France, and sometimes against her? Heavy malediction! Truly severe punishment of our unsociability! Our economists aver that nothing can be done for free association. Our academies efface its name from their prize lists. Its name is only recognized as that of a crime, guarded against by our penal laws. One association only remains lawful; the increasing intimacy between St. Cloud and Windsor.

Some commercial associations have been formed, but in a selfish point of view, in order to absorb all the petty channels of trade, and ruin the smaller tradesman. These have done great harm, to little profit. The large partnership concerns which are created in this hope have met with very indifferent success, and do not improve; whilst every addition to their number has subtracted from their chances. Many have failed; and those which subsist have no tendency to increase. Turning to the country, I see our agricultural communities of Morvan, Berri, and Picardy, all of high antiquity, gradually breaking up and going to law to enforce

dissolution. They had lasted for centuries, and many prosperously. And, no doubt, these convents of married labourers where some twenty families, united by ties of kindred, were collected together under one roof, under the superintendence of a superior of their own election, possessed great economical advantages. And if I turn from these peasants to more cultivated minds, I see but little spirit of association in literature. The men who ought most naturally to be attracted to one another by knowledge, and mutual esteem, and admiration, keep, nevertheless, aloof. Even kindred genius will not induce kindred of heart. I am acquainted with four or five men here who are, beyond a doubt, the aristocracy of mankind, whose only peers and judges are each other, and who, living at the same time, in the same city, next door to one another, never meet. Had these men, who will live for ever, been born in different ages, how bitterly would they have regretted the impossibility of ever having known each other.

In one of my pilgrimages to Lyons, I called on some weavers, and, according to my wont, inquired into their evils and the remedy. I inquired, particularly, whether it would not be possible for them, however opposed in opinions, to associate in certain material, economic respects? One of them, a man of great intelligence and high moral endowments, who was sensible of the feeling which prompted me, allowed me to go on with my inquiries further than I had yet done. "The evil," he said at first, "is the favour shown by government to the manufacturers." And, next? "Their monopoly, tyranny, and exactions." Is this the whole? He remained silent two or three minutes, and then gave vent with a sigh to this important confession:—"There is yet another evil, sir; *we are unsociable.*" The words smote my heart like a sentence of death. Many were my reasons for supposing them just and true, and often had the thought occurred to me! "What," I said to myself, "France, the country renowned above all others for the eminently sociable sweetness of its manners and genius, irrevocably divided and for ever? . . . If this be so, does a chance of life remain for us, and have we not already perished, before perishing? Is our soul dead within us? Are we worse than our fathers; whose pious associations we are ever being told of? Is there an end to love and brotherhood in this world?"

In this gloomy state of mind, resolved, like a dying man, to ascertain whether I were dying, I set about seriously examining, not the highest or the lowest, but a man, neither good nor bad, a man in whom many classes meet, who has seen, has suffered, and who, indisputably, both in spirit and in heart, bears within himself the thoughts of the people. And this man, who is no other than myself, though living alone, and voluntarily solitary, has none the less remained sociable and sympathetic. So with many others. An unmutable, unalterable fund of sociability sleeps here in the depth of the masses. 'Tis a fund ever in reserve, and I descry it everywhere amongst them as often as I descend, listen, and observe. And what is there astonishing in the fact of this instinct of ready sociableness, discouraged as it has been of late years, shrinking and folding up within itself? Deceived by parties, speculated upon commercially, suspected by government, it no longer stirs nor operates. All the forces of society seem directed to crush the instinct of sociableness! They can join stones, and disjoin men; no more. Patronage cannot make good what is wanting to the spirit of association. The recent appearance of the idea of equality has stifled (for a time) the idea which had preceded it, that of benevolent protection, adoption, paternity. The rich has sternly said to the poor, "Thou claimest equality, and the rank of brother. Be it so. But, from this moment, expect no more assistance from me. God imposed upon me the duties of father. By claiming equality, you have yourself freed me from them." There is much less risk of being mistaken as to our people of France than as regards as any other. No farce of society, no external difference, changes their sociableness. They have not the humble manners of the Germans; nor will they, like the English, stand hat in hand before wealth and rank. Address them, they will answer you civilly, cordially, with an air as much to say, that they yield this to the individual and not to his standing in society. The Frenchman has passed through many trials; through revolution, through wars. A man so formed is assuredly hard to guide, and hard to bring into associations. Why? Because, as individual, he knows his own intrinsic worth.

You are making men of iron in your war of Africa, a war of hand to hand, which is ever obliging the soldier to rely upon himself. Undoubtedly you are in the right to desiderate such, and to form such on the eve of the crisis we must expect in Europe. But you must not be surprised if these lions, on their return, retain, whilst they submit to the curb of the laws, some smatch of their savage independence. And I warn you, these men can never be brought into associations except through the heart and friendship. Do not fancy you can yoke them to a *negative* society, in which the soul will count for nothing, and where they will live together without love, through feelings of economy and the mildness of their disposition; as, for instance, the German workmen do at Zurich. The *co-operative* society of the English, who unite perfectly well together for any specific purpose, though, at the same time, hating and counteracting each other in those where their interests clash, does not suit our Frenchmen a whit better. We must have a society of friends in France; and herein consists its inferiority, commercially speaking, its superiority, socially. Union is effected with us neither by pliancy of disposition and community of habits, nor by the hunter's savage greed, herding together, wolf-like, for the sake of prey. The only union possible with us is the union of minds.

This condition secured, there are few forms of association but what are excellent. The leading question with this sympathetic people is one of persons and moral dispositions. "Do the members love each other; do they agree?" is ever the first inquiry to be made. Societies of workmen may be formed, and will last, *if they love one another;* and societies of master-workmen, likewise, who shall live as brothers, on an equality, only they must love *much.* Now loving one another is not simply the feeling of mutual good-will. Nor will natural attraction of character and similarity of tastes be sufficient. Each man must follow his

nature, but with heart; that is to say, must be ever ready for sacrifice, for the devotion which immolates nature. What would you do in this world without sacrifice? Sacrifice is its support; without it, the world would topple down this moment. I will grant you the best instinct, the most upright character, the most perfect natures (such as are not met with here below)—and yet the whole world would perish without this universal remedy.

"To sacrifice oneself to another!" Strange, unheard of thing, which will scandalize the ears of our philosophers. "Immolate oneself... for whom? for a man we know to be less deserving than oneself? to forfeit, for the advantage of this nothing, an infinite worth?" for such, in fact, few fail to give themselves credit for. Now here, we will acknowledge, is a real difficulty. One seldom sacrifices oneself save to what is supposed to be infinite. For sacrifice, a god, an altar is required —a god in whom men may recognize and love each other. And how are we to do sacrifice? We have lost our gods!—Was the God-word (the *Logos*), in the form under which it was envisaged by the middle-age, this necessary bond? All history is there to answer, No. The middle-age promised union, and only gave war. It required this god to have his second advent, and to appear upon earth in his incarnation of '89. He then gave association at once its vastest and its truest form; that which alone can still unite us, and, through us, save the world.

France, glorious mother, who art not ours alone, but whose destiny it is to bring forth every nation into liberty, teach us to love one another in you!

CHAPTER IV.

OUR NATIVE LAND.—ARE NATIONALITIES ABOUT TO DISAPPEAR?

NATIONAL antipathies have decreased, the law of nations been ameliorated, and, in comparison with the hates of the middle age, we have entered upon a new era of goodwill and brotherhood. Nations are already in some degree amalgamated by interests, and have borrowed from each other fashions and literature. Are we hence to infer that nationalities are dying away? Let us examine. It is certain that internal distinctions are leaving fewer traces in every nation. Our French provincialities are rapidly disappearing. Scotland and Wales have joined the unity of Britain. Germany is labouring at her own unity; and believes herself ready to sacrifice to it a host of conflicting interests, which have hitherto kept her divided. There can be no doubt that this sacrifice of different internal nationalities to the great nationality which embraces them all, contributes to strengthen the latter. It may perchance efface the salient, picturesque minutiæ which characterised a people in the eyes of the superficial observer, but it strengthens the peculiar genius of a nation, and helps its manifestation. It was at the moment France suppressed within her bosom all divergent Frances, that she revealed herself in her loftiness and originality. She made the discovery of herself; and whilst she proclaimed the future common rights of the world, separated herself more distinctly from the world than she had ever done before.

We may say the same of England. With her machines, ships, and her fifteen millions of workmen, she differs at this very moment from all other nations much more than in Elizabeth's day. Germany, which was blindly groping for herself in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, at last discovered herself in Goethe, Schelling, and Beethoven; and it is only from that moment that she was enabled with any purpose to aspire to unity. So far from nationalities disappearing, I see them daily assuming a deeper moral character, and from collections of men growing into persons. This is the natural progress of life. Each man, at the outset, feels his genius confusedly, and in his early years appears to be like any other man. It is only as time goes over his head that he learns to understand himself, and that his character acquires outward expression in his works and acts. He gradually assumes personality, quits class, and deserves a name.

I know but two ways of inferring that nationalities are about to disappear;—first, to be ignorant of history, and to know it only in shallow formulas, like philosophers, who never study it, or in literary common places, like women, in order to talk about it. To those whose knowledge is of either kind, history appears in the past like a small, obscure point, which may be blotted out at will:—secondly, one must be as ignorant of nature as of history, and forget that national characteristics do not take their rise in our caprices, but are profoundly based on the influences of climate, of food, of natural productions, and may be modified in degree, but never effaced.—They who are not fettered by their acquaintance either with physiology or history, and who construct humanity without ever enquiring into man or nature, may be allowed to efface frontiers, fill up rivers, and level mountains. But I warn them that nations will still last, unless they take care to sweep away the towns, those grand centres of civilization, where nationalities have concentrated their genius.

Towards the close of the Second Part I observed, that if God has set anywhere the type of the political City, it was in all probability in the moral City, that is, in the soul of man. Now, what are the first movements of this soul? It fixes itself in one spot, meditates there, and organizes for itself a body, a residence, a train of ideas. Then it can act. In the same manner, the soul of the people ought to construct for itself a central point of organism, seat itself in one spot, collect itself, meditate, and harmonously identify itself with the aspect of nature, as infant Rome with the seven hills, or our France with the sea, the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees—our seven hills.

To circumscribe oneself, to carve something for oneself out of space and time, to bite a piece which shall be one's own out of the bosom of indifferent and all-dissolving nature, who seeks ever to confound, is power for every life. This is to exist; this is to live. A mind fixed on one point will go on acquiring profundity. A mind, floating in space, dissipates itself and disappears. The man who goes on bestowing his love on all things, passes away without ever having known love. Let him love once and long, he finds in one passion the infinitude of nature, and the whole progress of the world. The Native Land, the City, far from being opposed to nature, are the sole and the all-pow-

erful means which the soul of the people resident there possesses for realising her nature, affording her at once the point from which to start into life, and the liberty of development. Fancy the Athenian genius *minus* Athens; it wavers, wanders, is lost, and dies unknown. Enclosed within the narrow but pregnant precincts of such a city, fixed on that glorious soil where the bee gathers honey from Sophocles and Plato, the powerful genius of Athens, of a city hardly perceptible on the earth's broad surface, has done as much in two or three centuries, as twelve nations of the middle age in a thousand.

God's most powerful means of creating and increasing distinctive originality, is to maintain the world harmoniously divided into those great and beautiful systems called nations, each of which, opening to man a different sphere of activity, is a living education. The more man advances, the more he enters into the genius of his native land, the better he concurs in the harmony of the globe. He learns to know this native land both in its proper and its relative value, as a note in the grand concert, takes a part in it through her, and in her loves the world. One's native country forms the necessary initiation into the universal country. And so union progresses, without there being any danger of its ever attaining unity, since every nation at every step it takes towards concord, is more original in itself. If, by an impossibility, diversities should cease and unity be established, as every nation would sing the same note, the concert would be over. Harmony would give place to a confused, unmeaning noise ; and the world, relapsed into monotony and barbarism, might perish without leaving a single regret.

But nothing, I feel assured, will perish ; neither soul of man nor soul of people. We are in too good hands. No, on the contrary, we shall go on ever living more,—that is, strengthening our individuality, and acquiring more potent and fecundating influences. God keeps us from losing ourselves in him ! . . . And if no soul perishes, how shall these great souls of nations, with their vivid genius, their history rich in martyrs and heroic sacrifices, a history replete with immortality, how shall they be extinguished ? When but one of them is eclipsed for a moment, the whole world is sick in all its nations, and the world of the heart in its fibres, responsive to the nations. . . . Reader, the agonized fibre which I see in your heart, is Poland and Italy. Nationality and our country are the life of the world. Their death would be the death of all. Ask the people. They feel this, and will tell you so. Ask science, history, the experience of mankind. These two great voices are in unison. Two voices ? No, two realities ; that which is and that which was, opposed to vain abstraction. This was the belief on which I set my heart and my history, firm as upon a rock. I wanted no one to confirm me in my faith. But I have gone among the multitude ; have questioned the people, young and old, little and great. All have borne witness to their country. 'Tis the living fibre which dies last in their heart. I have found it among the dead. I have been in the charnel houses called prisons, *bagnes*, and there have dissected ; and in these corpses, where the breast was a void, what think you I found ? . . . France still ; the last spark, perhaps, which offered a chance of recalling them to life.

Say not, I beseech you, that it is nothing to be born in the land surrounded by the Pyrenees, the Alps, the Rhine, the ocean. Take the poorest being, ragged, starved, one whom you would believe absorbed in material wants ; he will tell you that to have a share in this immense glory, this unique legend which forms the theme of the world, is a rich inheritance. He knows that if he went to the world's extremest desert, alike under the equator or at the poles, he would find Napoleon, our armies, our grand history to shield and protect him , that the children would flock to him, and the aged be mute, and entreat him to speak ; that to hear him only name those names, they would kiss the hem of his tattered vestments. For me, whatever my fate, poor or rich, happy or unhappy, I shall ever bless God for having given me this great country—France. And this, not alone on account of her many and glorious deeds, but, most of all, because I find her to be at once the representative of the liberties of the world, and the country which forms the bond of sympathy with all the rest, the initiation into universal love. This last characteristic is so strong in France, that she has often forgotten herself. And I must now recall her to herself, and beseech her to love all nations less than herself.

Undoubtedly, every great nation represents an idea important to universal man. But, great God, how much more true is this of France ! Suppose her eclipsed, or that she perish ; the bond of sympathy between the world is relaxed, dissolved, broken, probably destroyed. The love that constitutes the life of the globe, would be affected in its most vital part. The earth would enter the frozen age where other globes, close at hand, have entered. I had a frightful dream on this very subject, which I must relate. I was in Dublin, near a bridge, walking on a quay. On looking at the river, I saw it flowing slowly in a narrow channel, between wide sandy strands, such as ours at the *Quai des Orfèvres*, and thought it must be the Seine. Even the quays were like ; and, with the exception of the rich shops, of the monuments, the Tuileries, and the Louvre, it was almost Paris, *minus* Paris. An ill-dressed crowd was coming from the bridge; not in blouses, as with us, but in old grease-spotted coats. They were quarrelling violently in hoarse, guttural, barbarous clamour, with a frightful humpback, all in rags, who is even now before me. Other persons were passing along, miserable and deformed. On looking closer, I was seized with terror, for I fancied they were all Frenchmen. . . . It was Paris, France ; a France grown foul, brutish, savage. I experienced at this moment how credulous terror is ; for I started no objection. I said to myself, Here is another 1815, but it must have lasted long, long years ; ages of misery must have weighed heavily on my poor, irrevocably condemned country ; and I have returned hither to bear my share of this boundless woe. And these ages lay upon me with leaden weight ; ages upon ages crowded into the space of two minutes ! I remained immoveable, nailed to the spot. My fellow-traveller shook me, and I came a little to myself. But I could not banish the terrible dream wholly from my mind, or be comforted ; and during my stay in Ireland, I was oppressed by a profound melancholy, which is even now taking possession of me whilst I write.

CHAPTER V.

FRANCE.

Some years ago, the head of one of our socialist schools, asked, "What is the meaning of one's Native Land?" Such cosmopolitan Utopias of material enjoyments, strike me, I confess, as being a prosaic commentary on Horace's ode, "Rome is crumbling to her fall, let us fly to the fortunate isles," that sad wail of abandonment and discouragement. The Christians who succeed, with their heavenly country and universal fraternity here below, do not the less inflict the death-blow on the empire by this beautiful and touching doctrine. Their brothers of the North soon come and lead them away captives, the rope round their necks. We are not a slave's sons, without country, and without gods, as was the great poet just quoted. We are not Romans of Tarsus, like the Apostle of the Gentiles. We are Romans of Rome, and Frenchmen of France. We are the sons of those who, by the effort of an heroic nationality, have done the world's work, and established for every nation, the gospel of equality. Our fathers did not understand fraternity to be that vague sympathy which welcomes and loves everything, which mingles, bastardizes, confounds. They believed fraternity to be not the blind amalgamation of existences and characters, but the union of hearts. They kept for themselves, for France, the originality of devotedness and of sacrifice which none contested with her. Alone, she watered with her blood the tree which she planted. It was a glorious opening for the other nations, not to allow her to stand alone. They did not imitate France in her devotedness. Would they now have France imitate them in their selfishness, their moral indifference, and descend to their level, since she could not raise them to hers? Who but would marvel to see the people who but lately reared that beacon-light of the future to which the eyes of the world are turned, walking submissively in the road of imitation! . . . And what road is that? We know it only too well, many nations have followed it. It leads to suicide and death.

Poor imitators? You fancy this imitation! . . . You take from some neighbouring people what in them is a living thing; and you appropriate it, ill or well, despite the repugnance of a nature with which it does not assimilate—why, you are engrafting a foreign body on your own flesh, an inert and lifeless body; you have adopted death. And what if it be not only foreign and alien, but inimical? What if you take it from those whom nature has made your adversaries, and has, in her symmetrical arrangement, opposed to you? What if you are seeking resuscitation from what is the negation of your own life? If France, for instance, in contradiction to her whole history and nature, should persist in copying her whom we may call Anti-France, England? National hate and blind ill-will are out of the question here. We esteem, as we ought, the great British nation; and we have proved this by studying her as devotedly as any man of the day. And the result of this very study and esteem is, the conviction that the progress of the world depends on the two countries preserving their peculiar qualities free from heterogeneous admixture, on the two opposed loadstones acting inversely, on these two electrical currents, the positive and the negative, being never confounded. That element which is the most foreign from our nature, the English, is precisely that which we have preferred. We have adopted it politically, into our constitution, on the faith of the *doctrinaires*, who copied without comprehending it; we have adopted it into our literature, without perceiving that the greatest genius England has produced in our time, is he who has most violently belied it. And to sum up, incredible and ridiculous as it seems, we have adopted this same English element in art and fashion; and have actually set about copying that stiffness and awkwardness which is neither external nor accidental, but is connected with a profound physiological mystery. I have before me two novels, each displaying great talent; and the character held up to ridicule in both, is, what think ye? Why, the Frenchman, ever the Frenchman. The Englishman is the hero, the invisible, but ever present providence, who is the preserver in each crisis, and comes ever opportunely to repair the follies of the other. And how? By being rich. The Frenchman is the poor man, and the poor in mind, too. Rich! And is this the cause of this singular infatuation? The rich man (most frequently the Englishman) is the well-beloved of God. The freest and firmest minds can hardly keep themselves from being prejudiced in his favour. The women think him handsome, the men are willing to believe him noble. Our artists take his sorry nag as their model. Avow it frankly, then; wealth is the idol of this universal admiration. England is rich; her millions of beggars are little matter. To the observer who does not inquire into man, she presents a spectacle unique in the world, that of the most enormous mountain of riches ever heaped together. Triumphant in agriculture, in machinery, with her countless ships, warehouses choke full, and her exchange, the mistress of the world—gold runs there like water.

Ah! France has nothing similar to this. She is the country of poverty. The mere enumeration of what the one has and the other has not, would lead us too far. England may well ask of France with a smile, what, after all, are the material results of her activity? what is to show for all her labour, commotions, efforts? Behold our poor France, seated on the ground like Job, with her friends, the nations, coming to comfort, question, improve her if they can, and labour at her salvation. "Where are your ships, your machines?" asks England. "Where are your systems?" asks Germany; "have you not, at least, like Italy, works of art to show?" Kind sisters, who thus come to comfort France, permit me to answer you. She is ill you see; and there she sits with drooping head, unwilling to speak. Did you pile up the blood, the gold, the efforts of every kind disinterestedly expended by each nation for the advancement of the whole world, the pyramid reared out of France would touch the skies . . . whilst all of sacrifice that could be piled up out of you, ye nations, would reach no higher than a child's knee. Say not, then, to me, "How pale France is!" She has poured out her blood for you. "How poor she is!" For you has she given without counting. And, having no more to give, she has said, "Gold and silver have I none, but what I have, that I give unto you." And she has

given her soul, and it is on that you live*. All that is now left to her, is what she has given to others.

Listen, then, ye nations; learn what but for us you would never have learned:—"The more one gives, the more one keeps." Her mind may be sunk in sleep, but it is there, unimpaired within her, and ready to rouse up like a giant refreshed.

Long have I followed France, living day by day with her, for two thousand years. We have seen the worst days together, and I have learnt to believe that this country is the land of invincible hope. It is clear that God enlightens her more than any other nation, since in murkiest night she sees when none other can see; and in those frightful eclipses, which in the middle age and at other times have hid the face of the sky from all else, France has discerned it. Such is France. With her nothing dies; but all starts into fresh life.

When our Gallic peasants drove out the Romans for an instant, and erected the Gauls into an empire, they stamped upon their coin this country's first motto (and its last)—*Hope*.

CHAPTER VI.

SUPERIORITY OF FRANCE, BOTH AS DOGMA AND LEGEND. —FRANCE IS A RELIGION.

The foreigner fancies he has said all, when he has exclaimed with a smile, "France is the infant of Europe." Now, if you give it this title, which is not the least in the sight of God, you must own her to be the infant Solomon, sitting on the judgment-seat. What country, save France, has preserved the tradition of the law? of ecclesiastical, political, and civil law; the chair of Papinian, and stool of Gregory VII. Rome is no where but here. From the days of St. Louis, to whom has all Europe—pope, emperor, and kings come for justice? . . . Who could disown the theological popedom in Gerson and Bossuet, the philosophical popedom in Descartes and Voltaire, the political and civil in Cujas and Dumoulin, in Rousseau and Montesquieu? Her laws, which are no other than those of reason, are submitted to by her enemies even. England has just given our civil code to the island of Ceylon.

Rome held the pontificate of the dark ages, the royalty of the doubtful. France has been the pontiff of the ages of light.

This is not a mere accident of latter times, a chance result of the Revolution. It is the legitimate sequence of a tradition, connected with all tradition, for two thousand years. No other nation possesses any thing similar. With us has been continued the grand movement of the human race (so clearly defined by languages) from India to Greece, to Rome, and thence to us. The history of all other countries is truncated, ours complete. Take the history of Italy; its latter ages are a blank. Take those of Germany and England; their earliest ages are a blank. Take that of France, and you read the history of the world. And this great tradition is not only strictly continuous, but progressive. France has continued the work of Rome and of Christianity. The promise Christianity gave, she has kept; and she has taught the world to consider fraternal equality, previously deferred to another life, as the law of the present life. Two powerful elements exist in us, which are found in no other people. We possess at once the principle and the legend; the idea more comprehensive and humane, and, at the same time, the most connected tradition. This principle and this idea, buried in the middle age under the dogma of grace, are called by men, brotherhood. This tradition is that which, from Cæsar's days to those of Charlemagne and St. Louis, from Louis XIV. to Napoleon, makes the history of France the history of humanity; and in it, under diverse form, is perpetuated the moral beau-ideal of the world, from St. Louis to the Pucelle, from Joan of Arc to our boy-generals of the Revolution. The saint of France, however presented, is the saint of all nations,—adopted, blessed, and deplored by all mankind.

"For every man," was the impartial observation of an American philosopher, "the first country is his own, and France the second." And how many prefer living here to their own country! Hither do they flock, poor birds of passage, as soon as they can break the thread that holds them, to alight, seek shelter, and gain, at the least, a moment's vital heat. They tacitly confess ours to be the universal home. Now, this nation, thus regarded as the asylum of the world, is much more than a nation—it is a living brotherhood. And, however she may at times faint, in the depth of her nature she contains that principle of life which secures her, whatever may happen, peculiar chances of recovery. That day on which, remembering that she was and must again be the salvation of mankind, France shall summon her children around her, and teach them France as faith and as religion, she will start into living energy, and be solid as the globe.

The position I have just laid down, and on which I have long meditated, is a momentous one; containing, perchance, the germ of our country's renovation. She is the only country which is privileged to teach herself thus; for she is the one which has most identified her own interests and destiny with those of humanity. And she is the only one who can do so, because her grand national, and, nevertheless, comprehensively human, legend is the only complete one, is the most thoroughly followed out, of all, and is that which, by its historical concatenation, best answers the requisitions of reason. There is no fanaticism in saying this. It is the too concise statement of a serious opinion, based on long study. I could easily prove that other nations have only special legends, not adopted by the rest of the world; and these legends are frequently isolated, individual, unconnected with one another even in the same country, standing out distinct, like separate points of light. The national legend of France is one trail of immense, uninterrupted light,—a true milky way on which the world has ever its eyes fixed.

Germany and England, in race, language, and instinct, are alien from the grand Romano-Christian and democratic tradition of the world; from which they borrow without amalgamating what they borrow with their own base, which is exceptional. They borrow indirectly, awkwardly, take, and don't take. Observe them well; you will find in their people, both physically and morally, a discordance of life and principle not presented by

* That which gives life to the world is neither the commercial mechanism of England, nor the scholastic of Germany, but the latent heat of our Revolution.

France, and which (even without taking into the account intrinsic value, by stopping at the form and consulting only art) must ever hinder the world from seeking its models and instruction there.

France, on the contrary, is not a compound of two principles. The Celtic element in her is interfused with the Roman, so that the two are one. The Germanic element, of which some make so much, is imperceptible. France proceeds direct from Rome, and should teach Rome—teach her language, her history, her law. There is nothing absurd in our education so far. The absurdity is, that it does not imbue this Roman education with the sentiment of France; that she lays a heavy scholastic stress on Rome, which is the way, and keeps out of view France, which is the goal. This goal should be shown to the child from the outset. His starting-point should be France, which is himself, and, through Rome, he should be led back to France, which is still himself. On this wise only can our education form an harmonious whole.

The day on which this people, restored to itself, shall open its eyes and consider itself, it will become aware that the first institution which can give it life and durability, is to give *to all* (at greater or less extent, according to the time at their disposal) that harmonious education which shall implant the country in the very heart of the child. This is our only means of salvation. We have grown old in our vices, and will not be cured. If God saves this glorious yet unfortunate country, he will save it through the medium of infancy.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FAITH OF THE REVOLUTION.—IT DID NOT PRESERVE THIS FAITH TO THE END, AND HAS NOT TRANSMITTED ITS SPIRIT BY EDUCATION.

The only government which devoted itself heart and soul to the education of the people was that of the Revolution. The constituent and the legislative assembly laid down the principles to be followed, with admirable sagacity and with truly human feeling. The Convention, even in the thick of its fearful struggle with the world, with France as well, whom it saved in spite of herself, and amidst the personal dangers it ran, assassinated and decimated in detail, never relaxed, but pertinaciously followed up the holy and sacred subject of the education of the people; and, amidst its stormy nights, when sitting armed, and prolonging each sitting, which might be the last, nevertheless made time to summon all systems and examine them. "If we decree education," exclaimed one of its members, "we shall have lived long enough."

The three projects adopted are distinguished by good sense and grandeur. They organize, from the first, the high and the low, the normal schools and the primary schools. They kindle a bright flame, and bear it at once among the lowest depths of the people. Then, more at leisure, they fill up the intermediate space by central schools or colleges for the education of the wealthier classes. Nevertheless, they raise the whole fabric at one and the same time. The men of that day knew that a living work was not to be created bit by bit.

Never to be forgotten day! It was two months after the 9th Thermidor. Men were beginning once more to believe in life. France, raised from the tomb, suddenly come to maturity with the experience of twenty centuries; France, enlightened yet bloody, summoned all her children to receive the sovereign instruction of her vast experience. "Come," she said to them, "and see." When the *rapporteur* of the Convention pronounced this simple but grave apophthegm, "Time alone could be the professor of the republic," what eye could have remained unmoistened? All had paid dearly for the lesson of the time, all had passed through death, and had not escaped entire.

After these great trials, it seemed as if there was a momentary lull for all human passions; you would have thought that pride, interest, and envy were no more. The foremost men of the state, and of the scientific world, accepted the humblest offices as teachers. Lagrange and Laplace taught arithmetic. Fifteen hundred pupils, grown up men, many of whom were already celebrated, took their places, as a thing of course, on the forms of the normal school, to be taught how to teach. They came, in the depth of winter, and at a time of poverty and famine, as they best might. Over the ruins of all material things, hovered alone, and without a shadow, the majesty of mind. Men of creative genius took in turn the chair at this great school. Some, as Berthollet and Morvan, came to found chemistry, to open and penetrate the inner world of bodies; others, like Laplace and Lagrange, had, by their calculations, given certitude to the system of the world, and settled the earth on her basis. Never did the power of mind appear more irresistible. Reason, by obedience, yielded to reason. And how did the heart mingle with the scene when, among these chosen men, each of whom appears but once in eternity, there was seen a most precious head, which had narrowly escaped the scaffold,—that of the good Haüy, saved by St. Geoffroy Hilaire.

A great citizen, Carnot,—he who prepared the plans that secured victory, who divined Hoche and Bonaparte, who saved France in spite of the Reign of Terror,—was the true founder of the Polytechnic school. They learned, as men fought in those days, and went through a three-years' course of study in as many months. At the end of six, Monge declared that they had not only received science, but improved it. Spectators of the constant inventions of their masters, they proceeded to invent also. Imagine the spectacle of a Lagrange, who, in the midst of his lecture, stopped short, lost in profound abstraction. . . . The pupils waited in silence. At last, he awaked from his trance, and revealed to them, all glowing, the young invention, hardly born of the brain. Every thing was wanting here, save genius. The pupils would have been unable to attend, had they not received a stipend of four sous a day. Along with the bread of the mind, they received their daily bread. One of the masters (Clouet) would accept as his only payment a small plot of ground in the plain of Sablons, and lived on the vegetables that he raised there. What a falling off since those days! a moral, and no less greater intellectual fall. After the reports laid before the Convention, read those of Fourcroy and of Fontanes, and you find yourself sink within a few brief years from virility to old age, and that a decrepit old age. Is it not distressing to see this heroic, disinterested flight on

upward wing, flagging and falling earthward so soon? This glorious normal school bears no fruit. And our surprise at this ceases when we see the meagreness of the instruction given to man, and the sciences of man forsaking their ground, and denying themselves as if in shame. The professor of history, Volney, taught that history is *the science of dead facts*; that history is not a living thing. The professor of philosophy, Garat, asserted philosophy *to be only the study of signs*,—in other words, that philosophy is only an empty abstraction. Signs for signs, mathematics had the advantage, and their cognate sciences, as astronomy. And so, revolutionary France, in that grand school which was to spread its spirit every where, taught the fixed stars and forgot herself.

And here, most of all, in this last effort of the Revolution to found, was it discernible that she could only be a prophet; that she would die in the wilderness, without seeing the promised land. How could she have reached it? She would have required to do every thing; for she had no help from previous preparations, or from the system which had preceded her. She had entered upon possession of an empty world, *and by right of disinheritance*. I will one day show, beyond all possibility of disproof, that she found nothing to destroy. The clergy was effete, the nobility effete, and the monarchy effete; and she had nothing to put in their places. She revolved in a vicious circle. To make the Revolution required men; and to create men, she should have been already made. No help to enable her to effect the passage from one world to another! An abyss to traverse, and no wings to bear her across! . . . It is painful to observe how little had been done in the four last centuries by the guardians of the people, the crown and clergy, to enlighten them. The Church spoke to them in a learned language, which they no longer comprehended. She made them learn by heart that prodigious metaphysical doctrine, the subtlety of which astonishes the most cultivated minds. The state had done but one thing, and that very indirect,—it had drawn the people together in camps and large armies, where they began to appreciate themselves. The legions of Francis I., and the regiments of Louis XIV., were schools in which, without any formal instruction, they formed themselves, acquired ideas in common, and gradually rose to the sentiment of their native land.

The sole direct instruction was that which the bourgeois received in colleges, and which they prosecuted as lawyers and men of letters; consisting in the verbal study of languages, rhetoric, literature, the study of the laws, not learned and precise like that of our ancient jurisconsults, but self-dubbed philosophical, and full of shallow abstractions. Logicians without metaphysics, legists without law and history, their belief was bounded by signs, forms, figures, phrases. They were barren in each and all things of substance, life, and the sentiment of life. And how a bad nature might be rendered worse by scholastic subtlety, was plainly seen when they came upon the grand theatre where vanities are embittered into deadly hate. These formidable abstractors of quintessence armed themselves with five or six formulas, which they used, like so many guillotines, to abstract men. It was a fearful thing when the great assembly, which, under Robespierre, had made the Reign of Terror by terror itself, raised her head, and saw all the blood she had shed. She had never lost faith when the whole world was in league against her; not even when, with but thirty departments on her side, she contended with France, and kept together and saved all. She never lost faith, even in her personal danger, when, Paris being no longer hers, she was compelled to arm her own members, and saw herself on the point of being left without any other defender. But, face to face with the blood she had shed, and in presence of all those dead men rising from their tombs, in presence of this whole people of prisoners set at liberty, who came to judge their judges, she lost heart, and began to desert herself.*

She did not take the step which would have made the future hers. She lacked courage to lay her hand on the young world that was rising up. To have made it hers, the Revolution ought to have taught but one thing, one lesson—the Revolution. For this she would have required, not to deny the past, but rather to claim it, to enter into possession, to make it her own, as she did with the present; to show that she had, along with the authority of reason, that of history, of all our historical nationality, that the Revolution was the tardy, but just and necessary manifestation of the genius of this people; that she was no other than France arrived at the knowledge of her right. All this she neglected to do; and the abstract reason to which alone she appealed, could not support her in presence of the fearful realities which rose up against her. She doubted herself, abdicated, and passed away. It was needful that she should die and descend into the tomb, for her living spirit to be diffused over the world. Ruined by her defender, he renders her his homage in the hundred days. Ruined by the Holy Alliance, kings base their treaty against her on the social dogma which she enunciated in '89. That faith which she had not in herself, enters those who have combated her. The sword which they have plunged into her heart, works miracles and heals. She converts her persecutors, teaches her enemies. Why did she not teach her children?

CHAPTER VIII.

NO EDUCATION WITHOUT FAITH.

THE first question of education is this:—"Have you faith? Do you repose faith?" The child must believe. The child should be taught belief in those things, which, when a man, he can prove by his own reason. To make a child a reasoner, a wrangler, a critic, is folly. What should we think of the husbandman, who should be incessantly turning over the seeds he had sown! To make a child erudite is folly. Loading his memory with a chaos of knowledge, useful or unuseful, heaping up in him an indigested store of innumerable things all ready-made, things not living but dead, and in dead fragments without the slightest assimilation . . . is to murder his mind. . . . Before *adding* and amassing, it requires *to exist*. You must create and strengthen the living germ of the young existence. The infant *exists* at first by faith. Faith is the common basis of inspiration and action. No great thing without it.

The Athenian had the faith that all human cultivation descended from the Acropolis of Athens;

that from his Pallas, herself sprung from Jupiter's brain, had emanated the light of art and science. His faith has been realized. That city of twenty thousand citizens has flooded the world with her light, and, though dead, still enlightens it.—The Roman had the faith that the living and bleeding head found under his Capitol, prognosticated that he should be the head, the judge, the prætor of the world. His faith has been realized. If his empire has passed away, his law remains and continues to rule the nations.—The Christian had the faith that a God, made man, would raise up a people of brothers, and, sooner or later, would unite the world as one heart. His faith has not been realized; but it will through us.

It was not enough to say that God was made man. This truth, thus generally stated, remained unproductive. It should be shown how God has manifested himself in the man of each nation, and how, amidst the variety of national genius, the Father has accommodated himself to the wants of his children. The unity with which he seeks to endow us is not a monotonous unity, but an harmonious unity, where all diversities meet in love. Let them love, but let them subsist; let them go on increasing in splendour, the better to enlighten the world, and let man from his birth be accustomed to recognize a living God in his native land. And here, I meet a grave objection :—" How give faith when I have so little myself? Faith in my native land, as a religious faith, has grown weak within me!" Were faith and reason opposites, there being no rational means of arriving at faith, we should be forced, like the mystics, to stop short, sigh, and wait. But the faith worthy of man is a belief of love in what reason proves. The object is not an accidental marvel, but the permanent miracle of nature and history. To recover faith in France, and hope in its future, you must review its past history, investigate its natural genius; and if you apply to this study seriously and heartily, the consequence will infallibly follow from the premises laid down. From the past you will deduce the future, the mission of France, which will dawn forth upon you in fulness of light. You will believe, and you will love to believe. Faith is nothing more.

How can you contentedly remain ignorant of France? Your origin is in her. If you know her not, you will know nothing of yourself. You are enshrined in her, live in her, on her; with her must die. But may she and you both live by faith! And if you consider your children, this young world which wishes to live, which is still good and docile, which asks for the life of belief, your heart will warm to her. You have grown old in indifference; but which of you can desire his son to be dead at heart, without country, without God? These children, in whom are the souls of your ancestors, are your country, old and new. Let us help it to know itself; and it will give us back the gift of living. Just as the poor are necessary to the rich, so is the child necessary to the man. We give him still less than we receive from him.

Young world, soon to take our place, receive my thanks. Who, more than I, has studied the past history of France? Who should know her better, by so many personal trials which have revealed to me her trials? Still, I must own that my mind, in the inactivity of solitude, was either idly speculating on points rather nice than important, or else, losing sight of earth, was wandering in the clouds, that the reality was escaping me, and our native land, which I ever sought, ever loved, was ever left behind, though my object, my aim, my object of science and study. She has appeared to me living. "In whom?" In you, my reader. In you, young man, I see my country and her eternal youth. How can I fail to believe in her?

CHAPTER IX.

GOD IN OUR COUNTRY.—THE YOUNG COUNTRY OF THE FUTURE.—SACRIFICE.

EDUCATION, like every work of art, requires, first of all, a strong, simple sketch; no subtlety, no minute detail, nothing to create difficulty or provoke objection. By a grand, salutary, durable impression, we must found man in the child, create the life of the heart. God, first revealed by the mother, in love and in nature. Next, God revealed by the father, in our living country, in its heroic history, in the sentiment of France. God, and the love of God. Let the mother, on St. John's day, when the earth renews its annual miracle, when every herb is in flower, and you can fancy you see the plants growing, take him into a garden, embrace him, and say tenderly to him, "You love me, my dear child, you know only me . . . but listen —I am not all. You have another mother. We have all one common mother,—men, women, children, animals, plants, all that has life,—a tender mother, who always feeds us, and is invisible yet present. . . Let us love her, dear child, let us embrace her with all our heart." Nothing more for a long time. No metaphysics to stifle the impression. Leave him to brood over the sublime and tender mystery which his whole life will not suffice to explain. That is a day which he will never forget. Amidst all the trials of life, the obscurities of science, amidst the passions and the night of storms, the sweet sun of St. John's day will ever shine in the depths of his heart, with the immortal flower of the purest, the best love.

Another day, when somewhat older, when the man is alive within him, he accompanies his father. It is a great public festival, and the streets of Paris are thronged. He takes his child from Notre-Dame to the Louvre, to the Tuileries, to the Arc de Triomphe. From a roof, or terrace, he shows him the array defiling, the bayonets glancing, the tricolor flag. . . . And, during some interval of expectation, before the *fête* begins, by the fantastic reflections of the illumination, during one of those awe-inspiring lulls which suddenly still the sombre ocean of the people, he stoops down to him and says, "Here, my dear boy, look here. There is France, there your country! All that you see is as if one man; they have the same soul, the same heart. All the men you see there ought to lay down their lives to save any one man amongst them; and so each man ought to be ready to lay down his life for all the rest. . . . Those who are marching yonder, and who have arms in their hands, who are leaving, are going to fight for us. They are leaving their father, their aged mother, who need their help. . . . Do you do the same when called upon; never forget that your mother is France."

I know human nature very little, if this impression will not last. He has seen his country. . . . The God, invisible in his exalted unity, is visible in his members, and in the great works in which the national life is deposited. It is a living person which the child touches and feels on every side. He cannot embrace her, but she embraces him, warms him with her great soul diffused throughout that multitude, and speaks to him by her monuments. . . . It is a fine privilege for the Swiss to be able, with one look, to contemplate his canton, to embrace from his Alpine summit his beloved district, and stamp her image on his heart. But, of a truth, it is a grand one for the Frenchman to have this glorious and immortal country of his concentrated in one point, to have all times, all places in juxta-position, to trace from the *Thermes de César* to the *Colonne*, to the Louvre, to the Champ de Mars; from the Arc de Triomphe to the Place de la Concorde, the history of France and the world.

Still, it is at school, at the great national school which one day or other will be established, that the child will acquire the strong, and never to be effaced, perception of his country. I allude to a school which shall really be a common school, where children of every class and condition shall meet for one or two years and sit together on the same forms before they receive their special education, and where their only lesson shall be France. We park off our children amongst children of their own condition of life at school and college; shun all chance of mixture, and hasten to separate the poor and the rich, at that happy age when the child of himself would have known none of those empty distinctions. We seem alarmed lest they should learn the real world in which they have to live, and by this precocious isolation we lay the seeds of those hatreds arising out of ignorance and envy, of that internal war from which we afterwards suffer.

If inequality must subsist between men, fain would I have childhood allowed to follow its instinct for a moment, and live in equality; fain have these innocent unenvious little men of God exhibit to our profit, in the school, the touching ideal of society. For that would be our school as well; whither we should go to learn of them the vanity of ranks, the folly of rival pretensions, and the secret of true life and happiness—that there be no first or last. There would our country show herself to us young and cheering at once, in her variety and in her uniformity, instructive variety of characters, countenances, races—an iris of a hundred hues, every rank, fortune, dress on the same forms, the velvet and the blouse, the black bread and the dainty cake. There might the rich learn, in their youth, what it is to be poor, suffer from witnessing inequality, be allowed to participate in it, endeavour to the best of their strength to restore equality, and finding seated on these wooden benches the city of the world, begin to conceive there the city of God! . . . . On the other hand, the poor will learn and recollect, perhaps, that if his rich schoolfellow be rich, it is not his fault, for, after all, he is born so; and that his very riches often make him poor as regards the first of blessings, poor in will and in moral strength. Inestimable would be the benefit if all the sons of the same people, brought together by this means, at least for a time, were to see and know one another before contracting the vices of poverty and of wealth—selfishness and envy. The feeling of country would be ineffaceably stamped on the child's mind; for he would be brought into contact with her not only as a subject of study and instruction in the school, but as a living country, an infant country, like to himself, a better city before the City, a city of equality, where all would sit down to the same spiritual banquet. And I would have him not only see and learn his country, but feel her as Providence, recognize her as mother and as nurse, by her strengthening milk and vivifying warmth. God defend our ever keeping a child from school, and denying him the food of the mind, because he is without that of the body! Oh! impious avarice, which would give thousands to masons and priests, which would acquire wealth only to endow death, and which would haggle with these little children, who are the hope, the life-blood, the heart of hearts of France.

Elsewhere I have said that I am not one of those who are ever wailing,—now over the stout workman, who earns his five francs a day,—now over the poor woman, who earns but her half-franc. So impartial a pity is no pity. We must give women free convents, asylums, temporary workrooms; not starve them any longer in convents. And we must all be fathers to the children; must open our arms to them, and make the school their asylum; a kind and liberal one, where they shall be happy, to which they shall go cheerfully; and so love this home of France as much, and more, than their own homes. . . . If your mother cannot feed thee, if thy father is tyrannical, if thou art naked and hungry, hither, my son; the gates are wide open, and France on the threshold with open arms to receive thee. Never will this great mother be ashamed to attend thee as nurse; with her own heroic hand will she make thee the soldier's soup; and, for lack of raiment to shield and revive thy little frozen limbs, she would even tear off a strip of her own immortal flag. Comforted, caressed, happy, free in mind, let the child receive on these forms the food of truth. Let him learn, first of all, how God has blessed him by giving him this country, which proclaimed and inscribed, with her own blood, the law of divine equity, of brotherhood; let him learn that the God of nations has spoken by France. Teach him, first of all, the country as dogma and principle; and then the country as legend; our two redemptions—by the holy maid of Orleans, by the Revolution; the soaring outbreak of '92; the miracle of the young flag; our generals admired and wept by the enemy; the purity of Marceau; the magnanimity of Hoche; the glory of Arcola and of Austerlitz; Cæsar and our second Cæsar, in whom our greatest kings were renewed with added greatness; and, loftier still, the glory of our sovereign assemblies, the pacific and truly human genius of '89, when France so sincerely offered all liberty and peace; and finally, crowning the whole, as his last lesson, the immense power of devotedness and of sacrifice which our fathers have displayed, and the countless times France has offered up her life for the world.

Child, be this thy first Gospel, the stay of thy life, the food of thy heart. Thou wilt dwell upon it when toiling at the painful, ungrateful tasks to which the world will summon thee. It will be a

powerful cordial to revive thee when thy spirit faints within thee. It will beguile thy thoughts during the long days of labour, and deadly wearisomeness of manufacturing life. In the desert of Africa, thou wilt meet with it to cheer thy homesick heart; to sustain thee when worn out by marches and watchings, standing sentinel at the advanced post, two steps from the barbarians.

The child must know the world, but must first know himself, in his best self; I mean France. He must learn the rest through her. She must initiate him, by narrating to him her tradition. And she will tell him of the three revelations vouchsafed her: how Rome taught her the just, Greece the beautiful, and Judea the holy. So the last lesson she gives him, will be a corollary of the first he received from his mother. His mother taught him *God*, and his great mother will teach him the dogma of love, *God made man*, Christianity; and how love, impossible in the barbarous and malevolent times of the middle age, *was inscribed in the laws* by the Revolution, *so that the God within man might be made manifest.*

Were I to write a treatise on education, I would show how the general education, interrupted by the special education, (that of the college or of the workshops,) ought to be resumed under his flag by the young soldier. The country ought so to repay him for the time he gives her. When she releases him to his home, she ought to watch him not as law only, but as civil providence, as religious moral culture, through assemblies, popular libraries, theatres, fêtes of all kinds, especially musical ones.

How long should education last? For life. What is the first part of politics? Education. The second? Education. And the third? Education.

I have studied history too long for faith in laws, when men have not been prepared to receive them, when they have not been diligently brought up to love and desire law. Fewer laws, I pray you; but strengthen the principle of laws by education. Render them applicable and possible. Make men, and all will go well. Policy holds forth the promise of order, peace, public security? But why give us all these blessings? Merely to put us to sleep in a selfish sense of enjoyment, and dispense with our loving or knowing one another? May it perish, if such be its aim! For me, I would rather believe that if this order, this grand social harmony has an aim, it is to aid free progress, to favour the advancement of all by all. Society should be but an initiation from birth to death, an education embracing our whole life in this world, and preparing life to come. Education (word little understood) is not only the culture of the son by the father, but even yet more, that of the father by the son. If we can recover from our moral decline, it will be by our children, and for them. The most abandoned desires his son to be good; he who will make no sacrifices for humanity or his country, will for his family; and, if not dead to the moral sense, and out of his own senses, pities his child who runs the risk of being like himself. . . . Well, in the name of our children, let us not suffer this country of ours to perish. Would you bequeath them shipwreck, deserve their malediction, and the malediction of posterity, and of the whole world, lost, perhaps, for a thousand years, if France succumb? You can only save your children, and France with them, by one thing; found their faith; faith unto devotedness, unto sacrifice,—faith in the great association in which all sacrifice themselves for all—in their native land.

This I know is the most difficult of all educations; for it requires example, not words. And we seem to have lost the power of magnanimous sacrifice so common among our fathers; hence our evils, our hates, the internal discord which renders France sick unto death and the laughing-stock of the world. If I take aside the best and most honourable, and urge them ever so little, I find that each, however apparently disinterested, has, at bottom, some petty matter in reserve which nothing would induce him to sacrifice. A man who would give his life for France, will not renounce this or that pleasure, habit, or vice. We have still men superior to all sordid love of money; but are they free from pride? Will they take off their gloves to tender their hand to the poor man toiling along the rough path of fate! And, yet, I tell them that their white, cold hands will never make works of life except they meet the strong, warm, living grasp of the poor. We must, some time or other, sacrifice our habits, still dearer to us than our enjoyments. And the hour of battle is nigh. . . . . The heart, too, has its habits, so strongly interwoven with its living fibres as to be living fibres themselves; and how hard to pluck out! I have felt it whilst writing this book; in which I have wounded more than one that was dear to me.

First, I have been obliged to say to the middle age, in which I have passed my life, and whose touching yet powerless aspiration I have summoned up in my historical works—*Avaunt!* even now that impure hands are tearing her from the tomb, and placing that stumbling-block before us on the path of the future. In like manner have I immolated another religion,—the humanitary dream of philosophy, which thinks to save the individual by destroying the citizen, by denying nations, abjuring the native land. The native land, my native land, alone can save the world.

I have proceeded from the poetic legend to logic, and from logic to faith, to the heart. And in this heart, and in this faith, have I found old and venerable feelings raise their protest. . . . Friendships, the obstacles most hard to surmount, have not stopped me when my native land, in peril, was in view. May she accept the sacrifice! I offer up to her all I have in the world, my affections; and, to give my native land the endearing name handed down by antique France, I lay them on the altar of *the Grand Friendship!*

THE END.

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THE

LIFE OF LUTHER,

GATHERED

FROM HIS OWN WRITINGS.

BY

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MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE,

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LONDON:

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CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following work is neither the life of Luther turned into an historical romance, nor a history of the establishment of Lutheranism, but a biography, consisting of a series of transcripts from Luther's own revelations. With the exception of the events of the earlier years of his life, when Luther could not have been the penman, the transcriber has seldom had occasion to hold the pen himself. His task has been limited to selecting, arranging, and fixing the chronology of detached passages. Throughout the work Luther is his own spokesman—Luther's life is told by Luther himself. Who could be so daring as to interpolate his own expressions into the language of such a man! Our business is to listen to, not interrupt him: a rule we have observed as strictly as was possible.

This work, which was not published till 1835, was almost entirely written during the years 1828 and 1829. The translator of the *Scienza Nuova** felt at that period a lively consciousness of the necessity of tracing from theories to their application, of studying the general in the individual, history in biography, humanity in one man; and this a man who had been in the highest rank of mankind, an individual who had been both an entity and an idea; a perfect man, too—a man both of thought and action; a man, in fine, whose whole life was known, and that in the greatest detail—a man, whose every act and word had been remarked and registered.

If Luther has not written his own memoirs, he has, at the least, supplied admirable materials for the task†. His correspondence is scarcely less voluminous than Voltaire's; and there is not one of his dogmatic or polemical works into which he has not introduced some unintentional detail which the biographer may turn to advantage. All his words, too, were greedily garnered by his disciples; good, bad, insignificant, nothing escaped them. Whatever dropped from Luther in his most familiar converse, at his fireside, in his garden, at table, after supper, his most trifling remark to his wife or his children, his most trivial reflection, went straightway into their note-books. A man so closely watched and followed must have been constantly letting fall words which he would have wished to recall. Lutherans have subsequently had occasion to regret their indiscreet records, and would willingly have erased this line, that page; but *Quod scriptum est, scriptum est* (What is written is written).

In these records, then, we have Luther's veritable confessions—careless, unconnected, involuntary, and, therefore, the more veritable confessions. Assuredly, Rousseau's are less ingenuous; St. Augustin's less full, less diversified.

Had Luther himself written every word of this biography, it would take its rank between the two works just alluded to. It presents at once the two sides, which they give separately. In St. Augustin's, passion, nature, and human individuality, are only shown, in order to be immolated at the shrine of divine grace. The saint's confessions are the history of a crisis undergone by the soul, of a regeneration, of a *vita nuova* (a new life); he would have blushed at making us more intimately acquainted with that worldly life on which he had turned his back. The reverse is the case with Rousseau. Grace is out of the question; nature reigns with undivided, all-triumphant, and undisguised sway; so much so, as at times to excite disgust. Luther presents, not grace and nature in equilibrium, but in their most agonising strife. Many other men have suffered the struggles of sensibility, the excruciating temptations of doubt. Pascal clearly endured them all, but stifled them, and died of the effort. Luther conceals nothing: he could not contain himself. He suffers us to see and to sound the deep plague-sore inherent in our nature, and is, perhaps, the only man in whose moral structure we can find a pleasure in studying this fearful anatomy.

Hitherto, all that has been shown of Luther is his battle with Rome. We give his whole life, his struggles, doubts, temptations, consolations; a picture in which the man engrosses us as much as, and more than, the partisan. We show this violent and terrible reformer of the North not only in his eagle's nest at Wartbourg, or braving the emperor and the empire in the diet at Worms, but in his house at Wittemberg, in the midst of his grave friends, of his children, who cluster round his table, walking with them in his garden, by the border of the small pond, in that melancholy cloister which became a family

* M. Michelet alludes to his version of Vico's great work.

† For Luther's German works I have followed the Wittemberg edition, in 12 vols. fol. 1539—1559; for his Latin, the Wittemberg edition, in 7 vols fol. 1545—1558, and, occasionally, that of Jena, in 4 vols. fol. 1600—1612; for the "Tischreden," the Frankfort edition, in fol. 1568. As for the extracts from Luther's letters, their dates are so carefully given in the text, that the reader has only to turn to De Wette's excellent edition (5 vols. 8vo., Berlin, 1825), to lay hands upon them at once I have availed myself of some other works besides Luther's,—of Eckert's, Seckendorff's, Mareineke's, &c.

residence; here we hear him dreaming aloud, and finding in all surrounding objects, the flowers, the fruit, the bird that flits by, food for grave and pious thoughts.

But the sympathy which may be inspired by Luther's amiable and powerful personal character must not influence our judgment with regard to the doctrine he taught or the consequences which naturally flow from it. This man, who made so energetic a use of liberty, revived the Augustinian theory of the annihilation of liberty, and has immolated free-will to grace, man to God, morality to a sort of providential fatality.

The friends of liberty in our days are fond of citing the fatalist, Luther. At first, this strikes one as strange. But Luther fancied that he saw himself in John Huss and in the Vaudois, champions of free-will. The fact is, that these speculative doctrines, however opposed they may seem, take their rise in one and the same principle of action—the sovereignty of individual reason; in other words, in resistance to the traditional principle, to authority.

Therefore, it is not incorrect to say that Luther has been the restorer of liberty in modern times. If he denied it in theory, he established it in practice. If he did not create, he at least courageously affixed his signature to that great revolution, which rendered the right of examination lawful in Europe. And if we exercise in all its plenitude at this day this first and highest privilege of human intelligence, it is to him we are mostly indebted for it; nor can we think, speak, or write, without being made conscious at every step of the immense benefit of this intellectual enfranchisement. To whom do I owe the power of publishing what I am even now inditing, except to the liberator of modern thought?

This debt paid to Luther, we do not fear to confess that our strongest sympathies do not lie this way. The reader must not expect to find here the examination of the causes which rendered the victory of Protestantism inevitable. We shall not display, after the example of so many others, the wounds of a Church in which we were born, and which is dear to us. Poor, aged mother of the modern world, denied and beaten by her son, it is not I, of a surety, who would wish to wound her afresh. Eleswhere, we shall take occasion to express how much more judicious, fruitful, and complete, if it be not more logical, the catholic doctrine appears to us than that of any of the sects which have risen up against her. It is her weakness, but her greatness likewise, to have excluded nothing of man's invention, and to have sought to satisfy at one and the same time the contradictory principles of the human mind. It was this, and this only, which afforded those who reduced man to such or such a given principle the means of their easy triumph over her. The universal, in whatever sense it be understood, is weak against the special. *Heresy* means *choice*, a speciality,—speciality of opinion, speciality of country. Wickliff and John Huss were ardent patriots; the Saxon Luther was the Arminius of modern Germany. The Church, universal in time, space, and doctrine, was inferior to each of her opponents, inasmuch as she possessed but one common means. She had to struggle for the unity of the world with the opposing forces of the world; inasmuch as the larger number were with her, she was encumbered with the lukewarm and timid; in her political capacity she had to encounter all worldly temptations; the centre of religious belief, she was inundated with numberless local beliefs, against which she could hardly maintain her unity and perpetuity. She appeared to the world, even what the world and time had made her, and tricked out in the motley robe of history. Having undergone and embraced the whole cycle of humanity, she had contracted its littleness and contradictions. The small heretical communions, rendered zealous by danger and by freedom, isolated, and therefore the purer and more sheltered from temptations, misapprehended the cosmopolitan Church, and compared themselves to her with pride. The pious and profound mystic of the Rhine and of the Low Countries, the rustic and simple Vaudois, pure as the herb of his own Alps, could easily accuse of adultery and prostitution her who had received and adopted every thing. Each rivulet may say to the ocean:—"I descend from my mountains, I know no other water than my own; thou art the receiver of the impurities of the whole world."—"Yes; but I am the Ocean."

All this might be said, and ought to be developed; and no work would stand in greater need of an introduction than one dedicated to such a discussion. To know how Luther was compelled to do and to suffer that which he himself calls *the extremest of miseries;* to comprehend this great and unhappy man, who sent the human mind on its wanderings at the very moment that he conceived he had consigned it to slumber on the pillow of grace; to appreciate the powerlessness of his attempt to ally God and man, it would be necessary to be cognizant of the most important attempts of the kind, made both before and after his day, by the mystics and rationalists; in other words, to sketch the whole history of the Christian religion. At some future time, perhaps, I may be tempted to give such an introduction.

Why, then, put off this too? Why begin so many things, and always stop before you complete? If the answer be thought of consequence, I willingly give it.

Midway in Roman History, I encountered Christianity in its infancy. Midway in the History of France, I encountered it aged and bowed down; here, I have met it again. Whithersoever I go, it is before me; it bars my road and hinders me from passing.

Touch Christianity! it is only they who know it not, who would not hesitate.... For me, I call to mind the nights when I nursed a sick mother. She suffered from remaining in the same position, and would ask to be moved, to be helped to turn in her bed—the filial hands would not hesitate; how move her aching limbs!......

Many are the years that these ideas have beset me; and, in this season of storms, they ever constitute the torment and the dreams of my solitude. Nor am I in any haste to conclude this internal converse, which is sweet to myself at the least, and which should make me a better man, or to part as yet from these my old and cherished meditations.

THE LIFE OF LUTHER.

BOOK THE FIRST.

A.D. 1483—1521.

CHAPTER I.

A.D. 1483—1517.

BIRTH, EDUCATION OF LUTHER.—HIS ORDINATION, TEMPTATIONS, AND JOURNEY TO ROME.

"In the many conversations I have had with Melanchthon, I have told him my whole life from beginning to end. I am a peasant's son, and my father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were all common peasants. My father went to Mansfeld, and got employment in the mines there; and there I was born. That I should ever take my bachelor of arts and doctor's degree, &c., seemed not to be in the stars. How I must have surprised folks by turning monk; and then, again, by changing the brown cap for another! By so doing, I occasioned real grief and trouble to my father. Afterwards I went to loggers with the pope, married a runaway nun, and had a family. Who foresaw this in the stars? Who could have told my career beforehand?"

John Luther, the father of the celebrated Martin Luther, was of Mœra or Mœrke, a small village of Saxony, near Eisenach. His mother was the daughter of a lawyer of the last named town; or, according to a tradition, which strikes me as the preferable one of the two, of Neustadt in Franconia. A modern writer states, but without giving any authority for the anecdote, that John Luther, having had the misfortune to kill a peasant who was herding his cattle in a meadow, was forced to fly to Eisleben, and afterwards to the valley of Mansfeld. His wife, who was in the family-way, accompanied him; and, on reaching Eisleben, she was brought to bed of Martin Luther. The father, a poor miner, had great difficulty in supporting his family, and, as will presently be seen, his children were sometimes obliged to have recourse to charity. Yet, instead of making them help him with their labour, he chose that they should go to school. John Luther seems to have been a simple and single-hearted man, and a sincere believer. When his pastor was administering consolation to him on his death-bed: "He must be a cold-blooded man," was his remark, "who does not believe what you are telling me." His wife did not survive him a year (A.D. 1531). They were at this time in the enjoyment of a small property, for which they were no doubt indebted to their son. John Luther left at his death a house, two iron furnaces, and about a thousand thalers in ready money. The arms of Luther's father, for peasants assumed arms in imitation of the armorial bearings of the nobles, were a hammer, no more. Luther was not ashamed of his parents. He has consecrated their names by inserting them in the formulary of his marriage service: "*Wilt thou, Hans* (John), *take Grethe* (Margaret) *to thy wedded wife*," &c.

"It is my pious duty," he says in a letter to Melanchthon, informing him of his father's death, "to mourn him of whom it was the will of the Father of Mercy that I should be born, him by whose labour and sweat God has supported and made me what I am, worm though I be. Assuredly I rejoice that he lived unto this day, to see the light of truth. Blessed be the counsels and decrees of God for ever! Amen!"

Martin Luther, or Luder, or Lother (for so he sometimes signs himself), was born at Eisleben, on the 10th of November, 1483, at eleven in the evening. Sent at an early age to school at Eisenach (A.D. 1489), he sang in the streets for a livelihood, as was a common practice of that time with poor German students. We are made acquainted with this circumstance by himself:—"Let no one speak contemptuously before me of the poor 'companions,' who go about singing and crying at every door, *Panem propter Deum!* (bread for God's sake!) You know that the Psalm says—'Princes and kings have sung.' I, myself, have been a poor mendicant, and have received bread at the doors of houses, particularly in Eisenach, my beloved city!" He at length met with a more certain livelihood, as well as an asylum, in the house of dame Ursula, wife or widow of John Schweickard, who took pity on the poor wandering child; and he was enabled by this charitable woman to study four years at Eisenach. In 1501, he entered the university of Erfurth, where he was supported by his father. In one of his works, Luther mentions his benefactress in terms of tenderest emotion, and for her sake valued the sex all his life. After essaying theology, he was persuaded by his friends, to devote himself

to the study of the law, which, in that day, was the path to all lucrative offices in both church and state; but he never seemed to have been attached to it. He preferred general literature, and especially music, which was his passion, and which he cultivated all his life, and taught his children. He does not hesitate to own his opinion that, next to theology, music is the first of the arts :—"Music is the art of the prophets ; the only one which, like theology, can calm the troubles of the soul, and put the devil to flight." He touched the lute, played on the flute. Perhaps he would have succeeded in other arts. He was the friend of the great painter, Lucas Cranach. He was, it seems, skilful with his hands, and acquired the art of turning. His predilection for music and literature, and the constant reading of the poets, with which he diversified his study of logic and of law, were far from foreshadowing the serious part which he was destined to play in the history of religion; and it is presumable, from various traditional anecdotes, that, notwithstanding his application to his studies, he led the life of the German students of the day, and participated in their noisy habits, their gaiety in the midst of indigence, their union of a warlike exterior with sweetness of soul and a peaceful spirit, and of all the parade of a disorderly life with purity of morals. Certainly, if any one had met Martin Luther, travelling on foot from Erfurth to Mansfeld, in the third week of Lent, in the year 1503, with his sword and hunting-knife at his side, and constantly hurting himself with these weapons of his, he would never have thought that the awkward student would in a short time overthrow the dominion of the catholic church throughout half of Europe.

In 1505, the young man's life was accidentally turned into quite a new channel. A friend of his was struck dead by lightning at his side. He uttered a cry ; and that cry was a vow to St. Anne to turn monk. The danger over, he made no attempt to elude a vow into which he had been surprised by terror, he solicited no dispensation ; he regarded the stroke which he conceived himself to have narrowly escaped, as a menace and command from Heaven, and only deferred the fulfilment of the obligation he had undertaken for a fortnight. On the 17th of July, 1505, after having spent the evening pleasantly in a musical party, with his friends, he entered the same night the cloister of the Augustins, at Erfurth, taking with him only his Plautus and his Virgil. The next day, he wrote to various parties bidding them farewell, informed his father of the step he had taken, and remained secluded a whole month. He was conscious how much he still clung to the world ; and feared to face his father's respected countenance, his commands, and his prayers. In fact, it took two years to persuade John Luther to allow him his way, and to consent to be present at his ordination. A day on which the miner could quit his work was fixed for the ceremony ; and he came to Erfurth, accompanied by many of his friends, when he bestowed on the son he was losing twenty florins, the amount of his savings.

It must not be supposed that the new priest was impelled by any particular fervour to contract so serious an engagement. We have seen the baggage of mundane literature which he brought with him into the cloister. Let us hear his own confession of the frame of mind with which he entered : "When I said my first mass at Erfurth, I was all but dead, for I was without faith. My only thought was, that I was most acceptable. I had no idea that I was a sinner. The first mass was an event much looked to, and a considerable sum of money was always collected. The *horæ canonicæ* were borne in with torches. *The dear young lord*, as the peasants called their new priest, had then to dance with his mother, if she were still alive, whilst the bystanders wept for joy ; if dead, he put her, as the phrase runs, under the communion-cup, and saved her from purgatory."

Luther having obtained his wish, having become priest and monk, all being consummated and the door closed, there then began, I do not say regrets, but misgivings, doubts, the temptations of the flesh, the pernicious subtleties of the spirit. We of the present day can have but a faint idea of the rude gymnastics of the solitary mind. Our passions are regulated; we stifle them in their birth. How can we, plunged in the enervating dissipation of a thousand businesses, studies, and easy enjoyments, and blunted by precocious satiety both of the senses and the mind, picture to ourselves the spiritual conflicts entered into by the man of the middle age? the painful mysteries of an abstinent and phantastic life; the fearful fights which have taken place, noiselessly and unrecorded, betwixt the wall and the sombre casement of the monk's poor cell? An archbishop of Mentz was accustomed to say : "The human heart is like the stones of a mill; if you put corn between them they grind it and make it into flour; but if you put none, they keep turning till they grind themselves away." . . . "When I was a monk," says Luther, "I often wrote to Dr. Staupitz. I once wrote to him, '*Oh! my sins! my sins! my sins!*' to which he replied, 'You desire to be without sin, and yet are free from all real sin. Christ was the pardon for sin.'" . . . "I frequently confessed to Dr. Staupitz, not about trifles such as women are in the habit of doing, but about thoughts which go to the root of the matter. He answered me, like all other confessors, 'I don't understand you.' At last he came to me as I was sitting at table, and said, 'Are you so sad, then, *frater Martine?*' 'Ah!' replied I, 'yes I am.' 'You are not aware,' he said, 'that temptation of the kind is good and necessary for you, but only for you.' He simply meant that I was learned, and, without such temptations, would become proud and haughty ; but I afterwards knew that it was the Holy Ghost that was speaking to me."

Elsewhere, Luther describes how those temptations had reduced him to such a condition that he did not eat, drink, or sleep for a fortnight. "Ah! were St. Paul now living, how should I wish to hear from himself what kind of temptation it was by which he was tried. It was not the sting of the flesh; it was not the good Tecla, as the Papists dream. Oh! no; that were not a to rack his conscience. It was something exceeding the despair caused by sins ; it was rather the temptation alluded to by the Psalmist, when he exclaims, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' As if he meant to say, 'Thou art my enemy without a cause;' or the cry of Job : 'I am, nevertheless, just and innocent.' I feel certain that the book of Job is a true history, out of which a poem was subsequently made. . . . Jerome and the other fathers

did not undergo such temptations. They suffered but puerile ones, those of the flesh, which, however, have their own pangs too. Augustin and Ambrose had theirs; they trembled before the sword; but this is nothing in comparison with the angel of Satan, *who buffets with the fists*. . . . If my life endure a little longer I will write a book on temptations, without undergoing which one can neither comprehend Holy Scripture nor know the love and fear of God."—". . . . I was ill in the infirmary. The cruellest temptations exhausted and racked my frame, so that I had scarcely power to draw a breath. None gave me comfort. Those to whom I complained answered, 'We know nothing of this.' Then I said to myself: 'Am I alone to be so depressed in mind?' . . . Oh! what horrible spectres and faces danced around me! . . . But, for these ten years, God, by his dear angels, has given me the comfort of fighting and writing (in his cause?)."

Long after this, the year before his death, he explains the nature of these fearful temptations:—"From the time that I attended the schools, I had felt, when studying St. Paul's Epistles, the most intolerable anxiety to know the intent of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. I stuck at one phrase—*Justitia Dei revelatur in illo* (for therein is the *righteousness* of God revealed). I hated that word, *Justitia Dei* (the *righteousness* of God), because I had learnt to understand it, with the schoolmen, of that active justice, through which God is just, and punishes the unjust and sinners. Leading the life of a blameless monk, yet disturbed by the sinner's uneasy conscience, and unable to feel certain of justification before God, I could not love, rather, I must confess it, I hated this just God, the avenger of sin. I waxed wroth, and murmured loudly within myself, if I did not blaspheme—'What,' I said, 'is it not enough that unhappy sinners, already eternally lost through original sin, are overwhelmed with innumerable woes by the law of the decalogue, but must God heap suffering upon suffering, and menace us in the Gospel itself with his justice and his wrath?' . . . I was hurried out of myself on this wise by the uneasiness of my conscience, and kept constantly recurring to and sifting the same passage, with a burning desire to penetrate St. Paul's meaning.

"As I meditated day and night upon the words: 'For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith: as it is written, The just shall live by faith,' God at length took pity upon me. I perceived that the righteousness of God is that by which the just man, through God's goodness, lives, that is to say, *faith*; and that the meaning of the passage is—the Gospel reveals the righteousness of God, a passive righteousness, through which the God of mercy justifies us by faith. On this I felt as if I were born again, and seemed to be entering through the opening portals of Paradise. . . . Some time aft[illegible], I read St. Augustin's work, *Of the Letter and* [illegible] *Spirit*, and found, contrary to my expectation, that he also understands by the righteousness of God, that which God imputes to us by justifying us; a coincidence which afforded me gratification, although the subject is imperfectly stated in the work, and this father does not explain himself fully or clearly on the doctrine of imputation. . . . "

In order to confirm Luther in the doctrine of grace, there wanted but his visiting the country in which grace had become extinct, that is, Italy. We need not describe the Italy of the Borgias. There indisputably existed at this period a characteristic of which history has seldom or never presented another instance; a reasoning and scientific perversity, a magnificent ostentation of crime; to sum up the whole in one word, the priest-atheist, king in his own belief of the world. This belonged to the age; but what belonged to the country, and what cannot change, is the unconquerable paganism which has ever existed in Italy; where, despite every effort, nature is pagan, and art follows nature, a glorious comedy, tricked out by Raphael, and sung by Ariosto. The men of the North could but faintly appreciate all that there is of grave, lofty, and divine in Italian art, discerning in it only sensuality and carnal temptations; their best defence against which was to close their eyes and pass on quickly, cursing as they passed. Nor were they less shocked by Italy's austerer part, policy and jurisprudence. The Germanic nations have ever instinctively rejected and cursed the Roman law. Tacitus describes how on the defeat of Varus, the Germans took their revenge on the juridical forms to which he had endeavoured to subject them: having nailed the head of a Roman lawyer to a tree, one of these barbarians ran his tongue through with a bodkin, exclaiming, "Hiss, viper! hiss, now!" This hatred of the legists, perpetuated throughout the Middle Age, was, as it will be seen, warmly participated in by Luther; as, indeed, might have been expected. The legist and the theologian are the two poles—the one believes in liberty, the other in grace; the one in man, the other in God. Italy has always entertained the first of these beliefs; and the Italian reformer, Savonarola, who preceded Luther, only proposed a change in works and manners, and not in faith.

Behold Luther in Italy. The hour that one first descends from the Alps into this glorious land is one of joy, of vast hopes; and, indisputably, Luther hoped to confirm his faith in the holy city, and lay his doubts on the tombs of the holy apostles. Nor was he without a sense of the attraction of ancient, of classic Rome; that sanctuary of the learning which he had so ardently cultivated in his poor Wittemberg. His first experience of the country is being lodged in a monastery, built of marble, at Milan; and so as he proceeds from convent to convent, he finds it like changing from palace to palace. In all, alike, the way of living is lavish and sumptuous. The candid German was somewhat surprised at the magnificence in which humility arrayed herself, at the regal splendour that accompanied penitence; and he once ventured to tell the Italian monks that it would be better not to eat meat of a Friday; an observation which nearly cost him his life, for he narrowly escaped an ambush they laid for him. He continues his journey, sad and undecided, on foot, across the burning plains of Lombardy. By the time he reaches Padua he is fairly ill; but he persists, and enters Bologna a dying man. The poor traveller's head has been overcome by the blaze of the Italian sun, by the strange sights he has seen, the strangeness of manners and of sentiments. He took to his bed at Bologna, the stronghold of the Roman law and the legists, in

the firm expectation of speedy death; strengthening himself by whispering in the words of the prophet and the apostle, "The just man lives by faith." In one of his conversations he displays with much simplicity the horror felt of Italy by the worthy Germans: "The Italians require no more to take away your life than that you should look into a glass; and can deprive you of all your senses by secret poisons. The very air is deadly in Italy. They close the windows with the greatest care at night, and stop up all the crevices." Luther asserts that both he and the brother who accompanied him fell ill through having slept with the windows open; but two pomegranates that they eat, with God's grace, saved their lives. He resumed his journey, passed through Florence only, and at last entered Rome. He alighted at the convent of his order, near the *Porta del Popolo.* "As soon as I arrived I fell on my knees, raised my hands to heaven, and exclaimed, 'Hail, holy Rome, sanctified by holy martyrs, and the blood which they have shed here!'" . . . . In his enthusiasm, he says he hastened to every sacred spot, saw all, believed all. But he soon discovered that he was the only believer. Christianity seemed to be forgotten in this capital of the Christian world. The pope was no longer the scandalous Alexander VI., but the choleric and warlike Julius II.; and this father of the faithful breathed only blood and desolation. His great artist, Michael Angelo, represented him hurling his benediction at Bologna, like a Jupiter hurling thunder; and Julius had just given him an order for a tomb to be as large as a temple. 'Twas the monument, of which the Moses, amongst other statues, has come down to us.

The sole thought of the pope, and of Rome, at this period, was war with the French. Had Luther undertaken to speak of grace and the powerlessness of works to this strange priest, who besieged towns in person, and who but a short time before would not enter Mirandola except through the breach, he would have met with a patient listener! His cardinals, so many officers serving their apprenticeships to war, were politicians, diplomatists, or else men of letters, learned men sprung from the ranks of the people, who only read Cicero, and would have feared to compromise their Latinity by opening the Bible. When speaking of the pope, they styled him *high pontiff;* a canonized saint was, in their language, *relatus inter divos* (translated to Olympus); and if they did happen to let fall an allusion to God's grace, it was in the phrase, *Deorum immortalium beneficiis* (by the kind aid of the immortal Gods). Did our German take refuge in churches, he had not even the consolation of hearing a good mass. The Roman priest would hurry through the divine sacrifice so quickly, that when Luther was no further than the Gospels, the minister who performed service was dismissing the congregation with the words, "*Ite, missa est,*" (Ye may go, service is over.) These Italian priests would often presume to show off the freethinker, and, when consecrating the host, to exclaim "*Panis es, et panis manebis.*" (Bread thou art, and bread thou shalt remain.) To veil one's head and fly was the only resource left. Luther quitted Rome at the end of a fortnight, bearing with him, into Germany, the condemnation of Italy, and of the Church. In his rapid and saddening visit, the Saxon had seen enough to enable him to condemn, too little to allow him to comprehend. And, beyond a doubt, for a mind preoccupied with the moral side of Christianity, to have discovered any religion in that world of art, law, and policy, which constituted Italy, would have required a singular effort of philosophy. "I would not," he somewhere says, "I would not have missed seeing Rome for a hundred thousand florins" (which words he repeats three times). I should ever have been uneasy, lest I might have done injustice to the pope."

CHAPTER II.

A.D. 1517—1521.

LUTHER ATTACKS THE INDULGENCES.—HE BURNS THE PAPAL BULL.—ERASMUS, HUTTEN, FRANZ VON SICKINGEN.—LUTHER APPEARS AT THE DIET OF WORMS.—HE IS CARRIED OFF.

THE papacy was far from suspecting her danger. Ever since the thirteenth century, she had been clamoured against and railed at; until the world appeared to her to have been lulled to sleep by the monotonous wranglings of the schools. There seemed nothing strikingly new left to be said: every one had talked himself out of breath. Wickliff, John Huss, Jerome of Prague, persecuted, condemned, and burnt, had, nevertheless, had time to make full clearance of their minds. The doctors of the most Catholic University of Paris, the Pierre d'Aillys, the Clemengises, even the mild Gerson himself, had had, respectively, their blow at the papacy. Patient and tenacious, she lasted, however, and made shift to live on; and so the fifteenth century slipped away. The councils of Constance and Bâle produced greater noise than result. The popes let them go on talking, managed to get the Pragmatic acts revoked, quietly re-established their dominion in Europe, and founded a great sovereignty in Italy. Julius II. conquered for the church; Leo X. for his family. The latter, young, worldly-minded, fond of literature, a man both of pleasure and of business, like the rest of the Medicis, had all the passions of his age, both those of the old popes and those of his own day. He aimed at making the Medici kings; and he himself sustained the part of the first king of Christendom. Independently of that expensive scheme of diplomacy which embraced all the states of Europe, he maintained distant scientific relations, pushed his inquiries even into the north, and made a collection of the monuments of Scandinavian history. At Rome, he built St. Peter's, a duty bequeathed him by Julius II.; who had not sufficiently calculated his resources, for who could think of money when Michael Angelo laid such a plan before him? Speaking of the Pantheon, he had said, "I will hang it up three hundred feet high in the air." The poor Roman state was not strong enough to contend with the magnificent genius of such artists, whose conceptions even the ancient Roman empire, the master of the world, would hardly have been able to realize. Leo X. had begun his pontificate by selling Francis I. what did not belong to him, the rights of the church of France; and, shortly afterwards, in order to raise money, he had created thirty cardinals at once. These were trifling resources. He was not owner of the mines of

Mexico; his mines were the ancient faith of the people, their credulous good-nature; and he had sold the right of working them in Germany to the Dominicans, who succeeded the Austin friars in the sale of indulgences. The Dominican, Tetzel, an impudent mountebank, went about with great bustle, display, and expense, disposing of his ware in the churches, public squares, and taverns. He pocketed the proceeds, giving in the smallest return he possibly could; a fact which the pope's legate brought home to him some time after. As the faith of purchasers waxed less, it became expedient to enhance the merit of the specific, which had been so long hawked about that the market had fallen. The fearless Tetzel had pushed rhetoric to the extremest limits of amplification. Boldly heaping pious lie on lie, he went into an enumeration of all the evils cured by this panacea, and, not contenting himself with known sins, invented crimes, devised strange, unheard-of wickednesses, of which no one had ever dreamed before; and when he saw his auditory struck with horror, coolly added, "Well, the instant money rattles in the pope's coffers, all will be expiated!"

Luther asserts that at this time he hardly knew what indulgences were; but when he saw a prospectus of them, proudly displaying the name and guarantee of the archbishop of Mentz, whom the pope had appointed to superintend the sale of indulgences in Germany, he was seized with indignation. A mere speculative problem would never have brought him into contact with his ecclesiastical superiors; but this was a question of good sense and morality. As doctor of theology, and an influential professor of the university of Wittemberg which the elector had just founded, as provincial vicar of the Austin friars, and the vicar-general's substitute in the pastoral charge and visitation of Misnia and Thuringia, he, no doubt, thought himself more responsible than any one else for the safeguard of the Saxon faith. His conscience was aroused. He run a great risk in speaking; but, if he held his tongue, he believed his damnation certain. He began in legal form, applying to his own diocesan, the bishop of Brandenburg, to silence Tetzel. The bishop replied, that this would be to attack the power of the Church; that he would involve himself in trouble of every kind, and that it would be wiser for him to keep quiet. On this, Luther addressed himself to the primate, archbishop of Mentz and of Magdeburg (a prince of the house of Brandenburg, a house hostile to the elector of Saxony), and sent him a list of propositions which he offered to maintain against the doctrine of indulgences. We abridge his letter, which runs to great length in the original (October 31st, 1517).

"Venerable father in God, most illustrious prince, vouchsafe to cast a favourable eye on me, who am but dust and ashes, and to receive my request with pastoral kindness. There is circulated throughout the country, in the name of your grace and lordship, the papal indulgence for the erection of the cathedral of St. Peter's at Rome. I do not so much object to the declamations of the preachers of the indulgence, as to the erroneous idea entertained of it by the poor, simple, and unlearned, who are every where openly avowing their fond imaginations on the subject. This pains me, and turns me sick. . . . They fancy that souls will be delivered from purgatory as soon as their money clinks in the (papal) coffer. They believe the indulgence to be powerful enough to save the greatest sinner, even one (such is their blasphemy) who might have violated the holy mother of our Saviour! . . . . Great God! these poor souls, then, are to be taught, under your authority, to death and not to life. You will incur a fearful and heavily increasing responsibility. . . . . Be pleased, noble and venerable father, to read and take into consideration the following propositions, in which is shown the vanity of the indulgences which the preachers give out as a certainty."

The archbishop making no reply, Luther, who misdoubted such would be the case, on the very same day at noon (October 31st, 1517, the day before All Saints' Day) affixed his propositions to the door of the church of the castle of Wittemberg, which is still in existence.

"The following theses will be maintained at Wittemberg, before the reverend Martin Luther, moderator, &c., 1517:—

"The pope neither can nor will remit any penalty except such as he has himself imposed, or in conformity with the canons.

"The penitential canons are for the living; they cannot impose any punishment on the soul of the dead.

"The changing of canonical punishment into the pains of purgatory is a sowing of tares: the bishops were clearly asleep when they suffered such seed to be sown.

"That power of extending relief to souls in purgatory, which the pope can exercise throughout Christendom, belongs to each bishop in his own diocese, each curate in his own parish . . . . Who knows whether all the souls in purgatory would wish to be released? is said to have been asked by St. Severinus.

"Christians should be taught, that unless they have a superfluity, they ought to keep their money for their family, and lay out nothing upon their sins.

"Christians should be taught, that when the pope grants indulgences, he does not so much seek for their money as for their earnest prayers in his behalf.

"Christians should be taught, that if the pope were made acquainted with the extortions of the indulgence-preachers, he would prefer seeing the basilica of St. Peter's reduced to ashes, to building it with the flesh, fleece, and bones of his sheep.

"The pope's wish must be, if indulgences, a small matter, are proclaimed with the ringing of a bell, with ceremonial, and solemnity, that the Gospel, so great a matter, should be preached with a hundred bells, a hundred ceremonies, a hundred solemnities.

"The true treasure of the Church is the sacrosanct Gospel of the glory and grace of God.

"One has cause to hate this treasure of the Gospel, by which the first become the last.

"One has cause to love the treasure of indulgences, by which the last become the first.

"The treasures of the Gospel are the nets by which rich men were once fished for.

"The treasures of indulgences are the nets with which men's riches are now fished for.

"To say that the cross, placed in the pope's arms, is equal to the cross of Christ, is blasphemy.

"Why does not the pope, out of his most holy

charity, empty purgatory, in which are so many souls in punishment? This would be a worthier exercise of his power than freeing souls for money (this money brings misfortune), and to put to what use? to build a church.

"What means this strange compassion of God and the pope's, who, for money's sake, change the soul of an impious person, of one of God's enemies, into a pious soul and one acceptable to the Lord?

"Cannot the pope, whose treasures at the present moment exceed the most enormous treasures, build a single church, the basilica of St. Peter's, with his own money, rather than with that of the poor faithful?

"What does the pope remit, what does he give those who, by perfect repentance, are entitled to plenary forgiveness?

"Far from us all those prophets, who say to the people of Christ—'*Peace, peace*,' and do not give peace.

"Far, very far, all those prophets who say to Christ's people—'*The cross, the cross*,' and do not show the cross.

"Christians should be exhorted to follow Christ, their head, through pains, punishments, and hell itself; so that they may be certified that it is through tribulations heaven is entered, and not through security and peace, &c."

These propositions, which are all negative and polemic, found their complement in the following dogmatic theses, which were published by Luther almost simultaneously:—

"Man by his nature cannot will that God be God. He would rather himself be God, and that God was not God.

"It is false that appetite is free to choose both ways; it is not free, but captive.

"There exists in nature, before God, nothing save concupiscence.

"It is false that this concupiscence can be regulated by the virtue of hope. For hope is opposed to charity, which seeks and desires only what is of God. Hope does not come of our merits, but of our passions, which efface our merits.

"The best and only infallible preparation and disposition for the reception of grace, are the choice and predestination of God from all eternity.

"As regards man, nothing precedes grace, except indisposition to grace, or rather rebellion.

"It is false that invincible ignorance is any extenuation. Ignorance of God, of oneself, of good works, is the invincible nature of man, &c."

The publication of these theses, and the sermon in the vulgar tongue, which Luther delivered in support of them, fell like a thunderbolt upon Germany. This immolation of liberty to grace, of man to God, of the finite to the infinite, was recognized by the German people as the true national religion, the faith which Gottschalk had professed in the days of Charlemagne, in the very cradle of German Christianity, the faith of Tauler, and of all the mystics of the Low Countries. The people threw themselves wildly and greedily on the religious food, from which they had been weaned since the fourteenth century. The propositions were printed by countless thousands, devoured, circulated, hawked about. Luther was alarmed at his own success. "I am grieved," he says, "to see them printed and circulated in such numbers; 'tis not a proper way of instructing the people. I myself still retain some doubts. I could have proved some points better, and should have omitted others, had I foreseen this." He seemed, indeed, disposed to retract everything, and to submit. "I desire to obey," he said; "I should prefer obeying to working miracles, even had I the gift of miracles." But these pacific resolutions were dissipated by Tetzel's conduct, in burning the propositions. The Wittemberg students retaliated on Tetzel's, and Luther expresses some regret at it. However, he published his *Resolutions*, in support of his first propositions. "You shall see," he writes to a friend my *Resolutiones et Responsiones* (resolutions and answers). Perhaps, you will think some passages more free than was required; but so much the more intolerable must they seem to the flatterers of Rome. I had already published them: otherwise, I would have softened them down a little."

The noise of this controversy spread beyond Germany, and reached Rome. It is said that Leo X. believed the whole to be a matter of professional jealousy, betwixt the Austin friars and Dominicans; and that he exclaimed, "Mere monkish rivalry! brother Luther is a man of genuis!" Luther avowed his respect for the pope, and at the same time wrote two letters, one being addressed to Leo X., in which he submitted himself unreservedly to him and to his decision. "Most holy father," were his concluding words, "I cast myself at your feet, with the offer of myself, and all that is in me. Pronounce the sentence of life or death; call, recall, approve, disapprove, I acknowledge your voice to be the voice of Christ, who reigns and speaks in you. If I have deserved death, I shall not flinch from dying, for the earth and the fulness thereof are the Lord's, whose name be blessed for ever and ever! May he vouchsafe your eternal salvation! Amen!" (Day of the Blessed Trinity, 1518). The other letter was to Staupitz, the vicar-general, whom he begged to forward it to the pope. In this, Luther indicates that the doctrine he had maintained, had been taught him by Staupitz himself. "I call to mind, reverend father, that among those sweet and profitable discourses of yours, which through the grace of our Lord Jesus were the source of unspeakable consolation to us, you treated of the subject of *repentance*, and that, forthwith, moved by pity for the numerous consciences which are tortured by innumerable and insupportable prescriptions as to the true way of making confession, we welcomed your words as words from heaven, when you said, "*the only true repentance is that which has its beginning in the love of justice and of God*," and that what is commonly stated to be the end of repentance, ought rather to be its beginning. This saying of yours sunk into me like the sharp arrow of the hunter. I felt emboldened to wrestle with the Scriptures, which teach repentance; wrestling full of charms, during which the words of Scripture were showered from all parts, and flew around hailing and applauding this saying. Aforetime, there was no harder word for me in Scripture than that one word, repentance; albeit, I endeavoured to dissemble before God, and express my love of obedience. Now, no word sounds so sweetly in my ear. So sweet and lovely are God's commands when we learn to read them not in books only, but in the very wounds of the sweet Saviour!"—Both those letters are dated from Heidelberg (May 30th, 1518), where the

Austin friars were then holding a provincial synod, which Luther attended to maintain his doctrines against every comer. This famous University, only two steps from the Rhine, and, consequently, on the great highroad of Germany, was indisputably the most conspicuous theatre from which the new doctrine could be declared.

Rome began to be troubled. The master of the sacred palace, the aged Dominican Sylvestro de Prierio, wrote against the Austin monk, in defence of the doctrine of St. Thomas, and drew upon himself a furious and overwhelming reply (the end of August, 1518). Luther was immediately cited to appear at Rome within sixty days. The emperor Maximilian had recommended the papal court not to precipitate matters, promising to do whatever it should order with regard to Luther; but to no purpose. His zeal was somewhat mistrusted; for certain speeches of his had travelled thither, which sounded ill in the pope's ears. "What your monk is doing, is not to be regarded with contempt," the emperor had said to Pfeffinger, the elector of Saxony's minister; "the game is about to begin with the priests. Make much of him; it may be that we may want him." More than once he had indulged in bitter complaints of priests and clerks. "This pope," he said, speaking of Leo X., "has behaved to me like a knave. I can truly say that I have never met with sincerity or good faith in any pope; but, with God's blessing, I trust this will be the last." This was threatening language; and it was also recollected that Maximilian, by way of effecting a definitive reconciliation between the empire and the holy see, had entertained the idea of making himself pope. Leo X., therefore, took good care not to make him the umpire in this quarrel, which was daily growing into fresh importance.

All Luther's hopes lay in the elector's protection. Either out of regard for his new university or personal liking for Luther, this prince had always taken him under his special protection. He had been pleased to defray the expenses of his taking his doctor's degree; and, in 1517, Luther returns thanks by letter for a present of cloth for a gown to keep him warm through the winter. Luther had little fear that the elector would be offended with him for an explosion, which laid all the blame at the door of the archbishop of Mentz and Magdeburg, a prince sprung from the house of Brandenburg, and, consequently, the enemy of that of Saxony. Finally (and this was a powerful motive to inspire him with confidence), the elector had announced that he knew no other rule of faith than the Scriptures. Luther reminded him of this in the following passage (March 27th, 1519):—"Doctor J. Staupitz, my true father in Christ, told me that, talking one day with your electoral highness of those preachers who, instead of declaring the pure word of God, preach to the people only wretched quibbles or human traditions, you observed, that Holy Scripture speaks with such majesty and fulness of evidence as to need none of these weapons of disputation, compelling one to admit, 'Never man spoke like this man. He does not teach like the Scribes and Pharisees, but as one having authority.' And on Staupitz's approving those sentiments, you said to him, 'Your hand, then; and pledge me your word that for the future you will preach this new doctrine.'" The natural complement of this passage occurs in a manuscript life of the elector by Spalatin:—"With what pleasure did he not listen to sermons and read God's word, especially the Evangelists, whose beautiful and comforting sentences were ever in his mouth! But that which he continually repeated was the saying of Christ, as recorded by St. John: '*Without Me ye can do nothing;*' and he used this text to combat the doctrine of free-will, even before Erasmus of Rotterdam had dared, in various publications, to maintain this wretched liberty against God's word. Often has he said to me, how can we have free will, since Christ himself has said, '*Sine me nihil potestis facere.*' (Without me ye can do nothing.)" It would be a mistake, however, to infer from this that Staupitz and his disciple were only instruments in the elector's hands. The Reformation introduced by Luther was clearly spontaneous; and the elector, as we shall have occasion to see, was alarmed by Luther's boldness. He relished, accepted, took advantage of, the Reformation, but would never have begun it. On the 15th of February, 1518, Luther writes to his prudent friend, Spalatin, the elector's chaplain, secretary, and confidant:—"Look at the clamourers who go about reporting, to my great annoyance, that all this is the work of our most illustrious prince. To hearken to them, it is he who has been egging me on, in order to spite the archbishop of Magdeburg and of Mentz. I beg you to consider whether it be worth while to apprize the prince of this. It distresses me exceedingly that his highness should be suspected on my account. To become a cause of strife between such great princes is enough to terrify one." And he holds the same language to the elector himself, in the account he sends him of the conference of Augsburg (November). On March 21st he writes to J. Lange, subsequently archbishop of Saltzburg: "Our prince has taken me and Carlstadt under his protection, and this without waiting to be entreated. He will not allow of my being dragged to Rome: this they know, and it is a thorn in their side." The inference would be, that Luther had already received positive assurance of protection from the elector. But, on the 21st of August, 1518, he writes to Spalatin in a more confidential letter: "I do not yet see how I can avoid the censures with which I am threatened, except the prince comes to my aid. And yet, I would rather endure all the censures in the world than see his highness blamed on my account. . . . The best step I can take, in the opinion of our wise and learned friends, is to ask the prince for a safe-conduct (*salvum, ut vocant, conductum per suum dominium*). I am sure he will refuse me; so that, they say, I shall have a good excuse for not appearing at Rome. Have the kindness, then, to procure me from our most illustrious prince a rescript, to the effect that he refuses to grant me a safe-conduct, and leaves me, if I venture on the journey, to my own risk and peril. You will be doing me a most important service; but it must be done quickly, for time presses, and the day appointed is at hand." Luther might have spared himself the trouble of writing this letter, since the prince, though he did not apprize him of it, was busied providing for his safety. He had managed that Luther should be examined by a legate in Germany, in the free city of Augsburg, where he himself happened to be at this very moment, no doubt to concert measures with the magistracy for the security of Luther's

person in this dangerous interview. No doubt it is to the fact of this invisible providence's watching over Luther that we must attribute the restless care of those said magistrates to preserve him from any ambush the Italians might lay for him. For his own part, in his courage and simplicity he went straight forward, without clearly knowing what the prince would, or would not, do in his favour (Sept. 2). "I have said, and I repeat, that I do not want our prince, who is innocent of the whole affair, to take the slightest step in defence of my propositions. . . Let him secure me from violence, if he can do so without compromising his interests; if he cannot, I am ready to face all the danger."

Caietano de Vio, the legate, was certainly a judge not much to be feared. He had himself written that it was lawful to interpret Scripture without following the torrent of the fathers (*contrà torrentem SS. patrum*). This and other daring opinions had rendered him somewhat amenable to the suspicion of heresy. But, selected by the pope to compose this difference, he set about his business like a politician, and only attacked that part of Luther's doctrine which shook the political and fiscal power of the court of Rome; keeping to the practical question of the *treasure of indulgences*, without recurring to the speculative question of grace. "When I was cited to Augsburg, I obeyed the summons, but with a strong guard, and under the guarantee of Frederick, elector of Saxony, who had commended me to the authorities of Augsburg. They were exceedingly watchful over me, and warned me not to trust myself to the Italians, and to eschew all companionship with them. I did not know, they said, what a Goth was. I remained at Augsburg for three whole days without any safe-conduct from the emperor; during which interval an Italian often came to invite me to visit the cardinal, being discouraged by no refusal. 'You ought to retract,' he would say; 'you have but to utter one word, *revoco*. The cardinal will report favourably of you, and you will return with honour to your prince.'" Amongst other instances which he adduces in order to persuade him, was that of the famous Joachim de Flores, who, since he made his submission, was not heretical, although he had advanced heretical propositions.

"At the end of three days the bishop of Trent arrived, who showed the cardinal a safe-conduct from the emperor. On this I waited upon him with all humility. I sank at first on my knees, then abased myself to the ground, and so remained at his feet, nor did I rise until thrice ordered. He was exceedingly pleased, and conceived the hope that I should alter my resolution. The following day, when I positively refused to retract any thing, he asked me, 'Do you think the pope really minds Germany? Do you believe the princes will go to war in your defence? Oh, no! Where will you find a resting-place?' . . . . . 'Under heaven,' was my answer. The pope subsequently lowered his tone, and wrote to the Church, and even to master Spalatin and Pfeffinger, begging them to give me up to him, and to insist on the execution of his decree. Meanwhile, my little book and my *Resolutions* went, or rather flew, in a few days, over all Europe. And so the elector of Saxony was confirmed and fortified. He would not carry the pope's orders into effect, and submitted himself to the cognizance of Scripture. Had the cardinal conducted himself with more sense and discretion towards me, had he welcomed me when I fell at his feet, matters would never have gone so far. For at that time I had but a faint notion of the papal errors. Had the pope been silent, I would readily have held my peace. It was then the style and custom of the court of Rome for the pope to say, in knotty and obscure matters,—'By virtue of our papal powers we call in this thing to ourselves, annul it, and make it as if it had never been.' On which there only remained for both parties to weep. I wager the pope would give three cardinals to have the business still in the bag."

The following details are from a letter which Luther wrote to Spalatin (that is, to the elector), while he was at Augsburg, and the conference going on (October 14th):—"For these four days the legate has been conferring with me, or rather, against me . . . . He refuses to dispute in public, or even in private, never ceasing to repeat, 'Retract, confess your error, whether you think it one or not; the pope will have it so.'. . . . At last, he was prevailed upon to allow me to explain myself in writing, which I did in the presence of the baron of Feilitsch, the emperor's representative; but then the legate would have nothing to do with what I had written, and again began to call for retractation. He favoured me with a long discourse which he had ferreted out of one or other of St. Thomas's romances, and thought he had conquered me and closed my mouth. Ten different times I tried to speak, but he stopped me each time, thundering and usurping the sole right of speaking. At length, I began to raise my voice in my turn:—'If you can show me that this decree of your Clement VI. expressly states that the merits of Christ *are* the treasure of indulgences, I retract.' God knows into what uproarious laughter they burst out at this. As for him, he snatched the book from me and turned breathlessly over the leaves (*fervens et anhelans*) till he came to the passage where it is written that Christ, by his passion, *has acquired* the treasures, &c. I stopped him at this word *has acquired* . . . After dinner, he sent for the reverend father Staupitz, and coaxed him over to induce me to retract, adding that I could not easily find any one better inclined to me than himself." The disputants followed a different course; reconciliation became impossible. Luther's friend feared an ambush on the part of the Italians. He quitted Augsburg, leaving an appeal to the pope, when thoroughly cognizant of the cause, and addressed a long account of the conference to the elector. We learn from the latter, that in the discussion he had supported his opinions as to the pope's authority on the council of Bâle, on the university of Paris, and on Gerson. He prays the elector not to give him up:—"May your most illustrious highness follow the dictates of your honour and conscience, and not send me to the pope. The man (Luther means the legate) has surely in his instructions no guarantee for my safety at Rome; and for him to ask your most illustrious highness to send me thither, would be asking you to give up Christian blood, to become homicide. To Rome! Why the pope himself is not in safety there. They have paper and ink enough there, and scribes and notaries without number, and can easily write word in what I have erred. It will be less expensive to proceed

against me, in my absence, by writing, than to make away with me, should I be present, by treachery."

These fears were well founded. The court of Rome was about to address itself directly to the elector of Saxony. It required Luther at any cost. Already the legate had complained bitterly to Frederic of Luther's presumption, and had besought him to send him back to Augsburg, or to banish him, if he would not sully his own glory, and that of his ancestors, by protecting this wretched monk. "I heard yesterday from Nuremberg that Charles von Miltitz is on his way with three briefs from the pope (according to an eyewitness worthy of all faith), to seize and hand me over bodily to the pontiff. But I have appealed to the forthcoming council." It was full time for him to reject the pope, since, as the legate had informed Frederic, he was already condemned at Rome. Luther, in making this fresh protest, adhered strictly to all the juridical forms. He avowed his willingness to submit to the judgment of the pope, when thoroughly cognizant of the cause; but here the pope might err, as St. Peter himself had erred. He appealed to the general council, which was superior to the pope, from all the pope's decrees against him. But he was afraid of some sudden violence; of being privily borne off from Wittemberg. "You have been misinformed," he writes to Spalatin, "I have not taken my leave of the people of Wittemberg. I have used, it is true, the following or similar terms:—'You are all aware that I am an uncertain and unsettled preacher. How often have I not left you without bidding you farewell! Should this happen again, and I not return, consider that I have bid you farewell now." On December 2nd, he writes, "I am advised to ask the prince to shut me up a prisoner in some castle, and to be pleased to write to the legate that he has me in a sure place, where I shall be compelled to answer." He wrote on the 19th of the preceding month, "It is beyond all doubt, the prince and the university are with me. A conversation has come to my knowledge that took place concerning me at the court of the bishop of Brandenburg. Some one observed, 'He is supported by Erasmus, Fabricius, and other learned persons.' 'The pope would care nothing for that,' replied the bishop, 'were not the university of Wittemberg and the elector, too, on his side.'" Yet Luther spent the latter part of this year (1518) in lively anxiety, and had some thoughts of leaving Germany. "To avoid drawing down any danger on your highness, I will quit your dominions, and go whithersoever God in his mercy shall conduct me, trusting, whatever may befall, in his divine will. I therefore respectfully bid farewell to your highness; and among whatever people I may take my abode, I shall remember your kindness with never-ceasing gratitude." At this moment, indeed, he might consider Saxony an insecure abode. The pope was endeavouring to win over the elector. Charles von Miltitz was commissioned to offer him the golden rose, a high distinction usually conferred by the court of Rome on kings only, as the reward of their filial piety towards the Church. This was a difficult trial for the elector; as it compelled him to come to a distinct explanation, and, perhaps, to draw down great danger upon himself. The elector's hesitation is apparent from a letter of Luther's:—"The prince was altogether against my publishing the acts of the conference of Augsburg, but afterwards gave me permission, and they are now printed.... In his uneasiness about me, he would prefer my being any where else. He summoned me to Litchenberg, where I had a long conference with Spalatin on the subject, and expressed my resolve, in case the censures were fulminated, not to stay. He told me, however, not to be in such haste to start for France." This was written on the 13th of December; on the 20th, Luther's doubts were past. The elector had returned for answer, with true diplomatic reserve, that he professed himself a most obedient son of holy mother Church, and entertained a great respect for the pontifical sanctity, but required an inquiry into the matter by disinterested judges; a certain means of ensuring procrastination, since, in the interim, incidents might occur to lessen or delay the danger. To gain time was every thing. In fact, the emperor died in the following January; the interregnum commenced and Frederic became, by Maximilian's own choice, vicar of the empire until the hour of election. Feeling himself secure, Luther addressed (March 3rd, 1519) a haughty letter to the pope, but respectfully worded:—"Most holy father, I cannot support the weight of your wrath, yet know not how to escape from the burthen. Thanks to the opposition and attacks of my enemies, my words have spread more widely than I could have hoped for, and they have sunk too deeply into men's hearts for me to retract them. In these our days, Germany flourishes in erudition, reason, and genius; and if I would honour Rome before her, I must beware of retractation, which would be only sullying the Roman Church still further, and exposing it to public accusation and contempt. It is they who, abusing the name of your holiness, have made their absurd preaching subserve their infamous avarice, and have sullied holy things with the abomination and reproach of Egypt, that have done the Roman Church injury and dishonour with Germany. And, as if this was not mischief enough, it is against me, who have striven to oppose those monsters, that their accusations are directed. But I call God and men to witness, most holy father, that I have never wished, and do not now desire to touch the Roman Church or your sacred authority; and that I acknowledge most explicitly that this Church rules over all, and that nothing, heavenly or earthly, is superior to it, save Jesus Christ our Lord."

From this moment, Luther had made up his mind. A month or two before, indeed, he had written, "The pope will not hear of a judge, and I will not be judged by the pope. So he will be the text, and I the gloss." In another letter he says to Spalatin (March 13), "I am in travail with St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, and am thinking of a sermon on the Passion; whilst, in addition to my ordinary lessons, I teach children of an evening, and explain the Lord's prayer to them. Along with this, I turn over the decretals for matter for my new dispute, and find Christ so altered and crucified in them, that (hark in your ear) I am not sure that the pope is not antichrist himself, or the apostle of antichrist." However far Luther might go, the pope had henceforward little chance of tearing his favourite theologian from a powerful prince, on whom a majority of the electors were conferring the empire. Miltitz changed his

tone, and stated that the pope would even yet be contented with a retractation. He met Luther as a friend, flattered him, owned that he had got the whole world with him away from the pope, stated that on his journey he could scarcely find two men out of five to defend the papacy, tried to persuade him to go and explain to the archbishop of Toledo, but could not prove that he was authorized to make this proposition, either by the pope or the archbishop. The advice was suspicious; Luther was aware that he had been burnt in effigy at Rome (*papyraceus Martinus in campo Floræ publice combustus, execratus, devotus*). He returned a cool reply to Miltitz, and apprized him that one of his envoys had inspired such suspicions, at Wittemberg, as to have narrowly escaped being thrown into the Elbe. "If, as you intimate, my refusal will compel you to come yourself, God grant you a happy journey. For my part, I am extremely busy, and have neither time nor money for such excursions. Farewell, excellent man." (May 17th.) On Miltitz's arrival in Germany, Luther had said that he would hold his tongue, provided his opponents would theirs; but they released him from keeping his word, for doctor Eck solemnly defied him to a disputation at Leipsic, and the faculties of Paris, Louvaine, and Cologne, condemned his propositions. In order to make a decent appearance at Leipsic, Luther was obliged to ask the parsimonious elector, who had forgotten to clothe him for two or three years, for a dress; his letter is a curiosity: "I beseech your electoral grace to have the kindness to buy me a white cope and a black cope. I humbly ask for the white one, but your highness owes me the black, having promised it to me two or three years back; only Pfeffinger is brought to untie his purse-strings with such difficulty, that I have been forced to buy one for myself. I humbly pray your highness, who considered that the *Psalter* deserved a black cope, to deign not to think the *St. Paul* unworthy of a white one." Luther felt, by this time, so completely secure, that not content with repairing to Leipsic to plead in his own defence, he assumed the offensive at Wittemberg. "He had the effrontery," says his catholic biographer, Cochlæus, "he had the effrontery, with the authority of the prince, his protector, to issue a solemn summons to the ablest inquisitors, men who would think they could swallow iron and split the rock, to a disputation, and the prince not only offered them a safe-conduct, but undertook to lodge them and pay their expenses." Meanwhile, Luther's principal opponent, doctor Eck, had repaired to Rome to solicit his condemnation. Luther was sentenced beforehand; and it now only remained for him to judge his judge, and pronounce sentence of condemnation on authority, in the sight of the people. This he did in his terrible book on the Captivity of Babylon, in which he contended that the Church was captive, and that Jesus Christ, constantly profaned in the idolatry of the mass, and lost sight of in the dogma of transubstantiation, was the pope's prisoner. With daring freedom, he explains in his preface, how he has been gradually forced on by his adversaries; "Whether willingly or not, I improve every day, pushed as I am, and kept in wind by so many masters of fence at once. Two years ago, I wrote on indulgences; but in a style which makes me deeply regret I ever published the work. At that period, I was still marvellously enamoured of the papal power, and durst not fling indulgences entirely over. Besides, I saw them approved of by numbers of persons, whilst I was the only one who undertook to set this stone rolling (*hoc volvere saxum*). Since then, thanks to Sylvester, and other brothers who have defended them stoutly, I perceived that the whole was an imposture, invented by the flatterers of Rome, to dispossess men of faith and take possession of their purse. Would to God I could induce booksellers and all who have read my writings on indulgences, to burn them, and not to leave a line behind, so that they would substitute for all I have said on the subject, this one axiom—*Indulgences are bubbles devised by the sycophants of Rome!* Next Eck, Emser, and their band, proceeded to take us in hand on the question of the pope's supremacy. 'Twould be ungrateful towards those learned personages not to acknowledge that the trouble to which they put themselves was not thrown away upon me. Previously, I had denied that the papacy was of divine, yet still admitted that it was of human, right; but, after hearing and reading the super-subtle subtleties on which these poor people found the rights of their idol, I came to the perfect and satisfactory understanding and conviction, that the reign of the pope is that of Babylon, and of *Nimrod, the mighty hunter*. Wherefore, I earnestly pray booksellers and readers (that nothing may be wanting to my good friends' success), to commit to the flames my writings on this subject also, and to abide by the following axiom:—*The pope is the mighty hunter, the Nimrod of the Roman episcopacy!*" At the same time, to make it clear that he was assailing the papacy, rather than the pope, he addressed a long letter, in both languages, to Leo X., in which he denied all personal feeling against him. "Though surrounded by the monsters of the age, against whom I have been these three years struggling, my thoughts ought, once at least, most honourable father, to revert to thee. The witness borne to thy renown by men of letters, and thy irreproachable life, ought to place thee beyond all attacks. I am not such a simpleton as to blame, when all the world praises thee. I have called thee a Daniel in Babylon, and have proclaimed thy innocence. Yes, dear Leo, I think of thee as of Daniel in the pit, Ezekiel among the scorpions. What canst thou, alone, against these monsters; thou, and some three or four learned and virtuous cardinals? You would all infallibly be poisoned did you dare attempt to reform such countless corruptions. . . . The doom has gone forth against the court of Rome. The measure of God's wrath has been filled up; for that court hates councils, dreads the name of reform, and fulfils the words uttered of its mother, of whom it is said, '*We would have healed Babylon, but she is not healed: forsake Babylon.*' Oh, hapless Leo, to sit on that accursed throne! I speak the truth to thee, for I desire thy good. If St. Bernard felt pity for his pope Eugenius, what must be our feelings now that corruption is three hundred years the worse? Ay, thou wouldst thank me for thy eternal salvation, were I once able to dash in pieces this dungeon, this hell in which thou art held captive."

When the bull of condemnation reached Germany, the whole people was in commotion. At Erfurth the students took it out of the booksellers' shops, tore it in pieces, and threw it into the

river with the poor pun, "A bubble (*bulla*) it is, and as a bubble so it should swim." Luther instantly published his pamphlet, *Against the Execrable Bull of Antichrist.* On December 10, 1520, he burnt it at the city gates, and on the same day wrote to Spalatin, through whom he usually communicated with the elector:—"This 10th day of December, in the year 1520, at the ninth hour of the day, were burnt at Wittemberg, at the east gate, near the holy cross, all the pope's books, the *Decree*, the *Decretals*, the *Extravagante* of Clement VI., Leo X.'s last bull, the *Angelic Sum*, Eck's *Chrysoprasus*, and some other works of Eck's and Emser's. Is not this news?" He says in the public notice which he caused to be drawn up of these proceedings, "If any one ask me why I have done this, my reply is, that it is an ancient practice to burn bad books. The apostles burnt five thousand deniers' worth of them." The tradition runs that he exclaimed on throwing the book of the *Decretals* into the flames, "Thou hast tormented the Lord's holy one, may the everlasting fire torment and consume thee!" These things were news, indeed, as Luther said. Until then, most sects and heresies had sprung up in secret, and conceived themselves fortunate if they remained unknown; but now a monk starts up who treats with the pope as equal with equal, and constitutes himself the judge of the head of the Church. The chain of tradition is broken, unity shattered, the *robe without seam* rent. It must not be supposed that Luther himself, with all his violence, took this last step without pain. It was uprooting from his heart by one pull the whole of the venerable past in which he had been cradled. It is true that he believed he had retained the Scriptures for his own; but then they were the Scriptures with a different interpretation from what had been put upon them for a thousand years. All this his enemies have often said; but not one of them has said it more eloquently than he himself. "No doubt," he writes to Erasmus in the opening of his sorry book, *De Servo Arbitrio* (The Will not Free), "no doubt you feel some hesitation when you see arrayed before you so numerous a succession of learned men, and the unanimous voice of so many centuries illustrated by deeply read divines, and by great martyrs, glorified by numerous miracles, as well as more recent theologians and countless academies, councils, bishops, pontiffs. On this side are found erudition, genius, numbers, greatness, loftiness, power, sanctity, miracles, and what not beside? On mine, Wickliff, Laurentius Valla, Augustin, (although you forget him,) and Luther, a poor man, a mushroom of yesterday, standing alone with a few friends, without such erudition, genius, numbers, greatness, sanctity, or miracles. Take them all together, they could not cure a lame horse. . . . *Et alia quæ tu plurima fando enumerare vales* (and innumerable other things you could mention). For what are we? What the wolf said of Philomel, *Vox et præterea nihil* (a sound, no more). I own, my dear Erasmus, you are justified in hesitating before all these things; ten years since, I hesitated like you. . . . Could I suppose that this Troy, which had so long victoriously resisted so many assaults, would fall in one day? I solemnly call God to witness that I should have continued to fear, and should even now be hesitating, had not my conscience and the truth compelled me to speak. You know that my heart is not a rock; and had it been, yet beaten by such billows and tempests, it would have been shivered to atoms when all this mass of authority was launched at my head, like a deluge ready to overwhelm me." Elsewhere he writes: " . . . Holy Scripture has taught me how perilous and fearful it is to raise one's voice in God's church, to speak in the midst of those who will be your judges, when, on the day of judgment, you shall find yourself in presence of God, under the eye of the angels, all creation seeing, listening, hanging upon the divine word. Assuredly when this thought rises to my mind, my earnest desire is for silence, and the sponge for my writings. . . . How hard, how fearful to live to render an account to God of every idle word *!" On March 27, 1519, he writes, "I was alone, and hurried unprepared into this business. I admitted many essential points in the pope's favour, for was I, a poor, miserable monk, to set myself up against the majesty of the pope, before whom the kings of the earth (what do I say? earth itself, hell, and heaven) trembled? . . . How I suffered the first and second year. Ah! little do those confident spirits who since then have attacked the pope so proudly and presumptuously, know of the dejection of spirits, not feigned and assumed, but too real, or rather the despair which I went through. . . . Unable to find any light to guide me in dead or mute teachers (I mean the writings of theologians and jurists), I longed to consult the living council of the churches of God, to the end that if any godly persons could be found, illumined by the Holy Ghost, they would take compassion on me, and be pleased to give me good and safe counsel for my own welfare and that of all Christendom; but it was impossible for me to discover them. I saw only the pope, the cardinals, bishops, theologians, canonists, monks, priests; and it was from them I expected enlightenment. For I had so fed and saturated myself with their doctrine, that I was unconscious whether I were asleep or awake. . . . Had I at that time braved the pope as I now do, I should have looked for the earth instantly to open and swallow me up alive, like Korah and Abiram. . . . At the name of the church I shuddered, and offered to give way. In 1518, I told cardinal Caietano, at Augsburg, that I would thenceforward be mute; only praying him, in all humility, to impose the same silence on my adversaries, and hush their clamours. Far from meeting my wishes, he threatened to condemn every thing I had taught, if I would not retract. Now I had already published the Catechism to the edification of many souls, and was bound not to allow it to be condemned. . . . So I was driven to attempt what I considered to be the greatest of evils. . . . But it is not my object to tell my history here; but only to confess my folly, ignorance, and weakness, and to awe, by reciting

* It is curious to compare these words of Luther's with the very different passage in Rousseau's Confessions:—"Let the trumpet of the last judgment sound when it will, I will present myself with this book in my hand before the Judge of all, and will say aloud, 'Here is what I have done, what I have thought, what I was.' . . . . and then let any one say, if he dare, 'I was better than that man.'"

my own sufferings, those presumptuous bawlers or scribblers, who have not borne the cross, or known the temptations of Satan. . . ."

Against the tradition of the middle age and the authority of the church, Luther sought a refuge in the Scriptures, anterior to tradition, and superior to the church herself. He translated the Psalms, and wrote his *Postils* to the Gospels and Epistles. At no other period of his life did he so approximate to mysticism. He took his stand at this time on St. John no less than on St. Paul, and seemed on the point of running through all the stages of the doctrine of love, without any misgivings of the fatal consequences which resulted thence to man's liberty and morality. There are, he lays it down in his work on Christian Liberty, two men in man—the inner man, the soul, the outward man, the body; each distinct from the other. As works proceed from the outward man, their effects cannot affect the soul: if the body frequent profane places, eat, drink, pray not with the lips, and neglect all the hypocrites do, the soul will remain unaffected. The soul is united by faith to Christ, as the wife to her husband. All is, then, in common between the two, the good as well as evil. . . . . We, who believe in Christ, are all kings and pontiffs. Raised by his faith above everything, the Christian becomes, by this spiritual power, lord of all things, so that nothing can injure him, *imo omnia ei subjecta coguntur servire ad salutem* (rather, all things are subject to him and compelled to minister to his salvation). . . . . If I believe, all things, good and bad, turn to my profit. This is the inestimable power and liberty of the Christian. "If you feel your heart hesitate and doubt, it is high time for you to repair to the priest, and seek absolution for your sins. You ought to prefer dying a thousand times to doubting the judgment of the priest, which is the judgment of God; and, if you can believe in this judgment, your heart ought to laugh with joy, and laud God, who, through man's intermediation, has comforted thy conscience. If you think yourself unworthy of pardon, it is because you have not yet done enough, because you are too little instructed in faith, and more than it needeth in works. It is a thousand times more important to believe piously in absolution than to be worthy of it and make atonement. Faith renders you worthy, and constitutes the true atonement. Man who, without this, through the mere restlessness of his heart, never performs any good work, can then serve his God joyfully; and this is what is called the sweet burden of our Lord, Jesus Christ." (Sermon on Justification, preached at Leipsic in 1519.) This dangerous doctrine was welcomed by the people and by the majority of the learned. Erasmus, the most celebrated of the latter, seems to have been the only one who perceived its consequences. Of a critical and negative cast of genius, emulating the Italian *bel esprit*, Laurentius Valla, who had written a work, *De Libero Arbitrio* (on Free-will), in the fifteenth century, he himself wrote against Luther under the same title. In 1519, he received the advances of the monk of Wittemberg coldly. Luther, who felt how necessary the support of the learned was to him, had written complimentary letters (A.D. 1518, 1519) to Reuchlin and Erasmus, which last returned a cold and highly significant answer (A.D. 1519): "I reserve all my powers to contribute to the revival of elegant literature; and it strikes me that greater progress is to be made by politic moderation (*modestia civili*) than by passion. It is thus that Christ has brought the world to be subject unto him, and thus that Paul abolished the Judaic law, by applying himself to the interpretation of the letter. It is better to exclaim against such as abuse the power given to priests than the priests themselves; and so, likewise, with regard to kings. Instead of bringing the schools into contempt, it would be well to win them back to healthier studies. Whenever the question is of things too deeply rooted in the mind to be eradicated by one pull, discussion and close and cogent reasoning are to be preferred to affirmations. . . . And it is essential to be on one's guard against saying or doing anything with an arrogant or rebellious air; such, in my opinion, is the course of proceeding consonant to the spirit of Christ. But I do not say this by way of teaching you what you ought to do; only to encourage you to go on as you are now doing." Such timid precautions suited neither the man nor the hour. Enthusiasm was at its height. Nobles and people, castles and free towns, rivalled each other in zeal and enthusiasm for Luther. At Nuremburg, at Strasburg, and even at Mentz, his smallest pamphlets were emulously caught up as fast as they appeared. The sheets were hurried and smuggled into the shops, all wet from the press, and were greedily devoured by the aspiring *littérateurs* of the German Companionship, by the poetic tinmen, the learned cordwainers; the good Hans-Sachs shook off his wonted vulgarity, left his shoe unfinished, wrote his best verses, his best production, and sang with bated voice the *nightingale* of Wittemberg, whose voice resounded everywhere. . . . Nothing seconded Luther more powerfully than the zeal of the printers and booksellers in behalf of the new ideas. "The works which were favourable to him," says a contemporary, "were printed by the printers with minutest care, and often at their own expense, and large numbers of copies struck off. Many old monks, too, who had returned to a secular life, lived on Luther's works, and hawked them throughout Germany. The Catholics could only get their works printed by high pay, and even then they were printed in so slovenly a manner as to swarm with errors, so as to seem the productions of illiterate men. And if any printer, more conscientious than the rest, did them more justice, he was jeered and plagued in the market-places and at the fairs of Frankfort, for a Papist and a slave to the priests."

Whatever the zeal of the cities, it was to the nobles that Luther had chiefly appealed, and they answered his summons with a zeal, which he himself was often obliged to moderate. In 1519, he published in Latin a *Defence of the articles condemned by the bull of Leo X.*, which he dedicated as follows, to the baron Fabian von Feilitzsch:—"It has struck me to be desirable, in future, to address you laymen, a new order of priests, and, with God's will, to make a happy beginning under the favourable auspices of your name. May the present work, then, commend me, or rather the Christian doctrine, to you and all the nobles." He was desirous to dedicate the translation of this work to Franz von Sickingen, and another to the count of Mansfeld, but he abstained, he says, "from fear of awakening the jealousy of many others, and, in particular, that of the nobility of Franconia." The same year he published his violent

pamphlet, *To the Christian nobility of Germany, on the amelioration of Christianity.* Four thousand copies were sold at once. The leading nobles, Luther's friends, were Sylvester von Schauenberg, Franz von Sickingen, Taubenheim, and Ulrich von Hutten. Schauenberg had confided the education of his young son to Melanchthon, and had offered to assist the elector of Saxony, arms in hand, should the elector be exposed to any danger in the cause of reform. Taubenheim and others sent Luther money. "I have had a hundred pieces of gold from Taubenheim, and fifty from Schart, so that I begin to fear God's paying me here below; but I have vowed that I will not be thus gorged, but will give back all." The Margrave of Brandenburg had begged a visit from him: Sickingen and Hutten promised him their support against all and sundry. "Hutten," he writes, "addressed me a letter, in September, 1520, *burning with wrath* against the Roman pontiff, saying that he will fall with sword and pen on the sacerdotal tyranny. He is indignant at the pope's having attempted his life with both the dagger and the bowl, and has summoned the bishop of Mentz, in order that he may send him to Rome bound hand and foot." He goes on to say, "You see what Hutten is seeking; but I would not have violence and murder employed in the cause of the gospel, and have written to this effect." Meanwhile the emperor summoned Luther to appear at Worms before the imperial diet. Both parties, friends and enemies, were about to come into presence. "Would to God," said Hutten, "I might be present at the diet; I would set things in motion, and would very soon excite a disturbance." On the 20th of April, he writes to Luther, "What atrocities are these I hear! There is no fury comparable to the fury of these men. I plainly see we shall have to come to swords, bows, arrows, cannons. Summon up thy courage, father, laugh at these wild beasts. I see the number of thy partisans daily increasing; thou wilt not lack defenders. Numbers have come to me, saying, 'God grant he may not lose heart, that he may answer stoutly, that he may not give way to any fear!'" At the same time, Hutten sent letters in every direction to the magistrates of the towns, in order to strike a league between them and the nobles of the Rhine; in other words, to arm them against the ecclesiastical provinces*. He wrote to Pirkeimer, one of the chief magistrates at Nuremberg. "Cheer and animate your brethren; I am in hopes you will find partisans in towns which are inspired by the love of liberty. Franz von Sickingen is for us; he burns with zeal. He is saturated with Luther. I make him read his pamphlets at meal-time. He has sworn not to fail the cause of liberty; and what he has said, he will do. Preach him up to your fellow-citizens; there is no greater soul in Germany." Luther had his partisans even in the assembly of Worms. Some one avowed in full diet an agreement to defend him, sworn to by four hundred nobles, adding *Buntschuh, Buntschuh* (the rallying cry, as will afterwards be seen, of the insurgent peasants). The catholics were not even very sure of the emperor. Hutten writes, whilst the diet is sitting, "Cæsar, the report runs, has made up his mind to side with the pope." The Lutherans mustered strong in the town, and among the people. Hermann Busch writes Hutten word that a priest came out of the imperial palace with two Spanish soldiers, to endeavour to make a seizure of eighty copies of the *Captivity of Babylon*, which were on sale close to the gates of the palace, but that he was quickly obliged to fly back into the palace for safety; still, in order to induce Hutten to take up arms, he goes on to describe how the Spaniards caracole haughtily on their mules, through the principal thoroughfares of Worms, and how the intimidated multitude retire before them.

Cochlæus, the catholic biographer of Luther, describes the reformer's journey in a satiric strain:—"A conveyance was prepared for him resembling a litter, and so closed in as to shelter him from the weather. He was surrounded by learned individuals, the provost Jonas, doctor Schurff, Amsdorf the theologian, &c.; and he was received wherever he passed by crowds of people. Good cheer reigned in the hostelries where he put up, and many a merry cup was quaffed, and even music heard. Luther himself, in order that he might become the cynosure of all eyes, played on the harp like another Orpheus, a tonsured and cowled Orpheus. And although the emperor's safe conduct set forth that he was not to preach by the way, he, nevertheless, preached at Erfurth on Low Sunday, and published his sermon." This picture of Luther does not exactly assimilate with that drawn by a contemporary shortly before the diet of Worms. "Martin is of the middle size, and so emaciated by care and study, that you might count every bone in his body. Yet he is still in the very prime of life. His voice is clear and penetrating. Powerful in doctrine, admirably read in the Scriptures, almost every verse in which he has by heart, he has acquired the Greek and Hebrew languages, in order to be enabled to compare and form a judgment on the translation of the Bible. He never has to stop, having facts and words at will (*sylva ingens verborum et rerum*). His manners are agreeable and easy, untinctured by severity or pride; and he is even no enemy of the pleasures of life; being lively and good humoured in society, and seeming everywhere quite at his ease and free from any sense of alarm, despite the dreadful threats of his adversaries. So that it is difficult to believe that this man undertakes such great things without the Divine protection. Almost the only thing with which the world reproaches him is, being too bitter in retort, and shrinking from no insulting expression." We are indebted to Luther himself for an admirable account of the proceedings at the diet; an account that, generally speaking, agrees with those given by his enemies. "When the herald delivered me the summons on the Tuesday in Passion-week, and brought me a safe-conduct from the emperor and several princes, the same safe-conduct was, on the very next day, the Wednesday, violated at Worms, where I was condemned and my works burnt. This news reached me when I was at Erfurth. The sentence of condemnation was already placarded in all the towns; so that the herald himself asked me whether I was still minded to go to Worms? Although full of fears and doubts, I replied, 'I will go, though there should be there as many devils as tiles on the roofs!' Even on

* See, in the Elucidations, the Dialogue of the Robbers, written by Hutten, in the view of combining the nobles and the burgesses against the priests.

my arriving at Oppenheim, near Worms, master Bucer met me, to dissuade me from entering the city. Sglapian, the emperor's confessor, had gone to him to beg him to warn me not to enter Worms, for I was doomed to be burnt there! I should do better, he said, to stay in the neighbourhood with Franz von Sickingen, who would gladly receive me. All this was done by these poor beings to hinder me from appearing; since, had I delayed only three days, my safe-conduct would have been no longer available; they would have shut the gates, refused to listen to me, and have tyrannically condemned me. But I went forward in the simplicity of my heart, and as soon as I was within sight of the city, wrote to inform Spalatin of my arrival, and ask where I was to put up. They were all thunder-struck at my unexpected arrival; for they had expected that their stratagems and my own terror would have kept me outside the walls. Two nobles, the lord of Hirsfeld and John Schott, fetched me, by the elector of Saxony's orders, to their own lodgings. But no prince called upon me; only some counts and nobles who had a great regard for me. It was they who had laid before his imperial majesty the four hundred charges against the clergy, with a petition for the reform of clerical abuses, which, if neglected, they must, they said, take upon themselves. They all owe their deliverance to my gospel (preaching). The pope wrote to the emperor to disregard the safe-conduct, and the bishops egged him on to it; but the princes and the states would not consent, fearing the uproar that would ensue. All this greatly added to my consideration; they must have stood in greater awe of me than I of them. Indeed, the young landgrave of Hesse asked to hear me, visited me, talked with me, and said, as he took his leave, 'Dear doctor, if you are in the right, may our Lord God be your aid.' As soon as I arrived, I wrote to Sglapian, the emperor's confessor, begging him to have the goodness to come and see me, as his inclination and leisure might serve. But he declined, saying that it would be useless.

"I was summoned in due form, and appeared before the council of the imperial diet in the Guildhall, where the emperor, the electors, and the princes were assembled*. Doctor Eck, the official of the bishop of Trèves, began, and said to me, 'Martin, you are called here to say whether you acknowledge the books on the table there to be yours?' and he pointed to them. 'I believe so,' I answered. But Doctor Jerome Schurff instantly added, 'Read over their titles.' When this was done, I said, 'Yes, these books are mine.' He then asked me, 'Will you disavow them?' I replied, 'Most gracious lord emperor, some of the writings are controversial, and in them I attack my adversaries. Others are didactic and doctrinal; and of these I neither can nor will retract an iota, for it is God's word. But, as regards my controversial writings, if I have been too violent, or have gone too far against any one, I am ready to reconsider the matter, provided I have time for reflection.' I was allowed a day and a night. The next day I was summoned by the bishops and others who were to deal with me to make me retract. I told them, 'God's word is not mine, I cannot give it up; but in all else my desire is to be obedient and docile.' The margrave Joachim then took up the word, and said, 'Sir doctor, as far as I can understand, you will allow yourself to be counselled and advised, except on those points affecting Scripture?' 'Yes,' I answered, 'such is my wish.' They then told me that I ought to defer all to the imperial majesty; but I would not consent. They asked me if they themselves were not Christians, and able to decide on such things? To this I answered, 'Yes, provided it be without wrong or offence to the Scriptures, which I desire to uphold. I cannot give up that which is not mine.' They insisted, 'You ought to rely upon us, and believe that we shall decide rightly.' 'I am not very ready to believe that they will decide in my favour against themselves, who have but just now passed sentence of condemnation upon me, though under safe-conduct. But look what I will do: treat me as you like, and I will forego my safe-conduct and give it up to you.' On this, baron Frederick von Feilitzsch, burst forth with, 'And enough, indeed, if not too much.' They then said, 'At least, give up a few articles to us.' I answered, 'In God's name, I do not desire to defend those articles which do not relate to Scripture.' Hereupon, two bishops hastened to tell the emperor that I retracted. On which, the bishop *** sent to ask me if I had consented to refer the matter to the emperor and the empire? I replied that I had never, and would never, consent to it. So, I held out alone against all. My doctor and the rest were ill-pleased at my tenacity. Some told me that if I would defer the whole to them, they would in their turn forego and cede the articles which had been condemned by the council of Constance. To all this I replied, 'Here is my body and my life.'

"Cochlæus then came, and said to me, 'Martin, if you will forego your safe-conduct, I will dispute with you.' This, in my simplicity, I would have consented to, had not Doctor Jerome Schurff interposed, laughing ironically, with, 'Ay, forsooth, that's what is wanted. 'Tis not an unfair offer; who would be such a fool?' . . . So I remained under the safe-conduct. Some worthy individuals, besides, had interposed with, 'How? You would bear him off prisoner? That can't be.' Whilst this was going on, there came a doctor from the margrave of Baden, who endeavoured to move me by high-sounding words. 'I ought,' he said, 'to do and sacrifice much for the love of charity and maintenance of peace and union, and to avoid disturbance. Obedience was due to the imperial majesty as to the highest authority, and all occasion of scandal in the world ought to be sedulously avoided; consequently, I ought to retract. 'I heartily desire,' was my answer, 'in the name of charity, to obey and do everything in what is not against faith and the honour of Christ.' Then the chancellor of Trèves said to me, 'Martin, you are disobedient to the imperial majesty, wherefore you have leave to depart under the safe-conduct you possess.' I answered, 'It has been done as it has pleased the Lord. And you, in your turn, consider where you are left.' Thus, I took my departure in my simplicity, without remarking or understanding all their subtleties. Then they put into execution the cruel edict of the law, which gave every one an opportunity of taking

* There were present at the diet, besides the emperor, six electors, one archduke, two landgraves, five margraves, twenty-seven dukes, and numbers of counts, archbishops, bishops, &c.; in all, two hundred and six persons.

vengeance on his enemy, under pretence of his being addicted to the Lutheran heresy; and yet the tyrants have at last been obliged to revoke all those acts of theirs. And it befel me on this wise at Worms, where, however, I had no other support than the Holy Ghost."

Some other curious details occur in a more extended account of the conference at Worms, written immediately after it, and, perhaps, by Luther, though he is spoken of in it in the third person:—

"The day after Luther's arrival at Worms, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the master of the ceremonies of the empire, and the herald who had accompanied him from Wittemberg, came for him to his hostelry called *The German Court*, and led him to the town-hall by secret passages, to escape the crowd which lined the streets. Notwithstanding this precaution, numbers hastened to the doors of the town-hall and tried to enter with Luther, but were hindered by the guards. Many climbed to the roofs in order to see doctor Martin. When he entered the hall, many nobles came up to him one after the other, with words of encouragement: 'Be bold,' they said to him, 'speak like a man, and have no fear of those who can kill bodies, but who are powerless against souls.' 'Monk,' said the famous captain George Frundsberg, laying his hand on his shoulder, 'look to it; you are about to hazard a more perilous march than we have ever done. But if you are in the right road, God will not forsake you.' Duke John of Weimar had supplied him with the money for his journey. Luther replied both in Latin and in German to the questions put to him. He reminded the assembly at first that there were many things in his works which had met with the approbation even of his adversaries, and urged that undoubtedly it could not be this part which he was called upon to revoke. Then he went on as follows: 'The second portion of my works comprises those in which I have attacked papacy and the papists, as having by false doctrine and evil life and examples afflicted Christianity both in the things of the body and those of the soul. Now, no one can deny, &c. . . . Yet the popes have themselves taught in their Decretals that such of the pope's constitutions as may be opposed to the Gospel or the Fathers, are to be considered false and of no authority. Were I then to revoke this portion, I should only fortify the papists in their tyranny and oppression, and open doors and windows to their horrible impieties. . . . It would be said that I had recanted my charges against them at the order of his imperial majesty and the empire. God! what a disgraceful cloak I should become for their perversity and tyranny! The third and last portion of my writings is of a polemical character. And herein I confess that I have often been more rough and violent than religion and my gown warrant. I do not give myself out for a saint. It is not my life and conduct that I am discussing before you, but the doctrine of Jesus Christ. Nevertheless, I do not think that it will suit me to retract this more than the rest; since here, too, I should only be approving of the tyranny and impiety which persecute God's people. I am only a man. I can defend my doctrine only after my divine Saviour's example, who, when smote by the servant of the high priest, said to him, 'If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil.' If then the Lord himself asked to be interrogated, and that by a sorry slave, how much more may I, who am but dust and ashes, and may well fall into error, ask to be allowed to justify myself with regard to my doctrine? . . . If Scripture testimony be against me, I will retract with all my heart, and will be the first to cast my books into the flames. . . . Beware lest the reign of our young and much to be praised emperor Charles (who is, with God, our present and great hope) should so have a fatal beginning, and an equally lamentable continuance and end. . . . Therefore, with all humility, I beseech your imperial majesty and your electoral and seignorial highnesses, not to allow yourselves to be indisposed towards my doctrine, save my adversaries produce just and convincing reasons.'

"After this speech, the emperor's orator started to his feet, and said that Luther had spoken beside the question, that what had been once decided by councils, could not be again handled as doubtful; and that, consequently, all he was asked was to say simply and solely whether he retracted or not. Luther then resumed as follows: 'Since your imperial majesty and your highnesses ask me for a short and plain answer, I will give you one without teeth or horns. Except I can be convinced by Holy Scripture, or by clear and indisputable reasons from other sources (for I cannot defer to the pope only, or to councils which have so often proved fallible), I neither can nor will revoke anything. As it has been found impossible to refute the evidences that I have quoted, my conscience is a prisoner to God's word; and no one can be compelled to act against his conscience. Here I stand; I cannot act otherwise. God be my aid, Amen!' The electors and states of the empire retired to consult on this answer of Luther's; and, after long deliberation, selected the judge of the bishops' court at Trèves to refute him. 'Martin,' he said, 'you have not answered with the modesty becoming your condition. Your reply does not touch the question propounded to you. . . . What is the good of again discussing points which the Church and the councils have condemned for so many centuries? . . . If those who oppose the decrees of councils were to force the Church to convince them of their errors through the medium of books, there would be an end to all fixity and certainty in Christendom; and this is the reason his majesty asks you to answer plainly yes or no, whether you will retract.' On this, Luther besought the emperor not to allow of his being forced to retract in opposition to his conscience, and without his being convinced that he had been in error; adding that his answer was not sophistical, that the councils had often come to contradictory decisions, and that he was ready to prove it. The official briefly answered that these contradictions could not be proved; but Luther persisted, and offered to adduce his proofs. By this time it being dusk, the assembly broke up. The Spaniards mocked the man of God, and loaded him with insults on his leaving the town-hall to return to his hostelry.

"On the following day the emperor summoned the electors and states to take into consideration the drawing up of the imperial ban against Luther and his adherents; in which, however, the safe-conduct was respected.

"In the last conference the archbishop of Trèves asked Luther what he would himself advise in order to bring the matter to a conclusion. Luther replied, 'The only advice to be given is that of Gamaliel in the Acts of the Apostles, "If this counsel, or this work, be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it."' Shortly after, the official of Trèves called on Luther at his hostelry with the imperial safe-conduct for his return. It allowed him twenty days to reach a place of safety; but enjoined him not to preach, or otherwise excite the people on his journey. He left on the next day, April 26, and was escorted by the herald on the emperor's verbal orders. When he reached Friedburg, Luther addressed a letter to the emperor, and another to the electors and states assembled at Worms. In the first, he expresses his regret at having been necessitated to disobey the emperor, adding, 'but God and God's word are above all men.' He likewise regrets his having been unable to obtain an examination of the evidences which he had drawn from Scripture, and states his readiness to present himself again before any other assembly that may be pointed out, and to submit himself to it in every thing without exception, provided God's word sustain no attaint." The letter to the electors and the states is to the same effect. To Spalatin he writes (May 14), "You cannot think how civilly the abbot of Hirsfeld received me. He sent his chancellor and his treasurer to meet us a long mile from his castle, and waited for us himself some short distance from it with a troop of cavaliers to escort us into the city. The senate received us at the gate. The abbot treated us sumptuously in his monastery, and would make me lie in his own bed. On the morning of the fifth day they forced me to preach. I pointed out to them, but without avail, that they would lose their *regales* should the imperialists treat my preaching as a breach of faith, they having enjoined me not to preach on the road; at the same time, I stated that I had never consented to tie up God's word, which was the truth. I also preached at Eisenach before a terrified clergyman and a notary, and witnesses who entered a protest against my proceedings, alleging fear of their tyrants as their excuse. So you may perhaps hear it said at Worms that I have broken my faith, but I have not. To tie up God's word is a condition beyond my power. Indeed, they thronged on foot from Eisenach to us, and we entered the city in the evening: all our companions had left in the morning with Jerome. For me, I crossed the forest to rejoin my flesh (his parents), and had just quitted them, intending to go to Walterhausen, when, a few moments after, I was made prisoner near the fort of Altenstein. Amsdorf, no doubt, was aware that I should be seized, but he does not know where I am kept. My brother, having seen the horsemen timeously, leapt from the carriage without leave-taking, and I have been told that he reached Walterhausen on foot that evening. As for me, they took off my robe, and made me dress myself as a knight, and I have allowed my hair and beard to grow. You would have some trouble to recognize me, for it is a long time since I have been able to recognize myself. But here I am now living in Christian liberty, freed from all the tyrant's laws."

Luther was conducted to the castle of Wartburg, but did not clearly know to whom he was to attribute the mild and honourable captivity in which he was detained. Having dismissed the herald who escorted him a few leagues from Worms, his enemies have inferred that he was apprised of what was about to happen. His correspondence proves the contrary. A cry of grief, however, was raised throughout Germany. He was supposed to have perished, and pope and emperor were accused. In reality, it was the elector of Saxony, Luther's protector, who, taking alarm at the sentence launched against him, and unable either to support or abandon him, had devised this means of saving him from his own daring, and of gaining time while he strengthened his party. Hiding Luther was a sure way of raising the exaltation of Germany and its fears for the champion of the faith, to the height.

BOOK THE SECOND.

A. D. 1521—1528.

CHAPTER I.

A.D. 1521—1524.

LUTHER'S RESIDENCE IN THE CASTLE OF WARTBURG.—HE RETURNS TO WITTEMBERG WITHOUT THE ELECTOR'S AUTHORITY.—HIS WRITINGS AGAINST THE KING OF ENGLAND, AND AGAINST PRINCES IN GENERAL.

WHILST all is indignation and rage at Worms, that the daring offender should have been allowed to escape, the time is gone by, and he soars invisibly over his enemies from the heights of the castle of Wartburg. Happy and safe in his dungeon, he can return to his flute, sing his German psalms, translate his Bible, and thunder at the devil and the pope quite at his ease. "The report gains ground," writes Luther, "that I have been made prisoner by friends sent from Franconia;" and, at another time, "I fancy it was supposed that Luther had been killed, or condemned to utter silence, in order that the public mind might relapse under that sophistical tyranny which I am so hated for having begun to undermine." However, Luther took care to let it be known that he was still alive. He writes to Spalatin, "I should not be sorry if this letter were lost by some adroit neglect on your

part, or on that of your friends, and should fall into our enemies' hands. Get the Gospel I send you copied out; my writing must not be recognized." "It had been my intention to dedicate to my host, from this my Patmos, a book on the Traditions of men, as he had asked me for information on the subject; but I was restrained through fear of thus disclosing the place of my captivity..... I have had great difficulty to get this letter forwarded to you, such is the fear of my present retreat's being found out." (June, 1521.) "The priests and monks who played off their pranks whilst I was at large, have become so alarmed since I have been a prisoner, that they begin to soften the preposterous tales they have propagated about me. They can no longer bear up against the pressure of the increasing crowd, and yet see no avenue by which to escape. See you not the arm of the Almighty of Jacob in all that he works, whilst we are silent and rest in patience and in prayer! Is not the saying of Moses herein verified, '*Vos tacebitis, et Dominus pugnabit pro vobis*' (The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace). One of those of Rome writes to a pewit[1] of Mentz, Luther is lost just as we could wish, but such is the excitement of the people, that I fear we shall hardly be able to escape with life, except we search for him with lighted candles, and bring him back." Luther dates his letters, *From the region of the clouds; From the region of the birds;* or else, *From amidst the birds singing sweetly on the branches, and lauding God day and night, with all their strength;* or again, *From the mountain; From the island of Patmos.* It is from this, his wilderness (*ex eremo meâ*) that he pours forth in his sad and eloquent letters the thoughts which crowd upon him in his solitude. "What art thou doing at this moment, my Philip?" he says to Melanchthon; "art thou not praying for me? For my part, seated in contemplation the live-long day, I figure to myself the image of the Church, whilst the words of the eighty-ninth Psalm are ever present to me, '*Nunquid vane constituisti omnes filios hominum?*' (Wherefore hast thou made all men in vain?) God! what a horrible spectre of God's wrath is this abominable reign of the antichrist of Rome! I hate the hardness of my heart which does not dissolve in torrents of tears, mourning over the sons of my murdered people. Not one is found to rise up, take his stand on God's side, or make himself a rampart unto the house of Israel, in this last day of wrath? Oh, papal reign, worthy of the lees of ages! God have mercy upon us!" (May 12th.)

"When I revolve these horrible times of wrath, my sole desire is to find in my eyes floods of tears to bewail the desolation of souls brought on by this kingdom of sin and of perdition. The monster sits at Rome, in the midst of the Church, and gives himself out for God. Prelates flatter, sophists offer him incense, and there is nothing which the hypocrites will not do for him. Meanwhile, hell makes merry, and opens its immense jowl: Satan revels in the perdition of souls. For me, I sit the day long, drinking and doing nothing. I read the Bible in Greek and in Hebrew. I shall write something in German on the liberty of auricular confession. I shall also continue the Psalter, and the Commentaries (*Postillas*), as soon as the materials I require are sent me from Wittemberg, among others, the *Magnificat*, which I have begun" (May 24th). This melancholy solitude was full of temptations and troubles for Luther. He writes to Melanchthon, "Your letter has displeased me on two grounds: firstly, because I see that you bear your cross with impatience, give too much way to the affections, and obey the tenderness of your nature; and, secondly, because you elevate me too high, and fall into the serious error of decking me out with various excellencies, as if I were absorbed in God's cause. This high opinion of yours confounds and racks me, when I see myself insensible, hardened, sunk in idleness; O grief! seldom in prayer, and not venting one groan over God's church. What do I say? my unsubdued flesh burns me with a devouring fire. In short, I who was to have been eaten up with the spirit, am devoured by the flesh, by luxury, indolence, idleness, somnolency. Is it that God has turned away from me, because you no longer pray for me? You must take my place; you, richer in God's gifts, and more acceptable in his sight. Here is a week slipped away since I have put pen to paper, since I have prayed or studied, either vexed by fleshly cares, or by other temptations. If things do not go on better, I will to Erfurth without any attempt at concealment, for I must consult physicians or surgeons." At this time he was ill, and undergoing great pain; but he describes his malady in too simple, rather gross terms, for us to translate them. His spiritual sufferings, however, were still more acute and were deeper seated (July 13th). "When I left Worms in 1521, was seized near Eisenach, and resided in my Patmos, the castle of Wartburg, I was in an apartment far from the world, and no one could approach me save two noble youths, who brought me my meals twice a day. They had bought me a bag of nuts, which I put in a chest. In the evening, when I had gone to bed in the adjoining room and had put out the light, I thought I heard the nuts rattling against each other and clicking against my bed. I did not trouble myself about the matter; but was awaked some time afterwards by a great noise on the staircase, as if a hundred barrels were being rolled from top to bottom. Yet, I knew that the staircase was so secured by chains and an iron door, that no one could ascend. I got up to see what it was, and called out, 'Is it you?'.... Well! so be it... And I recommended myself to the Lord Christ, of whom it is written, *Omnia subjecisti pedibus ejus* (Thou hast put all things under his feet), as it is said in the eighth psalm, and returned to my bed.—Then, John von Berblibs' wife came to Eisenach, suspecting me to be in the castle and wishing to see me; but the thing was impossible. They put me in another part of the castle, and the lady in the room I had occupied; and so great was the uproar she heard in the night, that she thought there were a thousand devils there."

Luther found few books at Wartburg. He set ardently about the study of Greek and Hebrew; and busied himself with replying to Latomus's book, which he describes as "so prolix, and so ill-written." He translated into German Melanchthon's Apology, in reply to the Paris doctors, and

[1] This name, applied to one of the dignitaries of the Church, reminds one of Rabelais' marvellous birds, the *papegots, evegots* (pope-jays, bishop-jays), &c.

added a commentary to it. He displayed, indeed, extraordinary activity, and, from his mountain height, inundated Germany with his writings:—"I have published a small work in reply to that of Catharinus, on Antichrist, a treatise in German on Confession, an explanation of the lxvii. Psalm in German, an explanation of the song of the blessed Virgin Mary, in German, an explanation of the xxxvii. Psalm in German, and a letter of comfort to the church of Wittemberg. I have in the press a commentary in German, on the epistles and gospels for the year; I have also finished a public reprimand to the cardinal of Mentz, for the idol of indulgences which he has just set up in Halle, and an explanation of the miracle of the ten lepers—all in German. I was born for my Germans, and will serve them. I had begun from the pulpit at Wittemberg, a popular exposition of both Testaments, and had reached the xxxii. chapter of Genesis in the Old, and the coming of St. John the Baptist in the New; there I was stopped" (November 1st). "I am all of a tremble, and troubled in conscience because, yielding at Worms to your advice and that of your friends, I allowed the spirit to wax weak within me, instead of showing an Elias to those idols. Let me but once again find myself in their presence, and they shall hear a far different tale" (September 9th). The allusion to the archbishop of Mentz, in the letter just quoted, deserves explanation. It is curious to note the energy exhibited by Luther in this transaction, and how he treats the powers, the cardinal archbishop, and the elector himself, as their master. Spalatin had written to beg him to suppress his *public reprimand* to the archbishop. Luther replies, "I think I never received a letter so distasteful to me as your last. Not only have I deferred answering it, but I had even made up my mind not to answer it. In the first place, I will not endure your telling me, *that the prince will not allow of any writing against the people of Mentz, and of the public peace being disturbed.* I would annihilate (*perdam*) you all sooner, you, the archbishop, and every living being. You say, rightly enough, that the public *peace* ought not to be disturbed; and you will allow God's eternal peace to be disturbed by such impious and sacrilegious works of perdition? Not so, Spalatin, not so, prince; for Christ's sheep's sake will I resist with all my strength this devouring wolf, as I have resisted others. I send you a book against him; it was all ready when I received your letter, which has not induced me to change a word in it. I must submit it, however, to Philip (Melanchthon) who is to make such alterations as he may think proper. Beware of not forwarding it to Philip, or of seeking to dissuade him; the thing is settled, you will not be listened to" (November 11th).

Some days afterwards, he writes to the bishop himself—"This first and faithful exhortation, which I addressed to your electoral grace, having brought upon me your jeers and ingratitude, I addressed you a second time, offering to receive your instruction and advice. What was your grace's answer? —churlish and rude, unworthy of a bishop and of a Christian. Now, though my two letters have been thrown away, I will not be disheartened, but, in obedience to the gospel, will address your grace a third warning. You have just set up again at Halle the idol which beguiles good and simple Christians of their money and their souls, and you have thus publicly avowed that all which Tetzel did was done in concert with the archbishop of Mentz. . . . . . This same God still lives, doubt it not, and can still withstand a cardinal of Mentz, though the latter had four emperors on his side. It is His pleasure to break the cedars, and to lower haughty and hardened Pharaohs. I beseech your grace not to tempt this God. Did you think that Luther was dead? Believe it not. He is protected by that God, who has already humbled the pope, and is ready to begin such a game with the archbishop of Mentz, few have any idea of. . . . . . Given from my wilderness, the Sunday after St. Catherine's day (November 25, 1521). Your well-wisher and servant, MARTIN LUTHER."

To this, the cardinal replied humbly, and with his own hand:—"Dear Doctor, I have received your letter, dated the Sunday after St. Catherine's day, and have read it with all good-will and friendship. Still, its contents surprise me, as the matter which led you to write has been remedied long ago. Henceforward I will conduct myself, with God's aid, as it becomes a pious Christian, and ecclesiastical prince. I acknowledge that I stand in need of God's grace, and that I am a poor mortal, a sinner, and fallible, sinning and deceiving himself daily. I know that without God's grace there is no good in me, and that of myself I am but a worthless dunghill. Such is my answer to your friendly exhortation, for I entertain every desire to do you all manner of grace and good. I cheerfully bear with a fraternal and Christian reprimand, and I hope that the God of mercy will endow me with his grace and strength, so that I may live according to his will in this and all other things. Given at Halle, St. Thomas's day (December 21st, 1521). *Albertus, manu propriâ.*"

The archbishop's chaplain and adviser, Fabricius Capito, in an answer to Luther's letter, had found fault with his asperity, and had said that the great ought to be tenderly treated, excuses made for them, and, at times, their faults even winked at. . . Luther replies:—"You require gentleness and circumspection; I understand you. But is there any thing in common between the Christian and the hypocrite? The Christian faith is a public and sincere faith; it sees and proclaims things as they really are. . . . My own opinion is, that every thing should be unmasked, that there should be no tenderness, no excuses, no shutting one's eyes to any thing, so that the truth may remain pure, visible, and open to the inspection of all. . . . Jeremiah (ch. xl.) has these words: '*Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully.*' It is one thing, my dear Fabricius, to laud and to extenuate vice; another, to cure it by goodness and mildness. Above all, it behoveth to proclaim aloud what is just and unjust, and then, when the hearer is deeply impressed by our teaching, to welcome him and cheer him, despite the backslidings into which he may still lapse. '*Him that is weak in the faith receive ye,*' says St. Paul. . . . I hope that I cannot be reproached with ever having failed in charity or patience towards the weak. . . . If your cardinal had written his letter in the sincerity of his heart, O, my God, with what joy, what humility, would I not fall at his feet! How unworthy should I not esteem myself to kiss the dust beneath them! For am I aught else than dust and ordure? Let him

receive God's word, and I will be unto him as a faithful and lowly servant. . . . As regards those who persecute and condemn that word, the highest charity consists precisely in withstanding in every way their sacrilegious furies. . . . Think you to find Luther a man who will consent to shut his eyes, if he be only cajoled a little? . . . Dear Fabricius, I ought to give you a harsher answer than the present. . . . . My *love* inclines me to die for you, but whoso touches my *faith* touches the apple of my eye. Laugh at or prize *love* as you like, but *faith*,—the word—you should adore and look upon as the holy of holies: this is what we require of you. Expect all from our love; but fear, dread our faith. . . . I forbear replying to the cardinal himself, since I am at a loss how to write to him without approving or blaming his sincerity or his hypocrisy: he must hear what Luther thinks through you. . . . From my wilderness, St. Antony's day" (January 17th, 1522).

The preface which he prefixed to his explanation of the miracle of the lepers, and which he addressed to several of his friends, may be quoted here:—"Poor brother that I am! Here have I again lighted a great fire; have again *bitten* a good hole in the pocket of the papists; have attacked confession! What is now to be done with me? Where will they find sulphur, bitumen, iron, and wood enough to reduce this pestilent heretic to ashes. It will be necessary at the least to take the windows out of the churches, in order that the holy priests may find room for their preachings on the Gospel; *id est*, for their reproaches and furious vociferations against Luther. What else will they preach to the poor people? Each must preach what he can and what he knows. . . 'Kill, kill, they call out, kill this heresiarch, who seeks to overthrow the whole ecclesiastical polity, who seeks to fire all Christendom.' I hope that I may be found worthy of their proceeding to this extreme, and that they will heap upon me the measure of their fathers. But it is not yet time; my hour is not yet come; I must first exasperate still more this race of vipers, so as to deserve to find death at their hands.". . . . Being hindered from plunging into the mellay, he exhorts Melanchthon from the depths of his retirement: "Though I should perish it would be no loss to the Gospel, for you are now going beyond me; you are the Elisha who succeeds Elijah, and is invested with double grace. Be not cast down, but sing at night the hymn to the Lord which I have given to you, and I will sing it likewise, having no other thought than for the word. Let him who is in the dark, be in the dark; let him who is perishing, perish; provided they cannot complain that we have failed in our duty" (May 26th, 1521). He was next pressed to solve a question which he had himself raised, and which could not be decided by theological controversies—that relating to conventual vows. The monks, from every quarter, desired the word that was to release them from their solitary cells, and Melanchthon shrunk from taking the responsibility upon himself; even Luther approaches the subject with hesitation:—"You have not yet convinced me that the priestly and monastic vow are to be regarded in the same light. I cannot but feel that the sacerdotal order, instituted by God, is free, but not the monastic; whose votaries have chosen their state and voluntarily offered themselves to God. I do not hesitate to say that such as have not attained, or who have just arrived at marriageable age, and who have entered these cut-throat dens, need have no scruple in leaving them; but I dare not say the same for those who are advanced in years, or who have long embraced the state. However, as Paul, speaking of priests, gives a very comprehensive decision, saying that it is the devil who has interdicted them marriage, and as the voice of Paul is the voice of the Majesty of Heaven, I nothing doubt that we ought openly to abide by the same; and so, although when they took the vow they bound themselves by this prohibition of the devil's, yet, now that they know to what they have bound themselves, they may confidently unbind themselves (August 1st). For my own part, I have often dissolved, without any scruple, vows contracted before the age of twenty, and would still dissolve such, because every one must see that they have been contracted without deliberation or knowledge. But those whose vows I so dissolved had not yet changed their state or habit; as to such as have already discharged in their monasteries the functions of the sacrifice, I have as yet dared nothing. The vain beliefs of men still overshadow and perplex me" (August 6th, 1521). Sometimes, he feels more confident and speaks out plainly:—"As to monastic and priestly vows, Philip and I have conspired in right earnest to annihilate them. . . . Every day brings me such fresh proofs of the monstrosities arising from the accursed celibacy of the young of both sexes, that no words are more odious to my ears than the names of nun, monk, priest; and marriage seems to me a paradise even in the depths of poverty" (November 1st).

In his preface to his work, *De Votis Monasticis*, written in the form of a letter to his father (November 21st, 1521), Luther says: . . . . "I did not turn monk voluntarily. Terrified by a sudden apparition, surrounded by death, and conceiving myself summoned by Heaven, I made an inconsiderate and forced vow. When I told you this, you answered, 'God send it be not a vision of the devil's raising!' These words, as if God had spoken by your lips, sank deeply into me; but I shut my heart, as much as I could, against you and your words. In like manner, when I subsequently objected your anger to you, you returned me an answer which struck me as no other speech has struck me, and which has remained graven on my heart. You said to me, 'Have you not also heard that you should obey your parents?' But I was obdurate in my devotional intent, and hearkened to what you said as being only of man. Still, at the bottom of my soul I could never despise these words." . . . "I remember that when I had taken my vows, my father by the flesh, who was at first highly irritated, exclaimed when he was appeased, 'Heaven grant it be not a trick of Satan's!' a saying which has struck such deep root in my heart, that I never heard any thing from his mouth which I remember more tenaciously. Methinks God spoke by his lips." (September 9th.) He advises Wenceslaus Link to allow the monks to quit their convents as they liked:—"I am certain that you will neither do nor suffer any thing to be done contrary to the Gospel, though the annihilation of all monasteries were to follow. I do not like the tumultuous rush out that I have heard of. . . . Yet I do not think

it good and convenient to call them back, although they have not acted well and suitably. You must, after the example of Cyrus, in Herodotus, allow those to leave who wish; but neither forcibly expel nor retain any one. . . . . " He displayed similar tolerance when the inhabitants of Erfurth proceeded to acts of violence against the Catholic priests. At Wittemberg, Carlstadt soon fulfilled and even exceeded Luther's instructions. "Good God!" exclaims the latter, in a letter to Spalatin, "will our Wittemberg folk make even the monks marry! For my part, they will not get me to take a wife. Be on your guard against marrying, that you may not fall into the tribulation of the flesh." (August 6th.)

This hesitation and those precautions are clear proofs that Luther rather followed than led the movement, which was hurrying all minds out of the ancient ways. "Origen," he writes to Spalatin, "had a separate lecture for the women; why should not Melanchthon try something of the kind? He can and ought, for the people are athirst and a-hungered. I am exceedingly anxious also that Melanchthon should preach somewhere, publicly, in the town, on holydays, after dinner, to supplant gaming and drinking. One would thus learn to restore liberty, and to fashion it on the model of the ancient Church. For if we have broken with all human laws and shaken off the yoke, shall we stop at Melanchthon's not being shorn and anointed, at his being married? He is veritable priest, and discharges the priest's office; except that office be not the teaching of the word. Otherwise, no more will Christ be priest, since he sometimes teaches in the synagogues, sometimes on board ship, sometimes on the sea-shore, sometimes on the mountain: he has filled every part, in every place, at every hour, without ceasing to be himself. Melanchthon, too, should read the gospel to the people in German, as he has begun to read it in Latin, in order that he may thus gradually qualify himself for a German bishop, as he has become a Latin bishop." (September 9th.) Meanwhile, the emperor being taken up with the wars with the French king, the elector gained confidence, and allowed Luther a little more liberty:—"I have gone hunting these two days, in order to see what this γλυκύπικρον (sweet-bitter) sport of heroes is like. We caught two hares, and some poor wretched partridges: a fitting occupation for idle men. I theologized, however, in the midst of the nets and dogs: as much pleasure as the sight gave me, just as much was it for me a mystery of pity and of pain. What does the amusement image forth except the devil with his impious doctors as dogs; that is to say, the bishops and theologians who hunt these innocent little beasts. I was deeply sensible of the sad mystery shadowed forth in these simple and faithful animals. Take another more atrocious picture. We had saved a leveret alive. I had covered it up in the sleeve of my gown; but leaving it for a moment, the dogs found the poor thing, and broke its right leg and strangled it through the gown. It is thus that the pope and Satan rage to ruin even the souls that are saved. In short, I am sick of this sport. Methinks I should prefer piercing with darts and arrows bears, wolves, wild-boars, foxes, and the whole tribe of wicked doctors. . . . . I write thus lightly to teach you courtiers, devourers of beasts, that you will be beasts in your turn in Paradise, where Christ, the great hunter, will know how to take and encage you. 'Tis you who are the sport while you are enjoying the sport of hunting." (August the 15th.) All things considered, Luther was not dissatisfied with his residence at Wartburg, where, in his liberal treatment, he recognized the elector's hand. "The owner of this place treats me much better than I deserve." (June 10th.) "I do not want to be a burthen to any one. But I am convinced that I live here at the expense of our prince, otherwise I would not stay an hour longer. You know that if any one's money should be spent, it is that of princes." (August 15th.)

At the close of November, 1521, his desire to see and exhort his disciples led him to make a short excursion to Wittemberg; but he took care that the elector should know nothing of it. "I conceal," he writes to Spalatin, "both my journey and my return from him. For what reason? You know it well enough."

This reason was, the alarming character assumed by the Reformation in the hands of Carlstadt, of theological demagogues, of breakers of images, Anabaptists, and others, who began to start up. "I have seen the prince of those prophets, Claus-Stork, stalking about with the air and in the attire of those soldiers whom we call *lanzknecht;* there was another, too, in a long gown, and Doctor Gerard, of Cologne. Stork seems to me carried away by a fickleness of mind, which will not allow him to depend on his own opinions. But Satan makes himself sport with these men." (September 4th, 1522.) Still, Luther did not attach any great importance to this movement: "I quit not my retreat," he writes, "I budge not for these prophets, for they little move me." (January 17th, 1522.) He charged Melanchthon to try them; and it was on this occasion that he addressed to him the following fine letter: —(January 13th, 1522): "If you wish to put their inspiration to the proof, ask them whether they have experienced those spiritual agonies and those divine births, those deaths and those hells. . . . . If you hear only of sweet, and peaceful, and devout things (as they say), albeit they should profess to be caught up to the third heaven, sanction nothing of the kind. The sign of the Son of Man is wanting— the βάσανος (touchstone), the sole proof of Christians, the rule which distinguishes minds. Do you wish to know the place, the manner, and the time of divine colloquies? Listen: '*As a lion, so will he break all my bones,*' &c. '*Why castest thou off my soul?, why hidest thou thy face from me?*' &c. '*The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me.*' The Majesty of Heaven does not speak, as they pretend, immediately, and in sight of man: nay, '*No man shall see me and live.*' Therefore, He speaketh by the mouth of men; because we cannot all receive His word. The Virgin even was troubled at the sight of an angel. Hearken, also, to the cry of Daniel and of Jeremiah: '*Correct me, but with judgment, not in thine anger.*'" On January 17th he writes: 'Take care that our prince does not stain his hands with the blood of these new prophets. You must fight with the word alone, conquer with the word alone, destroy with the word what they have raised by force and violence. . . . . I condemn solely by the word: let him who believeth believe and follow; let the unbeliever continue in his unbelief and go his way. No one must be forced

unto the faith or the things of the faith, but be prevailed upon by the word. I condemn images, but by the word; not that they may be burnt, but that no trust may be put in them."

But things were taking place in Wittemberg which would not suffer Luther to remain longer in his dungeon. He set off without asking the elector's leave. A curious account of his journey is given by one of the historians of the Reformation:—

"John Kessler, a young theologian of Saint-Gall, on his way with a friend to Wittemberg to finish his studies there, fell in one evening in an inn near the gates of Jena with Luther, who wore a riding dress. They did not know him. The horseman had a little book before him, which, as they saw afterwards, was the Psalter in Hebrew. He saluted them politely, and invited them to seat themselves at his table. In the course of conversation, he inquired what was thought of Luther in Switzerland? Kessler replied, that some did not know how to laud him enough, and thanked God for having sent him on earth to exalt the truth; whilst others, and especially the priests, denounced him as a heretic who was not to be spared. From something which the innkeeper said to the young travellers, they took him to be Ulrich von Hutten. Two traders came in. One of them drew from his pocket, and put on the table by him, a newly-printed work of Luther's, in sheets, and asked if they had seen it. Luther said a few words about the indifference towards serious matters manifested by the princes at that time assembled at the diet of Nuremberg. He also expressed his hopes 'that the Gospel truth would bear more fruit in succeeding generations, which should not have been poisoned by the Papal error.' One of the traders said, 'I am unskilled in these questions; but, to my mind, Luther must either be an angel from heaven or a devil from hell; at all events, I will spend the last ten florins that I have saved up in going to confess to him.' This conversation took place during supper. Luther had settled beforehand with the hosteller to pay the reckoning of the whole company. When the party broke up, Luther shook hands with the two Swiss (the traders had been called away by their business), and begged them to bear his remembrances to Doctor Jerome Schurff, their countryman, as soon as they reached Wittemberg. And when they enquired whose remembrances it was they were to bear, he replied: 'Simply tell him that he who is to come salutes him; he will be sure to understand from whom the message comes.' When the traders returned, and learnt that it was Luther with whom they had been talking, they were in despair that they had not known it sooner, that they had not shown him more respect, and had spoken so sillily before him. The following morning they were up betimes, on purpose to see him before he left, and to tender him their most humble excuses. Luther only owned to its being himself by implication."

On his road to Wittemberg he wrote to the elector, who had forbade him to leave Wartburg: ". . . . I do not hold the Gospel of men, but of Heaven, of our Lord Jesus Christ; and I might well have called myself his servant, and assumed the name of evangelist, as I intend doing henceforward. If I have sought to be examined, it is not that I doubted the goodness of my cause, but through deference and humility alone. Now, seeing that this excess of humility only depreciates the Gospel, and that the devil, if I yield an inch of ground, seeks to take possession of the whole, my conscience compels me to act differently. It is enough that, to pleasure your electoral grace, I have spent a year in retirement. Well does the devil know that this was through no fears of mine. He saw my heart when I entered Worms. Had that town been filled with devils I would joyfully have flung myself into it. Now, duke George cannot even pass for a devil; and I leave it to your electoral grace whether it would not be offensive to the Father of all mercy, who bids us put our trust in Him, to fear the anger of this duke? Did God summon me to Leipsic, his capital, as He summons me to Wittemberg, I would thither (forgive the silly expression) though it should rain Duke Georges nine days on end, and each nine times more furious than he. . . . He takes Jesus Christ, then, for a man of straw. The Lord may bear with this for a time, but not always. No more will I conceal from your electoral grace that I have more than once besought God with tears to be pleased to enlighten the duke; and I will do so once more with all zeal, but it shall be for the last time. I also beg your grace's own prayers, and that you would order prayers to be put up, to the end that we may turn away from him, if God so please, that fearful judgment which, alas! threatens him each day more nearly. I write this to apprize you that I am on my way to Wittemberg, under higher protection than that of the elector; so that I have no intention of asking your grace's support. Nay, I even believe that I shall be a better protection to the elector than the elector to me; and did I think that I had to trust to him I should stay my steps. The sword is powerless here. God must act, without man's interference. He, in whom faith most abounds, will be the most efficacious protector; and, as I feel your grace's faith to be still weak, I can by no means recognize in you him who is to protect and save me. Your electoral grace asks me what you are to do under these circumstances, thinking you have done little hitherto? I answer, with all submission, that your grace has done only too much, and that you should do nothing. God desireth not all this uneasiness and turmoil about His cause; but that we should trust in Him alone. If your grace entertain this faith you will reap peace and security; if not, I at least will rest in faith, and shall be obliged to leave to your grace the torment with which God punishes unbelievers. Since, then, I decline complying with your grace's exhortations, you will be justified before God if I am taken or am put to death. And, before men, it is my wish your grace should act as follows:—That you be obedient to authority like a good elector, allow the emperor to rule in his states conformably with the laws of the empire, and forbear from resisting any power which shall attack my liberty or my life; for no one ought to disarm authority or resist it, save Him who has instituted it; else 'tis revolt, and against God. I only hope that they will have sense enough to discern that your electoral grace is too high in place to turn my gaoler; so that, if you leave the doors open and insist on the recognition of the safe-conduct, should they come to seize me, you will have satisfied the calls of obedience. On the contrary, if they are unreasonable enough to order your grace yourself to lay hands on me, I will so manage that you shall suffer on my account no prejudice in body, goods,

or soul. I will explain myself, if necessary, more at length another time. I forward this, for fear of your grace's being distressed at hearing of my arrival; for, as a Christian, I ought to comfort every one and harm none. If your grace had faith, you would behold the wondrous doings of God; but if you yet have it not, you have yet seen nothing. Let us love and glorify God for ever. Amen. Written at Borna, with my guide by me, Ash Wednesday, (March 5th,) 1522. Your electoral grace's most humble servant, MARTIN LUTHER."

(March 7th.) The elector had requested Luther to explain to him his reasons for returning to Wittemberg, in a letter which might be shown to the emperor. Luther, in his letter, gives three reasons:—The urgent entreaties of the Church of Wittemberg; the confusion that had arisen in his flock; and, thirdly, the desire to hinder, as far as in him lies, the outbreaks which he considers to be imminent.

". . . My second reason for returning," he writes, "is, that during my absence Satan has entered my sheepfold, and has committed ravages which I can only repair by my own presence and lively word; writing would have been useless. My conscience would not allow me to delay longer; I was bound to disregard not only your highness's favour or disfavour, but the whole world's wrath. It was my flock, the flock entrusted to me by God, my children in Christ Jesus; I could not hesitate a moment. I am bound to suffer death for them, and would cheerfully lay down my life, with God's grace, even as it is asked by Jesus Christ (St. John x. 11). Could my pen have remedied the mischief, wherefore should I have come? Why not, if my presence were unnecessary, have made up my mind to quit Wittemberg for ever?" . . In the same month, soon after his return to Wittemberg, Luther writes to his friend Hartmuth von Kronberg. ". . . Satan, *who is ever busy amongst the children of God*, as Job says (i. 6, 7), has just done us all, and me in particular, a grievous mischief. Not all my enemies, however near they have often been to me, have ever struck me such a blow as I have sustained at the hands of my friends. I am forced to own that the smoke from this fire offends alike my eyes and heart. ''Tis by attacking him on this side,' Satan has said to himself, 'that I can prostrate Luther's courage, and overcome his stubborn mind. This time he will not escape me.' . . . Perhaps God designs to punish me by this stroke for having repressed the spirit within me at Worms, and spoken too gently to the tyrants. The pagans, it is true, have since then accused me of having shown pride. They know not what faith is. I yielded to the entreaties of my good friends, who would not have me appear too unpolished; but I have often repented of this deference and humility. . . I myself no longer know Luther, and wish not to know him. What I preach comes not from him, but from Jesus Christ. Let the devil fly away with Luther if he can, I care not, so long as he leaves Jesus Christ reigning in all hearts."

About the middle of this year, Luther broke out with the greatest violence against princes. A great number of princes and bishops (amongst the rest, duke George), had just prohibited the translation which he was then publishing of the Bible; and the price was returned to such as had purchased it. Luther boldly took up the gauntlet so thrown down:—"We have reaped the first fruits of victory, and have triumphed over the papal tyranny, which had weighed down kings and princes; how much easier will it not be to bring the princes themselves to their senses! . . . I greatly fear troubles arising, if they continue to hearken to that silly-pated duke George, which will bring ruin on princes and magistrates, over all Germany; and, at the same time, involve the clergy in a similar fate. Such is my view of the aspect of affairs. The people are agitated in all directions, and on the look-out. They will, they can no longer suffer themselves to be oppressed. This is the Lord's doing. He shuts the eyes of the princes to these menacing symptoms, and will bring the whole to a consummation, by their blindness and their violence. Methinks I see Germany swimming in blood! I tell them that the sword of civil war is hanging suspended over their heads. They are doing their utmost to ruin Luther, and Luther does his utmost to save them. Destruction is yawning, not for Luther, but for them; and they draw nigh of themselves, instead of shrinking back. I believe the Spirit now speaks in me; and that if the decree of wrath goes forth in heaven, and neither prayer nor wisdom can avail, we shall obtain that our Josiah sleep in peace, and the world be left to itself in its Babylon.—Although hourly exposed to death, in the midst of my enemies, and without any human aid, I have yet never so despised anything in my life as these stupid threats of prince George's and his fellows. The Spirit, doubt it not, will master duke George and his comrades in folly. I have written all this to you fasting, and at a very early hour, with my heart filled with pious confidence. My Christ lives and reigns; and I shall live and reign" (March 19th).

About the same time, Henry VIII. published the work which he had got his chaplain Edward Lee to write, and in which he announced himself the champion of the church.

"This work betrays royal ignorance, but a virulence and mendacity as well, which are wholly Lee's" (July 22nd). Luther's reply came out the following year, and exceeded in violence even all that might have been expected from his writings against the pope. Never had any private man, before him, addressed a monarch in such contemptuous and audacious terms:—

"To the words of fathers, men, angels, devils, I oppose, not ancient usage, or a multitude of men, but the word alone of the Eternal Majesty—the Gospel which they themselves are forced to recognize. On this, I take my stand; this is my glory, my triumph; and from this, I mock popes, Thomists, Henricists, sophists, and all the gates of hell. I care little about the words of men, whatever their sanctity, and as little for tradition and deceitful usage. God's word is above all. If I have the Divine Majesty with me, what signifies all the rest, even if a thousand Austin friars, a thousand Cyprians, a thousand of Henry's churches, were to rise up against me? God cannot err, or be deceived; Augustin and Cyprian, as well as all the elect, can err, and have erred. The mass conquered, we have, I opine, conquered the popedom. The mass was as it were the rock on which the popedom, with its monasteries, episcopacies, colleges, altars, ministers, and doctrines, on which, in fine, its whole

paunch was founded. All this will topple down along with the abomination of their sacrilegious mass. In Christ's cause I have trodden under foot the idol of the Roman abomination, which had seated itself in God's place, and had become mistress of kings, and of the world. Who then is this Henry, this new Thomist, this disciple of the monster, that I should respect his blasphemies and his violence? He is the defender of the Church; yes, of his own church, which he exalts so high, of the whore who lives in purple, drunken with debauch, of that mother of fornications. My leader is Christ; and with one and the same blow, I will dash in pieces this Church, and its defenders, who are but one. My doctrines, I feel convinced, are of heaven. I have triumphed with them over him who has more strength and craft in his little finger than all popes, kings, and doctors, put together. My doctrines will remain, and the pope will fall, notwithstanding all the gates of hell, and all the powers of the air, the earth, and the sea. They have defied me to war; well, they shall have war. They have despised the peace I offered them; peace shall no more be theirs. God will see which of the two will first have enough of it, the pope or Luther. Thrice have I appeared before them. I entered Worms, well aware that Cæsar was to violate the public faith in my person. Luther, the fugitive, the trembling, came to cast himself within the teeth of Behemoth. . . . But they, these terrible giants, has one single one of them presented himself for these three years at Wittemberg? And yet they might have come in all safety, under the Emperor's guarantee. The cowards! Do they dare yet to hope for triumph? They thought that my flight would enable them to retrieve their shameful ignominy. It is now known by all the world; it is known that they have not had the courage to face Luther alone" (A. D. 1523).

He was still more violent in the treatise which he published in German on the Secular Power: "Princes are of the world, and the world is alien from God; so that they live according to the world, and against God's law. Be not surprised then by their furious raging against the Gospel, for they cannot but follow the laws of their own nature. You must know, that from the beginning of the world, a wise prince has been rare; still more, an honest and upright prince. They are generally great fools, or wicked castaways (*maxime fatui, pessimi nebulones super terram*). And so the worst is always to be expected from them, and scarcely ever good; especially when the salvation of souls is concerned. They serve God as lictors and executioners, when he desires to chastise the wicked. Our God is a powerful King, and must have noble, illustrious, rich executioners and lictors, such as they, and wills them to have riches and honours in abundance, and to be feared of all. It is his divine pleasure that we style his executioners merciful lords, that we prostrate ourselves at their feet, that we be their most humble subjects. But these very executioners do not push the trick so far, as to desire to become good pastors. If a prince be wise, upright, a Christian, it is a great miracle, a precious sign of divine favour; for, commonly, it happens as with the Jews, to whom God said, 'I will give thee a king in my anger, and take him away in my wrath' (*Dabo tibi regem in furore meo, et auferam in indignatione meâ*). And look at our Christian princes who protect the faith, and devour the Turk. . . . Good people, trust not to them. In their great wisdom, they are about to do something; they are about to break their necks, and precipitate nations into disasters and misery. . . . Now I will make the blind to see, in order that they may understand those four words in Psalm cvii. *Effundit contemptum super principes* (He poureth contempt on princes). I swear to you by God himself, that if you wait for men to come and shout in your ears these four words, you are lost, even though each of you were as powerful as the Turk; and then it will avail you nothing to swell yourselves out and grind your teeth. . . Already there are very few princes who are not treated as fools and knaves; for the plain reason that they show themselves such, and the people begin to use their understanding. . . . . Good masters and lords, govern with moderation and justice, for your people will not long endure your tyranny; they neither can, nor will. This world is no more the world of former days, in which you went hunting down men like wild beasts." Luther remarks with regard to two severe rescripts of the emperor's against him: "I exhort every good Christian to pray with me for these blind princes, whom God has no doubt sent us in his wrath, and not to follow them against the Turks. The Turk is ten times more able and more religious than our princes. How can these wretches, who tempt and blaspheme God so horribly, succeed against him? Does not that poor and wretched creature, who is not for one moment sure of his life, does not our emperor impudently boast that he is the true and sovereign defender of the Christian faith? Holy Scripture says that the Christian faith is a rock, against which the devil, and death, and every power shall be broken; that it is a divine power, and that this divine power can be protected from death by a child, whom the slightest touch would throw down. O God! how mad is this world! Here is the king of England, who, in his turn, styles himself, *Defender of the Faith!* Even the Hungarians boast of being the protectors of God, and sing in their litanies, '*Ut nos defensores tuos exaudire digneris*' (Vouchsafe to hear us, thy defenders). . . Why are not there princes to protect Jesus Christ as well, and others to defend the Holy Ghost? On this fashion, the Holy Trinity and the faith would, I conclude, at last be fitly guarded!" . . . (A.D. 1523.)

Daring like this alarmed the elector. Luther could hardly reassure him:—"I call to mind, my dear Spalatin, what I wrote from Born to the elector, and would to God that, warned by such evident signs from God's own hand, you would but have faith. Have I not escaped these two years from every attempt? Is not the elector not only safe, but has he not for this year past seen the rage of the princes abated? It is not hard for Christ to protect Christ in this cause of mine; which the elector espoused, induced by God alone. Could I devise any means of separating him from this cause, without casting shame on the Gospel, I should not grudge even my life. Nay, I had made sure that before a year was over, they would drag me to the stake; and in this was my hope of his deliverance. Since, however, we cannot comprehend or divine

God's designs, we shall ever be perfectly safe if we say—'*Thy will be done!*' And I have no doubt but that the prince will be secure from all attack, so long as he does not publicly espouse and approve our cause. Why is he forced to partake our disgrace? God only knows; although it is quite certain that this is not to his hurt or danger, but, on the contrary, to the great benefit of his salvation" (October 12th, 1523).

What constituted Luther's safety, was the apparent imminency of a general revolutionary movement. The lower classes grumbled. The petty nobility, more impatient, took the initiative. The rich ecclesiastical principalities lay exposed as a prey; and it seemed as if their pillage would be the signal for civil war. The catholics themselves protested by legal means, against the abuses which Luther had pointed out in the church. In March, 1523, the diet of Nuremberg suspended the execution of the imperial edict against Luther, and drew up against the clergy the *Centum Gravamina* (The Hundred Grievances). Already the most zealous of the princes of the Rhine, Franz von Sickingen, had begun the contest between the petty barons and princes, by attacking the Palatine. "Matters," exclaimed Luther, "are come to a grievous pass. Certain signs indicate approaching revolution; and I am convinced Germany is threatened either with a most cruel war or its last day" (January 16th, 1523).

CHAPTER II.

BEGINNINGS OF THE LUTHERAN CHURCH.—ATTEMPTS AT ORGANISATION, &c.

The most active and laborious period of Luther's life, was that succeeding his return to Wittemberg. He was constrained to go on with the Reformation, to advance each day on the road he had opened, to surmount new obstacles, and yet, from time to time, to stop in this work of destruction to reconstruct and rebuild as well as he might. His life loses the unity it presented at Worms, and in the castle of Wartburg. Hurried from his poetic solitude into a vortex of the meanest realities, and cast as a prey to the world, 'tis to him that all the enemies of Rome will apply. All flock to him, and besiege his door —princes, doctors, or burgesses. He has to reply to Bohemians, to Italians, to Swiss, to all Europe. Fugitives arrive from every quarter. Indisputably, the most embarrassing of these are the nuns who, having fled from their convents, and having been rejected by their families, apply for an asylum to Luther. This man, thirty-six years of age, finds himself obliged to receive these women and maidens, and be to them a father. A poor monk, his own situation a necessitous one (see, above, c. iv), he labours to get some small help for them from the parsimonious elector, who is allowing himself to die of hunger. To sink into these straits, after his triumph at Worms, was enough to calm the reformer's exaltation.

The answers he returns to the multitude that come to consult him, are impressed with a liberality of spirit which, afterwards, we shall see him occasionally lose sight of; when, raised to be the head of an established church, he shall himself experience the necessity of staying the movement which he had impressed on religious thought.

First comes the pastor of Zwickau, Hausmann, calling on Luther to determine the limits of evangelical liberty. He answers:—"We grant full liberty with regard to the communion in both kinds; but to such as approach becomingly and with fear. In all the rest, let us observe the usual ritual, let each follow his own lights, and each interrogate his own conscience, how to answer to the Gospel." The Moravian brethren come next, the Vaudois of Moravia, (March 26th, 1522). "The sacrament itself," writes Luther to them, "is not so indispensable as to render faith and charity superfluous. It is madness to be meddling with these poor matters, to the neglect of the precious concerns of salvation. Where faith and charity are, there can be no sin either in adoring or not adoring. On the contrary, where faith and charity are not, there cannot but be one enduring sin. If these wranglers will not say concomitance, let them say otherwise, and give over disputing, since they agree fundamentally. Faith, charity does not adore (it is the worship of saints that is alluded to), because it knows that adoration is not commanded, and that there is no sin in not adoring. So does it pass at liberty through the midst of these people, and reconciles them all, by leaving each to enjoy his own opinion. It forbids wrangling with and condemning one another, for it hates sects and schisms. I would resolve the question of the adoration of God in the saints, by saying, that it is altogether indifferent, and open to individual choice or rejection." He expressed himself in regard to this latter subject with singular haughtiness: "To my own marvel, my opinion of the worship of saints is so called for by the whole world, that I feel forced to publish it. I had rather the question were suffered to rest, for the one reason that it is unnecessary" (May 29th, 1522). "As to the exhibition of relics, I think they have already been exhibited over and over again, throughout the whole world. With respect to purgatory; it seems to me a very doubtful matter. It is probable that, with the exception of a small number, all the dead sleep in a state of insensibility. I do not suppose purgatory to be a determinate spot, as imagined by the sophists. To believe them, all those who are neither in heaven nor in hell, are in purgatory. Who dare affirm this? The souls of the dead may sleep between heaven, earth, hell, purgatory, and all things, as it happens with the living, in profound sleep. . . . I take this to be the pain which is called the foretaste of hell; and from which Christ, Moses, Abraham, David, Jacob, Job, Hezekiah, and many others, suffered such agony. And as this is like hell, and yet temporary, whether it take place in the body or out of the body, it is purgatory to me." (January 13th, 1522.)

In Luther's hands, confession loses the character it had assumed under the Church. It is no longer that formidable tribunal which shuts and opens heaven. With him, the priest simply places his wisdom and his experience at the penitent's service; and from the sacrament which it was, confession is transformed into a ministry of comfort and good advice. "It needeth not, in confession, to recapitulate all one's sins; each can tell what he likes; we shall stone no one for this; if they confess from the bottom of their heart that they are poor sinners, we are satisfied. If a murderer said on his trial that I had given him absolution, I should

say—I know not whether he is absolved, for it is not I who confess and absolve, it is Christ. A woman at Venice killed, and flung into the water, a young gallant who had slept with her. A monk gave her absolution, and then informed against her. The woman produced in her defence the monk's absolution. The senate decided that the monk should be burnt and the woman banished the city. It was a truly wise sentence. But if I gave a notification signed with my own hand to an alarmed conscience, and it were handed to the judge, I might lawfully insist on his giving it up to me, as I did with duke George; for he who holds another's letters, without a good title to them, is a thief." As to mass, from the year 1519, he treats its external celebration as a matter of perfect indifference; writing to Spalatin, "You ask me for a model form of ceremonial for mass. I implore you not to trouble yourself about minutiæ of the kind. Pray for those whom God shall inspire you to pray for, and keep your conscience free on this subject. It is not so important a matter as to require us to shackle still further by decrees and traditions the spirit of liberty: the prevailing traditions that overburthen the mass are enough, and more than enough." Towards the end of his life, in 1542, he again wrote to the same Spalatin (November 10th):—"With regard to the elevation of the host, do just as it pleases you. I wish no fetters forged on indifferent matters. This is the strain in which I write, have written, and ever shall write to all who worry me on this question." Nevertheless, he recognized the necessity of external worship:—"Albeit ceremonies are not necessary to salvation, nevertheless they make an impression on rude minds. I allude mainly to the ceremonies of the mass, which you may retain as we have here at Wittemberg." (January 11th, 1531.) "I condemn no ceremony, except such as are contrary to the Gospel. We have retained the baptistery and baptism; although we administer it in the vulgar tongue. I allow of images in the temple; mass is celebrated with the usual rites and habits, with the exception of some hymns in the vulgar tongue, and of pronouncing the words of consecration in German. In short, I should not have substituted the vulgar tongue for Latin in the celebration of mass, had I not been compelled to it." (March 14th, 1528.) "You are about to organise the church of Kœnigsberg; I pray you, in Christ's name, change as few things as possible. You have some episcopal towns near you, and must not let the ceremonies of the new Church differ much from the ancient rites. If mass in Latin be not done away with, retain it; only, introduce some hymns in German. If it be done away with, retain the ancient ceremonial and habits." (July 16th, 1528.)

The most serious change which Luther introduced into the mass, was translating it into the vulgar tongue. "Mass shall be said in German for the laity; but the daily service shall be performed in Latin, introducing, however, some German hymns." (October 28th, 1525.) "I am glad to find that mass is now celebrated in Germany, in German. But that Carlstadt should make this imperative, is going too far. He is incorrigible. Always laws, always obligations, sins of omission, or commission! But he cannot help it. I should be delighted to sing mass in German, and am busied with it; but I want it to have a true German air. Simply to translate the Latin text, preserving the usual tone and chant, may pass; but it does not sound well, or satisfy me. The whole, text and notes, accent and gestures, ought to spring from our native tongue and voice; otherwise, it can only be imitation and mockery. . . . ." "I wish, rather than promise, to furnish you with a mass in German; since I do not feel myself equal to this labour, which requires both music and brain-work. (November 12th, 1524.) "I send you the mass; I will even consent to its being sung; but I do not like to have Latin music with German words. I should wish the German chant to be adopted." (March 26th, 1525.) "I am of opinion that it would be advantageous, after the example of the prophets, and the ancient Fathers of the Church, to compose psalms in German for the people. We are looking for poets everywhere; but sith you have been gifted with considerable fluency and eloquence in the German tongue, and have cultivated these gifts, I pray you to assist me in my labour, and to essay a translation of some psalm, on the model of those I have composed. I am anxious to avoid all new words and court phrases. To be understood by the people, you require to use the simplest and commonest language, attending, however, to purity and precision; and your phrases must be as clear and as close to the text as possible." (A.D. 1524.)

It was no easy task to organize the new Church. The ancient hierarchy was broken up. The principle of the Reformation was to reinstate everything according to Scripture warrant; and to be consistent, the Church should have been restored to the democratic form it assumed during the first centuries. Luther, at first, seemed to incline to this. In his *De Ministris Ecclesiæ Instituendis*, (On the Appointment of Ministers to the Church,) addressed to the Bohemians, he writes—"What a notable invention it is of the papists, that the priest is invested with an indestructible character, which no fault he commits can deprive him of. . . . The priest ought to be chosen, elected by the suffrages of the people, and then confirmed by the bishop; that is to say, after election, the senior, the most venerable of the electors, should ratify it by imposition of hands. Did Christ, the first priest under the New Testament, require the tonsure and other fooleries of episcopal ordination? Did his apostles, his disciples? . . . . All Christians are priests, all may teach God's word, administer baptism, consecrate the bread and wine; for Christ has said, 'Do this in remembrance of me.' All of us Christians have the power of the keys. Christ said to his apostles, who represented the whole human race before him, 'I say unto you, that what you shall loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven.' But to bind and to unloose is no other thing than to preach and to apply the Gospel. To loose, is to announce that God has forgiven the sinner his errors. To bind, is to deprive of the Gospel and announce that his sins are remembered. The names which priests ought to bear, are those of ministers, deacons, bishops (overseers), dispensers. On a minister's ceasing to be faithful, he ought to be deposed; his brethren may excommunicate him, and put some other minister in his place. Preaching is the highest office in the Church. Jesus Christ and Paul preached, but did not baptize." (A. D. 1523.) He would not, as

we have already seen, restrict all churches to one uniform rule. "I do not opine that our Wittemberg rules should be imposed on all Germany." And again, "It does not seem to me safe to call a council of ourselves, in order to establish uniformity of ceremonies, a mode of proceeding fraught with evil consequences, as is proved by all the councils of the Church from the beginning. Thus, in the council of the Apostles, works and traditions received more attention than faith; and, in the succeeding councils, the faith was never brought under consideration, but always opinions and minute questions, so that the name of council has become as suspicious and distasteful to me as that of free-will. If one church does not wish to imitate another in these external matters, what need of hampering ourselves with decrees of councils, which soon become laws and nets for souls?" (November 12th, 1524.)

He, nevertheless, felt that this liberty might be extended too far, and lead the Reformation into innumerable abuses. "I have read your plan of ordination, my dear Hausmann, but think it would be better not to publish it. I have long since been repenting of what I have done; for since all, in imitation of me, have proposed their reforms, so infinite has been the increase in the variety and number of ceremonies, that we shall soon exceed the ocean of the papal ceremonial." (March 21st, 1534.) With the view of introducing some unity into the ceremonies of the new church, annual visitations were instituted, and held over all Saxony. The visitors were to inquire into the lives and doctrines of the pastors, revive the faith of the erring, and exclude from the priesthood all whose manners were not exemplary. These visitors were nominated by the elector, on the recommendation of Luther; who, as he had fixed his residence at Wittemberg, formed along with Jonas, Melanchthon, and some other theologians, a sort of central committee for the direction of all ecclesiastical affairs. "The inhabitants of Winsheim have petitioned our illustrious prince, to allow you to take charge of their church; on our advice, he has refused their prayers. He allows you to return to your own country, should we judge you worthy of the ministry there (November, 1531). Signed LUTHER, JONAS, MELANCHTHON."

Numerous similar notices occur amongst Luther's letters, signed by himself and many other protestant theologians.

Although Luther enjoyed no rank which placed him above the other pastors, he yet exercised a kind of supremacy and control. "Still," he writes to Amsdorf, "still fresh complaints against you and Frezhans, because you have excommunicated a barber. As yet, I would fain not decide betwixt you; but, tell me, I pray you, why this excommunication?" (July, 1532). "We can only refuse the communion. To endeavour to give to religious excommunication all the effects of political excommunication, would be to get ourselves laughed at by trying to assert a power incompatible with the present age, and which is above our strength . . . The province of the civil magistrate should not be interfered with. . ." (June 26th, 1533.) However, at times, excommunication seemed to him a good weapon to employ. A burgess of Wittemberg had purchased a house for thirty florins, and, after some repairs, asked four hundred for it. "If he persist," says Luther, "I excommunicate him. We must revive excommunication." As he spoke of reviving the consistorial courts, Christian Bruck, the juris-consult, said to him: "The nobles and citizens fear you are about to begin with the peasants in order to end with them." "Jurist," replied Luther, "keep to your law and to what concerns the public peace." In 1538, learning that a man of Wittemberg despised God, his word, and his servants, he has him threatened by two chaplains. At a later period he excludes a nobleman, who was a usurer, from the communion table. One of the things which most troubled the reformer was the abolition of the monastic vows. About the middle of the year 1522, he published an exhortation to the four mendicant orders. In the month of March the Austin friars, in August the Carthusians, declared openly for him:—"To the lieutenants of his imperial majesty at Nuremberg. . . . . God cannot ask for vows beyond human strength to fulfil. . . . Dear lords, suffer yourselves to be entreated. You know not the horrible and infamous tricks the devil plays in convents. Become not his accomplices; burden not your conscience therewith. Ah! did my most infuriate enemies know the things I hear daily from all countries, they would help me to-morrow to do away with convents. You force me to cry out louder than I like. Give way, I beseech you, before these scandals become too disgracefully notorious." (August, 1523.) "I am much pleased with the general decree of the Carthusians, allowing the monks liberty to leave and to renounce their habit, and shall publish it. The example set by so considerable an order will further our wishes and support our decisions." (August 20th, 1522.) However, he wished things to be done without noise or scandal. He writes to John Lange:—"You have not, I conclude, left your monastery without a reason; but I should have preferred your making your reasons public; not that I condemn your leaving, but that I would have our adversaries deprived of all occasion of calumny."

Vain were his exhortations to avoid all violence. The Reformation slipped away from his hands, and extended itself every day externally. At Erfurth, in the year 1521, the people had forced the houses of several priests, and he had complained of it; the following year they went further in the Low Countries. "You know, I believe, what has taken place at Antwerp, and how the women have forcibly set Henry of Zutphen at liberty. The brethren have been expelled from the convent; some are prisoners in divers places; others have been let go after denying Christ; others, again, have held out; such as are by birth citizens of the town have been cast into the house of the Beghards; all the furniture of the convent has been sold, and the church, as well as the convent, shut, and they are about to pull it down. The holy sacrament was transferred with pomp to the church of the Holy Virgin, as if it had been rescued from an heretical spot. Burgesses and women have been put to the torture and punished. Henry himself is returning by way of Bremen, where he is stopping to preach the word, at the prayers of the people, and by order of the council, in despite of the bishop. The people are animated by marvellous desire and ardour; in fine, a chapman has been set up in business here by some individuals, in order to import books from

Wittemberg. Henry, indeed, required letters of licence from you; but we could not get at you quickly enough, so we have granted them in your name, under the seal of our prior." (December 19th, 1522.) All the Austin friars of Wittemberg had left their monastery one after the other; the prior resigned its temporalities into the elector's hands, and Luther threw off the gown. On the 9th of October, 1524, he appeared in public with a robe like the one worn at the present day by preachers in Germany; and it was the elector's present. Luther's example encouraged monks and nuns to re-enter the world; and these helpless females, suddenly cast out of the cloister, and all at a loss in a world of which they knew nothing, hurried to him whose preaching had drawn them out of their conventual solitude. "Nine nuns came to me yesterday, who had escaped from their imprisonment in the convent of Nimpschen; Staupitza and two other members of Zeschau's family were of the number." (April 8th, 1523.) "I feel great pity for them, and especially for those others who are dying in crowds of this accursed and incestuous chastity. This most feeble sex is united to the male by nature, by God himself; if they are separated, it perishes. O tyrants! O cruel parents of Germany! . . . You ask my intentions with respect to them. In the first place, I shall have their parents written to to receive them; if they refuse, I shall provide for them elsewhere. Their names are as follow:—Magdalen Staupitz, Elsa von Canitz, Ave Grossin, Ave Schonfeld, and her sister Margaret Schonfeld, Laneta von Golis, Margaret Zeschau, and Catherine von Bora. They made their escape in the most surprising manner. . . . . Beg some money for me from your rich courtiers, to enable me to support them for a week or fortnight, until I restore them to their parents, or to those who have promised me to take care of them." (April 10th, 1523.) "I am surprised, Spalatin, master mine, that you have sent this woman back to me, since you know my handwriting well, and give no other reason than the letter's not being signed. . . . Pray the elector to give some ten florins, and a new or old gown, or something of the kind; in short, to give to these poor souls, virgins against their will." (April 22nd, 1523.)

On April 10th, 1522, Luther writes to Leonard Koppe, a wealthy burgess of Torgau, who had aided nine nuns to escape from their convent, approving of his conduct, and exhorting him not to allow himself to be alarmed by any clamour that may be raised against him. "You have done a good work; and would to God we were able to effect a like deliverance for the numerous consciences still held in captivity. . . . God's word is now in the world, and not in convents." . . . . On June 18th, 1523, he writes to comfort three young ladies whom duke Henry, son of duke George, had expelled his court for having read Luther's writings:—"Bless those who persecute you, &c. . . . . Unhappily, you are only too well avenged on their injustice. You must pity these insensates, these madmen, who do not see that they are hurrying their souls to perdition by seeking to do you harm." . . . . "You have already, no doubt, heard the news that the duchess of Montsberg has escaped, most miraculously, from the convent of Freyberg. She is at present in my house with two young girls, the one, Margaret Volckmarin, daughter of a Leipsic burgher; the other, Dorothea, daughter of a burgess of Freyberg." (October 20th, 1528.) "This hapless Elizabeth von Reinsberg, expelled from the girls' school at Altenburg, has applied to me, after having petitioned the prince, who had referred her to the commissioners of the sequestered property, begging me to get you to interest yourself for her with them, &c." (March, 1533.) "That young girl of Altenburg, whose aged father and mother have been arrested in their own house, has applied to me for succour and advice. What I am to do in this business, God only knows." (July 14th, 1533.). From some expressions of Luther's we discover that his good-nature was often imposed upon by these women who flocked to him, and that in many cases even they were only pretended nuns:—"What numbers of nuns have I not supported, at heavy expense. How often have I not been deceived by pretended nuns, mere harlots, whatever their noble birth (*generosas meretrices*)." (August 24th, 1535.)

Luther's notions of the propriety of suppressing religious houses were soon modified by these impositions. In an exordium addressed to the commune of Leisnick (A.D. 1523) he dissuades from their violent suppression, and recommends their being gradually extinguished by forbidding the reception of any more novices:—"As no one ought to have force put upon him in matters of faith," he goes on to say, "such as are desirous of remaining in their convents, either from their advanced age, from love of an idle life and of good cheer, or from conscientious motives, ought neither to be expelled nor illtreated. They must be left until their time come as they have before been; for the Gospel teaches us to do good even to the unworthy; and we must take into consideration that these persons embraced their vocation, blinded by the common error, and have learnt no trade by which they can support themselves. . . . . The property belonging to religious houses should be employed as follows:—firstly, as I have just intimated, in supporting these monks who continue in them; next a certain sum ought to be given to those who leave (even though they should have brought nothing to the convent), to enable them to enter upon another way of life, as they quit their asylum for ever, and they may have learnt something whilst in the convent. As for those who brought property into the convent, the greater part, if not all, ought to be restored to them; the residue should be placed in a common chest for loans and gifts to the poor of the district. The wish of the founders will thus be fulfilled; since, although they suffered themselves to be seduced into parting with their property for monastic uses, still their intent was to consecrate it to the honour and worship of God. Now, there is no finer worship than Christian charity, which comes to the relief of the indigent; as Jesus Christ will bear witness on the day of judgment (Matt. ch. xxv.). . . . Yet, if any of the founder's heirs should happen to be in want, it would be equitable and conformable to charity to put them in possession of a portion of the revenues of the foundation, even all if necessary, as it could not have been the wish of their fathers to deprive their children and heirs of bread to give it to strangers. . . . You will object to me that I make the hole too large, and that on this plan but little will be left for the common chest; each, you will

say, will come and pretend that he requires so much or so much, &c. But I have already said, that this ought to be a labour of equity and of charity. Let each conscientiously examine how much he requires for his wants, how much he can give up to the chest; and then let the commune weigh the circumstances in its turn, and all will go well. And though the cupidity of some individuals may find its advantage in this mutual accommodation, this would be infinitely preferable to the pillage and disorder which we have witnessed in Bohemia. . . . I would not recommend the aged to quit their monasteries; principally, because they would only return to the world to be a burden to others, and would be at a loss to meet, cold as charity is now-a-days, with the comforts they deserve. By remaining within the monastery, they will not be chargeable to any one, or obliged to throw themselves on the care of strangers; and they will be enabled to do much for the salvation of their neighbours, which in the world they would find difficult, nay, impossible." Luther ended by encouraging a monk to remain in his monastery:—"I lived there myself some years, and should have lived longer, and even up to the present time, had my brethren and the state of the monastery allowed of my so doing." (Feb. 28th, 1528.)

Some nuns in the Low Countries wrote to doctor Martin Luther, commending themselves to his prayers: pious virgins, fearing God, who supported themselves by their own industry, and lived in harmony. The doctor was moved with great compassion for them, and says:—"Poor nuns like these must be suffered to live in their own way; and so with the *feldkloster*, founded by princes for the nobility. But the mendicant orders . . . It is from cloisters like those of which I was just now speaking, that able men may be drawn forth for the ministry of the Church, and for civil government and administration." This epoch of Luther's life was one of overpowering toil and business, in which he was no longer supported, as at first, by the excitement of the struggle and the sense of danger. *To Spalatin*:—"Deliver me, I beseech you. I am so overwhelmed by others' business, that my life is a burthen to me. . . . *Martin Luther*, courtier, not belonging to the court, and in his own despite (*Aulicus extra aulam, et invitus*)." (A.D. 1523.) "I am fully occupied, being visitor, reader, preacher, author, auditor, actor, footman, wrestler, and I know not what besides." (October 29th, 1528.) Parochial reform, uniformity of ceremonial, the drawing up of the great Catechism, answers to the new pastors, letters to the elector, whose consent was to be obtained for every innovation—here was work enough, and tedium enough; and, with all this, his enemies left him no rest. Erasmus published his formidable work *De Libero Arbitrio* (On Free Will) against him; which Luther did not make up his mind to answer until 1525. The Reformation itself seemed to turn against the reformer. His old friend, Carlstadt, had hurried on in the path in which Luther was walking; and it was to check his sudden and violent innovations, that Luther had so precipitately quitted the castle of Wartburg. It was not religious authority alone that was at stake; the civil power was about to be brought into question. Beyond Carlstadt, glimpses might be caught of Münzer; beyond the sacramentarians and iconoclasts, there loomed in the distance the revolt of the peasants—a *Jacquerie*, a more reasonable, and more levelling, servile war than those of antiquity, and not less bloody.

CHAPTER III.

A. D. 1523—1525.

CARLSTADT.—MUNZER.—WAR OF THE PEASANTS.

"Pray for me, and help me to trample under foot this Satan that has arisen at Wittemberg against the Gospel, in the name of the Gospel. We have now to combat an angel become, as he believes, an angel of light. It will be difficult to persuade Carlstadt to give way; but Christ will constrain him, if he does not yield of himself. For we are masters of life and death; we who believe in the Master of life and death." (March 12th, 1523.) "I am resolved to forbid him the pulpit, into which he has rashly intruded without any vocation, in despite of God and man." (March 19th.) "I have angered Carlstadt by annulling his ordinations, although I have not condemned his doctrine. Yet I am displeased at his busying himself with ceremonies and outward matters only, to the neglect of the true Christian doctrine; that is, of faith and charity. . . . By his foolish teaching, he induced his hearers to fancy themselves Christians on such accounts as—partaking of the communion in both kinds, renouncing confession, breaking images. . . . He has been seeking to become a new doctor, and to impose his ordinances on the people, rising on the ruin of my authority (*pressâ meâ auctoritate*)." March 30th. "This very day I took Carlstadt aside, and begged him to publish nothing against me, since (otherwise), we should be forced to come to sharps with each other. Our gentleman swore by all most sacred, to write nothing against me." (April 21st.) . . . "We must teach the weak gently and patiently. . . . Would you, who have been a suckling yourself, cut off the breasts, and hinder others from imbibing similar nourishment? Did mothers expose and desert their children, who cannot, as soon as born, eat like men, what would have become of yourself? Dear friend, if you have sucked enough, and grown enough, let others suck and grow in their turn . . . ."

Carlstadt gave up his functions as professor and archdeacon at Wittemberg, but not the emoluments, and repaired first to Orlamunde, then to Jena. "Carlstadt has established a printing-office at Jena. . . But the elector and our academy have promised, in conformity with the imperial edict, to allow no work to be published which has not previously been examined by the commissioners. We must not allow Carlstadt and his friends to be the only persons exempt from submission to princes." (January 7th, 1524.) "As usual, Carlstadt is indefatigable. With his new presses at Jena he has published, and will publish, I am told, eighteen works." (January 14th.) "Let us leave all sadness and anxiety to be Carlstadt's portion. Let us maintain the combat, without allowing it to engross us. 'Tis God's cause, 'tis God's business: the work will be God's, the victory God's. He can fight and conquer without us. If he judge us worthy of a part in this war, we shall be devotedly ready. I write this by way of exhorting you, and, through you,

others, not to be alarmed at Satan, or to suffer your heart to be troubled. If we are unjust, must not we be overborne? If just, there is a just God who will make our justice evident as the noon-day. Perish who may, survive who may, that is no business of ours." (October 22nd, 1524.) "We shall recall Carlstadt, in the name of the university, to his duty as teacher of the word, which he owes to Wittemberg, and from a spot whither he had no call; and, if he does not return, shall accuse him to the prince." (March 14th, 1524). Luther thought it his duty to repair to Jena; and Carlstadt, conceiving himself aggrieved by a sermon of Luther's, requested a conference; and they met in Luther's apartments in presence of numerous witnesses. After much recrimination on both sides, Carlstadt said: "Enough, doctor, go on preaching against me, I shall know what course to take." *Luther*: "If you have anything you long to say, write it boldly." *Carlstadt*: "I will; and without fearing any one." *Luther*: "Yes, write against me publicly." *Carlstadt*: "If such be your wish, I can easily satisfy it." *Luther*: "Do; I will give you a florin by way of throwing down the gauntlet." *Carlstadt*: "A florin?" *Luther*: "May I be a liar, if I do not." *Carlstadt*: "Well! I'll take up your gauntlet." On this, Luther drew a golden florin from his pocket and presented it to Carlstadt, saying, "Take it, and attack me boldly; up and be doing." Carlstadt took the florin, showed it to all present, and said: "Dear brethren, here is earnest; this is a token that I have a right to write against doctor Luther: be ye all witnesses of this." Then he put it in his purse, and gave his hand to Luther. The latter drank to his health. Carlstadt pledged him, and added, "Dear doctor, I pray you not to hinder me from printing anything I shall wish, and not to persecute me in any manner. I think of supporting myself by my plough, and you shall be enabled to judge of its produce." *Luther*: "Why should I wish to hinder you from writing against me? I beg you to do it, and have given you the florin precisely that you may not spare me. The more violent your attacks, the more delighted I shall be." They again gave each other their hands, and parted.

However, as the town of Orlamunde entered too warmly into Carlstadt's opinions, and had even expelled its pastor, Luther obtained an order from the elector for Carlstadt's expulsion. Carlstadt read a solemn letter of farewell, first to the men, then to the women. They had been called together by the tolling of the bell, and all wept. "Carlstadt has written to the inhabitants of Orlamunde, and has subscribed himself, *Andrew Bodenstein, expelled, without having been heard or convicted, by Martin Luther*. You see that I, who have been all but a martyr, have come to making martyrs in my turn. Egranus plays the martyr as well; and writes that he has been driven away by the papists and the Lutherans. You cannot think how widely spread Carlstadt's doctrine is on the sacrament. . . * * * * has returned to his senses, and asks pardon. He, too, had been forced to quit the country. I have interceded for him; but I am not sure that I shall succeed. Martin of Jena, who had also received orders to depart, has taken his farewell from the pulpit, all in tears, and imploring pardon. The only answer he got was five florins; which sum, by begging through the town, was increased by twenty-five groschen. All this is likely to do good to preachers: it will be a trial of their vocation, and will, at the same time, teach them to preach and to conduct themselves with some fear before their eyes." (October 27th, 1524.) Carlstadt repaired to Strasburg, and thence to Bâle. His doctrines approximated closely to those of the Swiss, to Œcolampadius's, Zuinglius's, &c. "I defer writing on the eucharist until Carlstadt has poured forth all his poison, as he promised when taking a piece of gold of me. Zwingle, and Leo, the Jew, in Switzerland, hold the same opinions as Carlstadt, so the scourge is spreading: but Christ reigns, if he fights not." (November 12th, 1524.) However, he conceived it right to reply to Carlstadt's complaint of having been driven by him from Saxony. "In the first place, I can safely say that I never mentioned Carlstadt to the elector of Saxony, for I have never spoken a word in my life to that prince, nor have ever heard him open his lips, and have even never seen him, except once at Worms, in the emperor's presence, when I was examined the second day. But it is true that I have often written to him through Spalatin, and in particular to entreat him to resist the spirit arising at Alstet*. But my solicitations were so ineffectual as to induce me to feel angry with the elector. Carlstadt then should have spared such a prince the reproaches which he has heaped upon him. . . . As to duke John Frederick, I confess that I have often pointed out to him Carlstadt's attempts and perverse ambition." . . . "There is no joking with *my lord All-the-world (Herr Omnes)*; for which reason, God has constituted authorities: it being his will that there should be order here below."

At last, Carlstadt broke out: "I heard yesterday of Carlstadt from a friend of mine at Strasburg, which city he left for Bâle, and has at length vomited forth five books, which are to be followed by two others. I am handled as double papist, the ally of Antichrist, and what not!" (Dec. 14th.) "I hear from Bâle, that Carlstadt's supporters have been punished. . . . . He has been in the town, but privily. Œcolampadius and Pellican have given in their adhesion to his doctrine." (Jan. 13th, 1525.) "Carlstadt had made up his mind to pitch his tent in Schweindorf; but the count of Henneberg has forbidden this by letters express to the town council. I should like Strauss to be treated in the same manner." (April 10th, 1525. Luther seems delighted with Carlstadt's declaring himself: "The devil was silent," he writes, "until I won him over by a florin, which, thanks to God, has been well laid out, and I don't repent of it." He straightway published various pamphlets, written with wonderful energy, *Against the Heavenly Prophets*:—"Men fear nothing, as if the devil were sleeping; whereas, he prowls around like a cruel lion. But, as long as I live, I trust there will be no danger; for whilst I live, I will do battle, hap what may." He goes on to argue, that all seek what is agreeable to reason only. So with the Arians and Pelagians. So with the papacy, it was a well-sounding proposition that grace could be advantaged by free-will. The inculcation of faith and a good conscience is more important than

* Where Münzer lived, the leader of the revolt of the peasants, spoken of further on.

the preaching of good works; since, if works fail, whilst faith remains, there is still hope of aid. Spiritual means ought to be employed to win true Christians to a knowledge of their sins:—"But for rude men, for *my lord Every-body* (*Herr Omnes*), they must be driven, corporally and rudely, to labour and do their allotted works, so that will ye, nill ye, they may be pious outwardly, under the law and the sword, as we keep wild beasts in cages and chained. . . . The spirit of the new prophets aspires to be the highest spirit, a spirit which has eaten the Holy Ghost, feathers and all. Bible, they cry out; yes, *bibel, bubel, babel.* Well! Sith the evil spirit is so obstinate in his opinion, I will not give way to him any more than I have done before. I will speak of images: firstly, according to the law of Moses, and I will say, that Moses forbids only images of God. Let us then confine ourselves to praying princes to put down images, and let us pluck them out of our own hearts." Further on, Luther breaks out into ironical surprise, that the modern iconoclasts do not push their pious zeal so far, as to get rid of their money, and of all precious articles which have figures upon them. "To aid the weakness of these holy folk, and deliver them from that by which they are defiled, they should be gallants with but little in their fobs. The *heavenly voice* it seems is not strong enough to induce them to throw away everything of themselves: they need a little violence."

". . . . When I discussed the question of images at Orlamunde, with Carlstadt's disciples, and proved by the context, that in every passage they quoted from Moses, the allusion was to the idols of the pagans; one of them, who, no doubt, fancied himself the ablest, got up and said to me—'Do thou listen! I may be allowed to thee and thou you, if thou art a Christian.' I replied, 'Speak to me as thou listest.' But I noticed that he would much more willingly still have struck me; he was so filled with Carlstadt's spirit, that the others could not get him to be silent. 'If thou wilt not follow Moses,' he went on to say, 'thou must at least admit the Gospel; but thou hast thrown the Gospel under the table, and it must be taken up; no, it cannot stay there.' 'What then does the Gospel say?' I replied. 'Jesus says in the Gospel (so he answered), I cannot say the place, but my brothers here know it well, that the bride ought to take off her shift on the wedding night. Therefore, we must take off and break all images, in order to become pure and free from the creature.' Thus he . . . . What could I do with men of this sort? At all events, it enabled me to learn that breaking images was, according to the Gospel, taking off the bride's shift on her wedding night. These words, and the speech about the Gospel's being flung under the table, he had heard from his master; for, no doubt, Carlstadt had accused me of throwing down the Gospel, in order to imply that he was come to raise it up. This pride has been the cause of all his misfortunes, and has driven him out of the light into darkness. . . . We are glad of heart and full of courage, wrestling with melancholy, timid, dejected spirits, that fear the rustle of a leaf, though not having the fear of God, as is usual with the wicked. (Psalm xxv.) Their passion is to domineer over God, and his word, and his works. They would not be so bold were not God invisible, intangible. Were he a visible man, present to their eyes, he would put them to flight with a straw. Whoso is inspired by God to speak, speaks freely and publicly, without giving himself any concern whether he is alone or unsupported. Thus did Jeremiah; and I may boast of having done thus likewise*. It is then beyond a doubt the devil, that apostate and homicidal spirit, who slips into the background and then excuses himself, saying, that first he had not been strong enough in the faith. No; the Spirit of God does not make such excuses. I know thee well, my devil. . . . If you ask them (Carlstadt's partisans) how this sublime spirit is attained, they do not refer you to the Gospel, but to their dreams, to imaginary spaces: 'Lie thee listlessly down,' say they, 'as I have lain me down, and thou wilt receive it in like manner. The heavenly voice will make itself heard, and God will speak to thee face to face.' If you then persist in inquiring what this listlessness (*ennui*) is, they know as much about it as Dr. Carlstadt does of Greek and Hebrew. . . . Do you not recognize the devil in this, the enemy of divine order? Do you see how he opens wide his mouth, crying, 'Spirit, Spirit, Spirit,' and, whilst so crying, how he destroys bridges, roads, ladders; in a word, all means by which the Spirit can reach thee: to wit, the external order established of God in holy baptism, in signs, and in his own word? They wish you to scale the skies and ride on the wind, and tell you neither how, nor when, nor where, nor what; like them, you are to learn it of yourself."

"Martin Luther, an unworthy minister and evangelist at Wittemberg, to all Christians in Strasburg, loving friends in God:—I would willingly endure Carlstadt's intemperance in regard to images; and I have, indeed, done more injury to images by my writings, than he will ever do by all his violence and fury. But what is intolerable is the exciting and instigating men to all this, as if it were their bounden duty, and that there were no other proof of Christianity than breaking images. Beyond doubt, works do not make the Christian; these outward matters, such as images and the Sabbath, are left free in the New Testament, as well as all the other ceremonies of the law. St. Paul says, 'We know that idols are nothing in the world.' If they are nothing, wherefore shackle and torture the conscience of Christians about them? If they are nothing, it matters not whether they are tumbled down or are left standing." He proceeds to a loftier subject, the question of the real presence; the higher question of the Christian symbolism, of which that of images is the lower side. It was on this point, chiefly, that Luther found himself at variance with the Swiss reformers, and that Carlstadt was brought into union with them, however far removed he might be from them by the boldness of his political opinions. "I acknowledge, that if Carlstadt, or any one else, could have proved to me five years ago that the sacramental elements are

* "The spirit of these prophets has invariably chivalrously taken to flight, yet see how it glorifies itself as a magnanimous and chivalrous spirit. But I, I presented myself in Leipsic to dispute in presence of a hostile population. I presented myself at Augsburg, without safe-conduct, before my greatest enemies; at Worms, before Cæsar and the whole empire, although well aware that the safe-conduct was trampled upon. My spirit has remained free, like a flower of the field." (A.D. 1524.)

bread and wine only, he would have done me a great service. I was then strongly tempted, and writhed, and struggled, and should have been most happy to have found a solution of the mystery. I saw clearly that I might so give papistry the most fearful blow. . . . There were two more who wrote to me on this point, and abler men than doctor Carlstadt; and who did not, like him, torture words to suit their fancy. But I am bound down, I cannot set myself free; the text is too powerful, nothing can tear it from my mind. Even now, if any one could convince by solid reasons that there is only bread and wine, there would be no need for attacking me so furiously. I am, unhappily, only too inclined to this interpretation as often as I feel my Adam within me. But what doctor Carlstadt imagines and promulgates on this subject touches me so little, that I am but the more confirmed in my opinion; and, if I had not before thought so, such idle tales found out of the Scriptures and in the clouds as it were, would be enough to convince me of the fallacy of his opinion." He had previously written in the pamphlet, *Against the Celestial Prophets*:—"Carlstadt says that he cannot *reasonably* conceive how the body of Jesus Christ can be reduced into so small a compass. But if we consult reason, we shall no longer have faith in any mystery.". . . . In the next page, Luther adds the following incredibly audacious piece of coarse humour:—"You seem to think that the drunkard, Christ, having drunk too much at supper, bewildered his disciples with superfluous words."

This violent polemic war of Luther's on Carlstadt, was daily embittered by the fearful symptoms of general disturbance which threatened Germany. The doctrines of the bold theologian responded to the thoughts and desires which already filled the minds of the masses in Suabia, Thuringia, Alsace, and the whole western half of the empire. The lower classes, the peasantry, who had so long slumbered under the weight of feudal oppression, heard princes and the learned speak of liberty, of enfranchisement, and they applied to themselves that which was not spoken for them*. The reclamation of the poor peasants of Suabia will remain, in its simple barbarism, a monument of courageous moderation. By degrees, the eternal hatred of the poor to the rich was aroused; less blind than in the *jacquerie*, but striving after a systematic form, which it was only to attain afterwards, in the time of the English *levellers*, and complicated with all the forms of religious democracy, which were supposed to have been stifled in the middle age. Lollards, Beghards, and a crowd of apocalyptic visionaries were in motion. At a later moment, the rallying cry was the necessity for a second baptism: at the beginning, the aim was a terrible war against the established order of things, against every kind of order—a war on property, as being a robbery of the poor; a war on knowledge, as destructive of natural equality, and a tempting of God, who had revealed all to his saints. Books and pictures were inventions of the devil. The peasants first rose up in the Black Forest, and then around Heilbronn and Frankfort, and in the country of Baden and Spires; whence the flame extended into Alsace, and nowhere did it assume a more fearful character. It reached the Palatinate, Hesse, and Bavaria. The leader of the insurgents in Suabia was one of the petty nobles of the valley of the Necker, the celebrated Goetz of Berlichingen, *Goetz with the Iron Hand*, who pretended they had forced him to be their general against his will.

"*Complaint and Loving Demand of the Confederation of Peasants, with their Christian prayers; the whole set forth very briefly in twelve principal articles.*—To the Christian reader, peace and divine grace through Christ! There are, now-a-days, many anti-Christians who seize the occasion of the confederation of the peasants to blaspheme the Gospel, saying: 'These are the fruits of the new doctrines; obedience is at an end; each man starts up and spurns control; the people flock together and assemble tumultuously, seeking to reform and depose authorities, ecclesiastic and secular; and, perhaps, even to murder them.' To these perverse and impious allegations the following articles are answers. In the first place, they turn aside the disgrace with which God's word is attempted to be covered; in the second, they, by Christian proof, clear the peasants from the reproach of disobedience and revolt. The Gospel is not a cause of insurrection or of trouble; it is a message which announces the Christ, the promised Messiah; this message, and the life it teaches, are love, peace, patience, and union alone. Know, too, that all who believe in this Christ will be united in love, peace, and patience. Since, then, the articles of the peasants, as will be more distinctly shown hereafter, have no other aim than to secure the hearing of the Gospel, and the living in conformity with it, how can anti-Christians call the Gospel a cause of trouble and disobedience? If the anti-Christians and the enemies of the Gospel oppose demands of the kind, it is not the Gospel which is the cause, it is the devil, the mortal enemy of the Gospel, who, through disbelief, has excited in his victims the hope of crushing and effacing God's word, which is only peace, love, and union. Hence, it clearly follows that the peasants, who, in their articles, demand such a Gospel for their edification and the regulation of their life, cannot be called disobedient or revolters. If God calls and invites us to live according to his word, if he choose to hearken to us, who will blame God's pleasure, who impeach his judgment, who strive against what he wills to do? He heard the children of Israel when they cried unto him, and delivered them from the hand of Pharaoh. Cannot he still save his own at the present day? Yes, he will save them, and speedily! Read, then, the following articles, Christian reader; read them carefully, and judge."

The articles follow:—

* The peasants did not wait for the Reformation to break out into rebellion, but had risen up in 1491 and in 1502. The free towns had followed the example; Erfurth in 1509, Spires in 1512, and Worms in 1513. Disturbances broke out again in 1524; but this was the nobles' doing. Franz of Sickingen, their leader, thought the moment was come for despoiling the ecclesiastical princes of their temporalities, and boldly laid siege to Trèves. He is said to have been under the guidance of the celebrated reformers, Œcolampadius and Bucer, and of Hutten, who, at the time, was in the service of the archbishop of Mentz. The duke of Bavaria, the palatine, and the landgrave of Hesse, advanced to raise the siege, and were for attacking Mentz, in order to punish the archbishop for his personal connivance of Sickingen. This nobleman fell; Hutten was exiled, and, from this moment without an asylum, but always writing, always violent and a prey to passion; he died no long time afterwards in extreme want.

I. "In the first place, it is our humble prayer and request, our unanimous wish, to enjoy henceforward the power and the right of electing and choosing a pastor ourselves, with the power of deposing him if he conduct himself improperly. The pastor whom we choose must preach the holy Gospel to us clearly, in its purity, without any additions of human precept or command. For, by always having the true faith declared to us, we are enabled to pray to God, to beseech his grace, to form this true faith within us, and to strengthen it. If the divine grace be not formed within us, we still remain flesh and blood, and then we are worthless. 'Tis clearly seen in Scripture that we can only reach God by the true faith, and attain beatitude by his mercy. Such a guide and pastor, then, fulfilling his office as instituted in Scripture, is indispensable to us."

II. "Since the lawful tenth is established in the Old Testament (which the New has confirmed in everything), we will pay the lawful tenth of grain, but after suitable sort. . . . Being henceforward minded that the elders of a district receive and collect such tenth, supply the pastor elected by the district with sufficient for the fit support of himself and family, acquainting the district therewith, and apply the remainder to the relief of the poor: any surplus beyond should be reserved for the charges of war, of convoy, and other like things, so as to relieve poor folk from the taxes levied on those accounts. If, on the other hand, it be found that one or more villages have, in the hour of want, sold their tithes, the purchasers shall have nothing to fear from us, for we will enter into arrangements with them according to circumstances, so as to indemnify them proportionally as we shall be able. But as for those who, instead of acquiring the tithe of a village by purchase, have—either they or their ancestors—forcibly taken possession of it, we owe them nothing and shall give them nothing; this tithe is to be employed as specified above. With regard to small tithes, and the tithe of blood (of cattle), we will in no wise pay them, for God the Lord created animals to be freely used by man. We consider this tithe to be an unlawful tithe, invented by men; wherefore we shall no more pay it."

In their IIIrd article the peasants declare that they will no longer be treated as the property of their lords, "for Jesus Christ, by his precious blood, has redeemed all without exception, the shepherd the same as the emperor." They will be free, but only according to Scripture; that is to say, without any licentiousness, and duly recognizing authority; for the Gospel teaches them to be humble, and to obey the powers that be "*in all fitting and Christian things.*"

IV. "It is contrary to justice and charity that the poor should have no right in game, in birds, and in the fish of the running waters, or that they should be compelled to endure, without remonstrance, the enormous damage done to their fields by the beasts of the forests, since when God created man, he gave him power over all animals without distinction." They add, that in conformity with Gospel precepts, they will respect the rights of those nobles who can prove by title-deeds that they purchased their right of fishing; but that the rest shall lose all without indemnity.

V. "Those woods and forests which were anciently held in common, but have passed into the hands of a third party in any other way than by fair purchase, ought to return to their original proprietary, that is, to the *commune*; and every inhabitant should have the right to take out of them such proportions of fuel as shall seem good to the elders."

VI. They require the services imposed upon them, and which daily become more oppressive, to be alleviated; desiring to serve "like their fathers, after God's word."

VII. The seignior must not require more gratuitous services from the peasants than is prescribed by their mutual covenant (*Vereinigung*).

VIII. The rents on many lands are grievously burthensome. The lords are required to accept the arbitrement of irreproachable persons, and to lower the rents according to equity, "that the peasant may not toil in vain, since the labourer is worthy of his hire."

IX. Justice is partially administered, and new penalties constantly imposed. No one is to be favoured, and the ancient rules to be the law.

X. All fields and meadows taken from the common land, otherwise than by equitable purchase, to return to the *commune*.

XI. Fines on deaths are revolting, and in open opposition to God's will, "being a spoiling of the widow and the orphan," and are to be wholly and for ever abolished.

XII. . . . . "If it happen that any one or more of the preceding articles be opposed to Scripture (which we do not think is the case), we renounce such beforehand. If, on the contrary, Scripture suggest to us any others on the oppression of one's neighbour, we reserve all such, and declare our adhesion to them equally beforehand. May the peace of Jesus Christ be with us all! Amen."

Luther could not be silent at this great crisis. The nobles accused him of being the originator of these troubles. The peasants availed themselves of his name, and prayed him to be the arbiter. He did not shrink from the dangerous office; and in his reply to their twelve articles, acts as judge between the prince and the people. In none of his writings has he displayed more elevation.

Exhortation to Peace, in reply to the Twelve Articles of the Peasants of Suabia, and also in opposition to the spirit of murder and robbery evinced by the other peasants riotously assembled. "The peasants now assembled in Suabia have just drawn up and circulated, in print, twelve articles, containing their complaints against the powers that be. What I most approve of in this document, is their declaration in the twelfth article, of their readiness to receive any better evangelical instruction than their own on the subject of their griefs. In fact, if such be their true intentions (and as they have avowed their designs in the face of men, without fearing the light, I cannot conclude otherwise, a happy end to all these troubles may yet be looked for. And I, who am also of those who make the Holy Scriptures their study on this earth, I, to whom they apply by name (appealing to me in one of their printed statements), I feel myself singularly emboldened by this declaration of theirs to publish to the world my opinion also on the subject in question, in conformity with the precepts of charity which ought to bind all men together. By so doing, I shall free myself both

before God and men from the reproach of having contributed to the evil by silence, should this end fatally. Perhaps, too, they have only made this declaration by way of a blind; and, no doubt, there are enow evil-disposed persons amongst them for this, since it is impossible that all should be good Christians in so vast a multitude; it is the more likely that many of them make the honesty of the rest a cloak for their own evil designs. Well, if there be imposture in this declaration, I forewarn the impostors that they will not succeed, and that success would be their damnation, their eternal loss. This business in which we are engaged is great, and full of peril; affecting both the kingdom of God and that of the world. In fact, if the revolt should spread and be triumphant, both would perish; both secular government and God's word, and the whole land of Germany would be laid waste. Under such grave circumstances, then, we feel impelled to give our advice freely on all things, and without regard to persons. At the same time, we are all of us no less bounden to become at last attentive and obedient, and to cease closing our ears and hearts, the which has called forth the fulness of God's wrath and his most fearful thunders (*seinen vollen Gang und Schwang*). The numerous alarming sights which have in these latter times appeared in heaven and earth, announce great calamities and unheard-of changes to Germany. To our misfortune, we have been but little moved by them; but God will not the less pursue the course of his chastisements, until he at last softens our heads of iron."

First Part. *To the Princes and Nobles.*—"We have no one on earth to thank for all this disorder and insurrectionary movement, if it be not you, ye princes and lords, and you, above all, ye blind bishops, insensate priests and monks, who, even to this day, hardened in your perversity, cease not to exclaim against the holy Gospel, albeit you know it for just and good, and that you can say nothing against it. At the same time, as secular authorities, you are the executioners and leeches of the poor, sacrificing every thing to your unbridled luxury and pride, until the people neither will nor can endure you any more. The sword is already at your throats, and you yet think yourselves so firm in the saddle that you cannot be overthrown. With this impious security of yours, you will break your necks. Many a time have I exhorted you to bear in mind this verse (Psalm cvii.), '*Effundit contemptum super principes*' (He poureth contempt upon princes). You are doing your utmost to have these words fulfilled in you; you will have the mace, already uplifted, fall and crush you; advices, counsels, are superfluous. Nevertheless, the signs of God's wrath on earth and in the heavens are addressed to you. 'Tis you, and your crimes, that God wishes to punish. If these peasants who attack you now are not the ministers of his will, others will arise. Should you defeat them, you would no less be conquered. God would raise up others. He wishes to strike you, and he will strike you. You fill up the measure of your iniquity, by imputing this calamity to the Gospel, and to my teaching. Go on calumniating. You will now learn what my doctrine is, what the Gospel is; there is another at the door who will teach you, if you do not amend. Have I not ever zealously and ardently exhorted the people to obedience unto authority, even to yours, tyrannical and intolerable as it has been? Who has combated sedition more than I? And so the prophets of murder hate me as much as you do. You persecuted my Gospel by every means in your power, whilst this Gospel was inducing the people to pray for you, and aiding to keep up your tottering power. And, truly, if I sought revenge, I need now only laugh in my sleeve, and look on whilst the peasants are at their work: I might even make common cause with them, and envenom the wound. God preserve me from such thoughts! Wherefore, dear lords, friends or enemies, scorn not my loyal aid, albeit I am but a poor man; scorn not either this rebellion, I beseech you: not that I mean to say that they are too strong for you; it is not they I would have you fear, but God, the angry Lord. If he wishes to punish you (you have only deserved it too well), he will punish you; and if there be not peasants enough, he will change the stones into peasants—one, in his hands, would slay a hundred of yours. As many as you are, neither your cuirasses, nor your might, would save you.

"If you are still open to advice, dear lords, in God's name, retreat a little from before the wrath which you see let loose. One fears and shuns a drunken man. Cease your exactions; give truce to your sharp tyranny; treat the peasants as a man in his senses treats madmen, or the drunken. Do not plunge into a struggle with them; you cannot know how it will end. Employ mildness at first, for fear a slight spark, spreading all around, should kindle throughout Germany such a fire as cannot be extinguished. You will be no losers by mildness; and even if you should, peace will indemnify you a hundred-fold. War may engulph and ruin you, body and soul. The peasants have drawn up twelve articles, some of which contain such just demands, as to dishonour you before God and men, and to realise Psalm cvii., for they cover the princes with contempt. Now I could easily draw up other articles against you, and more important ones, perhaps, as regards your government of Germany, as I have done in my book *To the German Nobility*. But my words have been to you as the passing wind; and therefore, you have now to undergo all these reclamations from peculiar interests. As to the first article, you cannot deny them the free choice of their own pastors. They wish to have the Gospel preached to them. Authority cannot and ought not to hinder this, but ought to allow every one to teach and to believe what he thinks right, whether it be the Gospel or falsehood: it is enough to prohibit the preaching of disorder and sedition. The other articles, touching the material condition of the peasants, fines on deaths, accumulation of services due, &c., are equally just; for authority was not instituted for its own interests, or to make subjects the tools of its caprices and bad passions, but for the interest of the people. Now your crying exactions cannot be long endured. What would it benefit the peasant to see his fields bear as many florins as blades of grass, or grains of wheat, if his lord should despoil him in the same proportion, and waste, like straw, the money he draws from him, in dress, castles, and feastings? What it most behoveth to do, is to retrench all this luxury, and stop up the holes by which money escapes, so that something may be left in the peasant's pocket.

SECOND PART. *To the Peasants.*—"Thus far, dear friends, you have seen but one side. I have set forth that the princes and lords who prohibit the preaching of the Gospel, and who bow down the people with intolerable burthens, have deserved that God should hurl them from their seats, for they have sinned against God and man, and are without excuse. Nevertheless, it is for you to prosecute your enterprise conscientiously and justly. If you are conscientious, God will aid you; though you should even momentarily succumb, you would eventually triumph; such of you as should fall in the struggle would be saved. But if justice and conscience be against you, you will succumb; and though even you should not succumb, but slay all the princes, you would be none the less lost for ever, body and soul. This is no jesting matter. Your bodies and life eternal are at stake. You have to weigh well, not your strength and the wrongs of your adversaries, but whether you are proceeding justly and conscientiously. Believe not, I beseech you, the prophets of murder whom Satan has raised up amongst you, and who come from him, although they invoke the holy name of Gospel. They will hate me for this advice which I am giving you, and will call me hypocrite; but I care not. My wish is to save from God's wrath the good and honest amongst you; I fear not the rest, and reck not of their contempt. I know One who is stronger than them all; and He teaches me, by Psalm iii., to do what I am now doing. The hundred thousand affright not me.....

"You call on God's name, and pretend to act according to his word. Then, forget not, above all, that God punishes him who calls upon his name in vain. Dread his wrath. Who are you, and what is the world? Forget you that He is the omnipotent and terrible God, the God of the deluge, and who rained his thunders upon Sodom? Now, it is plain, that you honour not his name. Does not God say, 'They that take the sword, shall perish with the sword?' And St. Paul, 'Be ye all obedient to authority in all respect and honour?' How can you, after this, still pretend that you act according to the Gospel? Beware; a fearful judgment awaits you. But, you say, authority is wicked, intolerable, will not allow us the Gospel, overwhelms us with burthens beyond all measure, is ruining us, body and soul. To this I reply, that the iniquity and injustice of authority are no excuse for revolt, for the punishment of the wicked does not appertain to every man. Besides, the natural law says, that no one should be judge in his own cause, or avenge himself, for the Proverb truly says, 'To strike the striker is naught.' The divine law teaches us the same thing: 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.' Your enterprise, therefore, is not only contrary to law, according to the Bible and the Gospel, but also to the natural law and simple equity. You cannot go on with it except you can prove that you have been called to it by a new commandment of God's, directed to yourselves, and confirmed by miracles. You see the mote in the eye of authority, but you cannot see the beam in your own. Authority is unjust in interdicting you the Gospel, and overwhelming you with burthens; but how much more unjust are you, who, not content with interdicting God's word, trample it under foot, and arrogate the power reserved to God alone? Again, who is the greater thief, (yourselves shall be the judge,) he who takes a part, or he who takes all? Now, authority takes your goods unjustly from you; but you strip it, not of goods only, but of body and life. You assert loudly, it is true, that you will leave it something; who will believe you? You have taken power from it; who takes all does not fear to take part; when the wolf devours the sheep, it devours ears as well.

"And how is it you do not see, my friends, that if your doctrine were true, there would no longer be on earth authority, order, or justice of any kind? Each would be his own judge; and there would be nothing to be seen but murder, desolation, and robbery. What would you do, if, assembled as you now are, each affected to be independent, to do himself justice, and be his own avenger? Would you allow it? Would you not say, that judgment belongs to one's superiors? This law must be alike observed, by pagans, Turks, and Jews, if there is to be order and peace on earth. So far from being Christians, you are worse than pagans and Turks. What will Jesus Christ say, seeing his name so profaned by you? Dear friends, I greatly fear Satan has sent amongst you prophets of murder, who covet the empire of this world, and who think to compass it through you, careless of the dangers, spiritual and temporal, into which they are plunging you.

"But, now, to pass to the Gospel law. This does not bind pagans like the law of which we have just been treating. Does not Jesus Christ, from whom ye are named Christians, say, 'Resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also?' . . . . Do you hear him, ye assembled Christians? How does your conduct square with this command? If you know not how to endure, as our Lord requires, quickly resign his name; you are unworthy of it; or he will suddenly deprive you of it himself." (Here Luther quotes other scriptural injunctions to forbearance.) "Suffer, suffer—the cross, the cross—this is the law of Christ; there is none other. . . . Ah! my friends, if you act thus, when will you attain unto that other command which bids you love your enemies and do them good? . . . Oh! would to God that the greater number of us were rather good and pious pagans, observing the natural law! To show you how far you have been led astray by your prophets, I have only to remind you of some examples which throw light on the law of the Gospel. Look at Jesus Christ and St. Peter in the garden of Gethsemane. Did not St. Peter suppose that he was doing right in defending his Master and his Lord from those who were about to deliver Him to the executioners? And yet, you know that Jesus Christ upbraided him as a murderer for having resisted sword in hand. Again: what is the conduct of Jesus Christ on the cross? Does he not pray for his persecutors? does he not say, 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do?' And was not Jesus Christ glorified after having suffered, and has not his kingdom prevailed and triumphed? In like manner, God would aid you if you knew how to suffer as he requires. To take an example of the present day: how has it happened that neither emperor nor pope could anything against me? The greater their efforts to stay and destroy the Gospel, the greater its growth and power. I have

drawn no sword, raised no revolt, have ever preached obedience to authority even when persecuting me, have relied always on God, and put my trust in him. Hence, despite the pope and tyrants, he has not only preserved my life, itself a miracle, but has favoured and diffused my Gospel more and more. And how, now, are you thinking to serve the Gospel by directly contravening it? In truth, you are inflicting a fearful wound on it in the minds of men; crushing it, if I may so say, by your perverse and mad attempts.

"I tell you all this, dear friends, to show you how you profane Christ's name and his holy laws. However just your demands may be, it becomes not a Christian to fight or to use violence: we must suffer injustice; such is our law. (1 Cor. vi.) I repeat to you, then, act now as you like; but lay aside the name of Christ, and do not shamefully take it as a cloak for your impious conduct. I will not permit it. I will not tolerate it. I will tear this name from you by every effort of which I am capable, to the last drop of my blood. . . . . Not that I wish by this to justify authority; the injuries inflicted by it are, I acknowledge, immense; but what I wish is that, if, unhappily, (may God avert it!) if, I say, you come into collision, men may call neither party Christians. It will be a war of pagans, and nothing else; for Christians do not fight with swords and harquebusses, but with the cross and patience; even as their general, Jesus Christ, does not handle the sword, but suffers himself to be bound to the cross. Their triumph does not consist in dominion and power, but in submission and humility. The arms of our chivalry have no corporeal efficacy; their strength is in the Most High.

"Call yourselves, then, men who wish to follow nature, and not endure evil. Such is the name which suits you; and if you do not take it, but persist in retaining and constantly calling upon the name of Christ, I can only consider you as my enemies, as those of the Gospel, like the pope and the emperor. Now, know that in this case I have made up my mind to refer myself wholly to God, and to implore him, in order to enlighten you, to turn against you, and to shipwreck your enterprise. I shall so risk my life, as I have done by opposing the pope and the emperor; for I see plainly that the devil having been unable to get the better of me through them, seeks to exterminate and devour me through the prophets of murder who are among you. Well, let him devour me; the morsel will not be easy of digestion. However, dear friends, I humbly pray you, and as a friend who wishes your good, to reflect well before you proceed further, and to spare me fighting and praying against you; albeit I myself am but a poor sinner, still I know that I should be so justified in this matter that God would infallibly listen to my prayers. He has himself taught us in the holy *Pater Noster*, to pray that *his name may be hallowed on earth as it is in heaven.* It is impossible for you to have the same trust in God; since Scripture and your conscience condemn you, and tell you that you are acting like pagans and enemies of the Gospel. If you were Christian you would not be using the fist and sword, but saying, '*Deliver us from evil,*' and '*Thy will be done*' (here follow texts from Scripture in illustration). But you wish yourselves to be your own God and Saviour; the true God, the true Saviour abandon you then. The demands which you have drawn up are not contrary to natural law and equity in their tenor, but in the violence with which you would force them from authority; and he who has drawn them up is not a pious and sincere man, for he has referred to numerous chapters from Scripture, without citing the verses, in order to throw an air of speciousness around your enterprise, and to seduce you and plunge you into dangers. On reading these chapters, one does not see much bearing on your enterprise, but the contrary rather; to wit, to live and act Christianly. He must, I take it, be a seditious prophet who would wish to attack the Gospel through you. May God be pleased to oppose him, and to keep you from him.

"In the first place, you boast in your preface, of only asking to be allowed to live according to the Gospel. But do you not yourselves confess that you are in rebellion? And how, I ask you, have you the audacity to colour such conduct with the holy name of the Gospel? You cite the example of the children of Israel; you say that God heard the cries they raised unto him, and delivered them. Why then not follow this boasted example? Call on God, as they did, and wait till he send you also a Moses, who will prove his mission by his miracles. The children of Israel did not rebel against Pharaoh; they did not combine for mutual aid as you propose to do. This example then is directly adverse to you, and damns instead of saving you. No more is it true that your articles, as you proclaim in your preface, teach the Gospel, and are in conformity with it. Is there one out of the twelve which contains any point of evangelical doctrine? Have they not all the one single object of enfranchising your persons and your goods? Do they not all treat of temporal things? You, you covet power and worldly goods, and will endure no wrong. The Gospel, on the contrary, takes no care of these matters, and makes external life consist in suffering, in bearing injustice, the cross, in patience, and contempt of life and of all worldly matters. You must either then renounce your enterprise, and consent to suffer wrong, if you wish to bear the name of Christians; or else, if you persist in your resolution, lay down this name and take another. Choose; there is no alternative. You say that the Gospel is hindered from reaching you. I reply, that there is no power earthly or heavenly which can hinder it. Public teaching marches free under the heavens, and is as little bound to any place as the star which, traversing the clouds, announced to the wise men of the East the birth of Jesus Christ. . . If the Gospel be interdicted the town or village in which you are, follow it wheresoever it may be preached. . . Jesus Christ has said (Matthew x.), 'But when they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another.' He does not say, 'If they persecute you, stay there, conspire against the lords in the name of the Gospel, and make yourselves masters of the town.' What then are those Christians who, in the Gospel's name, turn robbers and thieves? Have they the effrontery to call themselves evangelical?"

Reply to first article:—"If the authorities will not cheerfully support the pastor desired by the *commune*, the latter," says Luther, "may charge itself with his support. If the authorities will not

tolerate the said pastor, let the faithful follow him into another commune."

Reply to the second article:—"You desire to dispose of a tithe which is not yours; this would be a robbery. If you wish to do good, do it out of your own means, not those of others. God says through Isaiah, 'A stolen offering I detest.'"

Reply to the third article:—"You wish to apply to the flesh the Christian liberty taught by the Gospel. Had not Abraham and the other patriarchs, as well as the prophets, slaves? Read St. Paul; the empire of this world cannot subsist without inequality of persons."

Reply to the eight last articles:—"As to your articles touching game, fuel, *services*, rent, &c., I refer them to the lawyers, it is not for me to judge of them; but I repeat to you that the Christian is a martyr, and has no care for all these things. Cease, then, speaking of Christian law, and rather say it is human law, the natural law which you claim; for the Christian law commands you to suffer, as regards these matters, and to complain to God alone."

"Dear friends, such is my teaching in reply to your request to me. May it be God's will that you faithfully keep your promise, and be guided according to Scripture. Do not all cry out at once—Luther is a flatterer of princes; he speaks contrary to the Gospel; but read first, and consider whether what I say is not founded on God's word.

"*Exhortation to both parties:*—Since, then, my friends, you neither of you are maintaining a Christian cause, but acting alike against God, forego, I beseech you, all violence. Otherwise, you will cover all Germany with horrible and endless carnage. For as you are both equally involved in injustice, you will but rush to mutual destruction, and God will chastise one offender by the other.

"You, lords, have Scripture and history against you, which teach you the punishment which has ever followed tyranny. You are yourselves tyrants and executioners, for you interdict the Gospel. There is no hope, then, that you will escape the fate which has hitherto visited your equals. Consider the empires of the Assyrians, the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, how they all perished by the sword after having begun by the sword. God wished to prove that it is he who judges the earth, and that no injustice shall remain unpunished.

"You, peasants, you, too, have Scripture and experience against you. Revolt has never ended well, and God has sternly cared that the text, 'They that take the sword, shall perish with the sword,' shall not be a deceitful one. Though you should conquer all the nobles; when conquerors of the nobles, you would turn upon and rend yourselves like wild beasts. The Spirit not reigning over you, but flesh and blood only, it would not be long before God would send an evil spirit, a destroying spirit, as he did to Sichem and its king. . . . .

"What fills me with grief and pity (and would to heaven that it could be redeemed with my life!) are the two irreparable misfortunes which must fall upon both parties. In the first place, as you all fight for injustice, it is inevitable that those who shall perish in the struggle will be everlastingly lost, body and soul; for they will die in their sins, without repentance, and unsuccoured by grace. The other misfortune is, that Germany will be laid waste; such a carnage once begun, there will be no ceasing until the destruction is complete. It is easy to commence the battle, but beyond our power to stop it. Madmen, what have those children, women, and old men, done to you whom you are hurrying to ruin with you, that you should fill the country with blood and rapine, and make so many widows and orphans? Oh! Satan is rejoicing! God has waxed into his most fearful wrath, and threatens to let him loose upon us. Beware, dear friends; all are involved. What will it benefit you to damn yourselves gaily for ever, and to leave behind you a land ensanguined and desert? Wherefore, my advice would be to choose some counts and lords from the nobility, and an equal number of councillors from the towns, and to entrust them with the amicable arrangement of the matters in dispute. You, lords, if you will listen to me, will renounce that outrageous pride of which you must at last divest yourselves, and will relax your tyranny so that the poor man also may enjoy a little ease. You, peasants, you will give way on your side, and will abandon some of your articles, which go too far. On this wise, matters will not, indeed, be treated according to the Gospel, but they will at least be arranged conformably with human law.

"If you do not (which may God forfend!) follow some such plan, I cannot hinder you from coming into collision; but I shall be innocent of the loss of your souls, of your blood, of your goods. Your sins will lie at your own door. I have told you this is no struggle of Christians with Christians, but of tyrants and oppressors with robbers and profaners of the name of the Gospel. Those who shall perish will be everlastingly damned. For me, I and mine will pray to God to reconcile you, and to restrain you from proceeding to the extremes you contemplate. Nevertheless, I cannot conceal from you that the terrible signs which have been made manifest in these latter times sadden my soul, and fill me with fear lest God's wrath be too livelily kindled, and he may exclaim, as in Jeremiah: 'Though these three men, Noah, Job, and Daniel, were in it, they only shall be delivered, but the land shall be desolate.' God grant that you may fear his wrath, and amend, that the calamity may at least be deferred! Such are the counsels which, my conscience bears me witness, I tender you as a Christian and a brother; God grant they bring forth fruit. Amen!"

The biographical character of this work, and the limits within which we must restrict it, do not allow us to enter into the history of this German *jacquerie*. (See, however, the Additions and Illustrations.) We must be contented here with citing the sanguinary proclamation issued by Dr. Thomas Münzer, the leader of the Thuringian peasants, which contrasts strikingly with the mild and moderate tone observable in the twelve articles given above:—

"*The true fear of God before all.*

"Dear brethren—How long will you slumber? Will you for ever disobey God's will, because, in your limited comprehension, you deem yourselves abandoned? How often have I repeated my exhortations! God cannot longer reveal himself. You must be firm; if not, sacrifice and griefs will all

have been in vain. I forewarn you, your sufferings will in such case, re-commence. We must either suffer in God's cause, or become martyrs to the devil. Be firm, then; give not way to fear or sloth; cease from flattering dreamers and impious wretches who have wandered from the path. Arise, and fight the Lord's fight. Time presses. Make your brethren respect God's testimony; otherwise, all will perish. Germany, France, Italy, are wholly up in arms; the Master wishes to play his game; the hour of the evil-doers is come. At Fulda, during Passion week, four churches of the bishopric were sacked: the peasants of Klegen in Hegau, and those of the Black Forest, have risen to the number of three hundred thousand. Their mass increases daily. All my fear is, that these silly ones may be ensnared into some deceitful compact, the disastrous consequences of which they cannot foresee. Though you should be but three, yet, confiding in God and seeking his honour and glory, a hundred thousand enemies would not affright you. Up, up, up! (*Dran, dran, dran!*) 'Tis time; the wicked tremble. Be without pity, though even Esau should speak you fairly. (Gen. xxxiii.) Listen not to the groans of the impious: they will supplicate you most tenderly; they will weep like children; be not moved by them; God forbade Moses to be so (Deut. vii.), and has made a revelation to us of the same prohibition. Raise the towns and villages, above all, the miners of the mountains. . . . Up, up, up, whilst the fire is heating; let not the sword, warm with blood, have time to chill. Forge Nimrod on the anvil, *pink pank.* Slay all in the tower; whilst they shall live, you will never be freed from the fear of men. One cannot speak of God to you, as long as they reign over you. Up, up, up, whilst it is day. God goes before you; follow. The whole of this history is described and explained in St. Matthew, c. xxiv. Be not then afraid. God is with you, as it is said, c. ii., paragraph 2. God tells you to fear nothing. Fear not numbers. 'Tis not your battle, 'tis the Lord's; 'tis not you who fight. Be bold, and you will experience the power of succours from on high. Amen. Given at Mülhausen, in 1525. THOMAS MÜNZER, God's servant against the wicked."

In a letter to the elector Frederick and duke John, Luther draws a comparison between himself and Münzer. "As to me, I am only a poor man, and began my undertaking with fear and trembling, like St. Paul, as he himself confesses (1 Cor. ii. 3—6), he who, nevertheless, could boast of having heard a heavenly voice. I hear not such voices, and am not sustained by the Spirit. With what humble and apologetic frame of mind did I not begin to attack the pope! What internal struggles did I not go through! What supplications did I not address to God! My first publication attests this. Yet, with this poor spirit of mine, I have done what this terrible *world-cracking* (*Weltfressergeist,*) spirit has not yet dared to attempt*. I have held disputations at Leipzig, in the midst of a hostile population. I have attended the summons of my greatest enemy to Augsburg. I have shown myself at Worms, before Cæsar and the whole empire, although well-aware that my safe-conduct was broken through, that craft and treachery were on the watch for me. However weak and poor I then was, my heart, notwithstanding, assured me that I behoved to enter Worms, although I should find there as many devils as tiles on the roofs..... I have been compelled, in my career, to meet in argument, without remission, one, two, three, no matter how many, and upon their own ground. Weak and poor in mind, I have been necessitated to stay by myself like the flower of the field; I could select neither adversary, nor hour, nor place, nor mode of attack, nor distance to be observed, but have been necessitated to hold myself ready to answer the whole world, as the apostle teaches (1 St. Peter, iii. 15). And this spirit who has soared above us all as high as the sun above the earth, this spirit who barely regards us as insects and worms, requires an assembly of such as are favourable to him, and from whom he has nothing to fear, and refuses to reply to two or three challengers who would question him apart. The reason is, that we have no other strength than that which Jesus Christ gives us; if he leave us to ourselves, the rustling of a leaf will make us tremble; if he support us, our spirit is conscious within itself of the power and glory of the Lord. I am forced to vaunt myself, foolish though it be, and St. Paul was forced as well (2 Cor. xi. 16); but would willingly refrain, could I do so in the presence of these lying spirits."

Immediately after the defeat of the peasants, Melanchthon published a brief account of Münzer, of course, singularly unfavourable to the conquered. He asserts, that Münzer fled to Frankenhausen, where he concealed himself in a bed, and feigned to be sick, but was found out by a cavalier, and recognized through his portfolio. "Whilst he was being handcuffed, he kept crying out, and duke George saying to him, 'You are in pain, Thomas; but those poor people who have been killed, pushed on to their death by you, have suffered more today;' 'They would not have it otherwise,' was his reply, bursting out into laughter, as if possessed by the devil. Münzer confessed, on his examination, that he had long thought of reforming Christendom, and that the insurrection of the Suabian peasants had struck him as a favourable opportunity. He showed extreme pusillanimity in his last moments, and was so bewildered, as to be unable to repeat the *Credo* of himself. Duke Henry of Brunswick repeated it, and he said it after him. He also publicly confessed that he had acted erroneously. With regard to the princes, he exhorted them to be less hard to the poor, and to read the books of Kings, saying, that if they followed his advice, they would never have similar dangers to fear. He was then decapitated. His head was fixed upon a pike, and remained exposed as an example. Before his execution, he wrote to the inhabitants of Mülhausen, recommending his wife to them, and praying them not to avenge themselves on her. He added, that "before he quitted the world, he thought it his duty earnestly to exhort them to discontinue the revolt, and avoid all fresh effusion of blood."

Whatever may have been the atrocities that sullied Münzer and the peasants, one cannot but be surprised at the severity with which Luther speaks of their defeat. He could not pardon them, for having compromised the name of Reformation. "O wretched spirits of troubles, where are now

* Münzer refused to dispute in any assembly, public or private, which was unfavourable to him.

the words with which you excited and stirred up poor people to revolt—when you said that they were God's people, that God fought for them, that any one of them could beat down a hundred enemies, that with a hat they could kill five at a blow, and that the stones fired from the arquebuss, instead of striking those opposite, would turn, and kill those who fired them? Where now is Münzer, with that sleeve in which he boasted he could catch all the missiles directed against his people? What is now that God, who for near a year has prophesied by the mouth of Münzer? I am of opinion, that all the peasants ought to perish, rather than the princes and magistrates, since they take up the sword without divine authority. The peasants deserve no mercy, no tolerance, but the indignation of God and man." (May 30th, 1525.) "The peasants," he says elsewhere, "are under the ban both of God and the emperor, and may be treated as mad dogs." In a letter dated the 21st of June, he enumerates the horrible massacres committed upon them by the nobles, without displaying the least sign of interest or pity.

He showed more generosity towards his enemy Carlstadt, who was, at the time, exposed to the greatest dangers, and had infinite difficulty in justifying himself for having taught doctrines akin to those of Münzer. He returned to Wittemberg, and humbled himself before Luther, who interceded for him, and obtained the elector's permission for his settling as a husbandman at Kemberg, which he desired to do. "I am grieved about the poor man; and your grace knows that we should have pity on the unfortunate, especially when they are innocent." (Sept. 12th, 1525.) On Nov. 22nd, 1526, he again writes. . . . "Doctor Carlstadt earnestly prays me to intercede with your grace to allow him to inhabit the city of Kemberg, as the malice of the peasants renders living in a village irksome to him. Now, as he has kept himself quiet up to the present time, and as he will be under the eye of the provost of Kemberg, I humbly beseech your electoral grace to grant his request, although your grace have already done much for him, and have even drawn suspicion and calumnies on yourself on his account. But so much the more abundantly will God return it to you. 'Tis for him to think of the safety of his soul—that is his concern; to treat him well as regards his bodily wants, is ours."

"To all dear Christians into whose hands the present writing shall fall, the grace and peace of God our Father, and of our Lord Jesus Christ; Doctor *Martin Luther.*—Doctor Andreas Carlstadt has just forwarded to me a small work, in which he clears himself of the charge of having been one of the leaders of the rebels, and earnestly entreats me to get it printed, in order to save the honour of his name, and, perhaps, even his life, which is endangered through the haste with which they will hurry through the trial of the accused. Indeed it is reported that rapid proceedings are about to be instituted against many poor persons, and the innocent to be executed along with the guilty, without hearing or proof, in the wantonness of rage; and I much fear the cowardly tyrants, who before trembled at the fall of a leaf, waxing now so bold in glutting their rage, that, on the destined day, God will cast them down in their turn. Now, albeit doctor Carlstadt is my greatest enemy on questions of doctrine, and there is no hope of our agreeing on such points, the confidence with which he applies to me in his hour of fear, rather than to those old friends of his who erst excited him against me, shall not be deceived, and I shall gladly do him this service, and others, if possible." Luther goes on to express his hopes that, by God's grace, all will yet turn out well for Carlstadt, and that he will at the last renounce his errors touching the sacrament. At the same time, he defends himself against any charge that may be brought on account of his conduct on this occasion, of his yielding a jot on doctrinal points; whilst to any charge of excess of credulity, he replies, "That it becomes neither him nor any one to judge another's heart. 'Charity suffereth long,' says St. Paul; and, elsewhere, 'Charity believeth all things, hopeth all things.' This, then, is my opinion. So long as doctor Carlstadt offers to take his trial, and to undergo fitting punishment should he be convicted of having taken part in the rebellion, I am bound to credit both his word and this writing of his, although previously inclined to consider himself and his friends animated with a seditious spirit, and am bound to aid him to procure the inquiry which he solicits."

Luther next proceeds to ascribe much of what has happened, to the violence with which princes and bishops have opposed the spread of religion. "Hence that popular fury which, naturally, will not be appeased until the tyrants be low in the mud; since things cannot last when a master can only inspire fear instead of love. No, let us leave our black-coats and country squires to shut their ears against warnings: let them go on, let them go on; let them continue to accuse the Gospel of the evil which they have brought upon themselves; let them always say, 'What do I care for it?' Soon will there come Another, who will answer them, 'Yet a little while and there shall be nor prince nor bishop on the face of the earth.' Let them, then, alone; they will soon find what they have been so long looking for; the thing is set a-going. God grant they may yet repent in time! Amen. Therefore, I beseech nobles and bishops, and every one, to suffer doctor Carlstadt, on this solemn allegation of his that he can clear himself from all implication in the rebellion, to enter on his defence, for fear of tempting God more, and of the people's anger becoming more violent and justified. . . . He has never lied, He who has promised to hearken to the cries of the oppressed; and He wanteth not power to punish. May God grant us his grace. Amen." (A.D. 1525.)—"Germany, I fear me, is lost. Perish she must, since the princes will only employ the sword. Ah! they think that they can thus pluck out, hair by hair, the good God's beard. He will smite them on the cheek therefore." (A.D. 1526.)—"The spirit of these tyrants is impotent, cowardly, foreign from every honest thought. They deserve to be the slaves of the people. But, by the grace of Christ, I am sufficiently avenged in the contempt I entertain for them, and for Satan, their god." (The end of December, 1525.)

CHAPTER IV.

A. D. 1524 — 1527.

LUTHER ATTACKED BY THE RATIONALISTS.—ZWINGLE.—BUCER, &C.—ERASMUS.

During the whole of this terrible tragedy of the war of the peasants, the theological war was raging against Luther. The Swiss and Rhenish reformers, Zwingle, Bucer, Œcolampadius, participated in Carlstadt's theological principles, differing from him in little save in their submission to the civil power. Not one of them would remain within the limits to which Luther desired to restrict the Reformation. Hard and frigid logicians, they daily effaced the traces of that antique Christian poesy which he sought to preserve. Less daring, but more dangerous still, the king of the literary world, the cold and ingenious Erasmus, rained fearful blows upon him. Zwingle and Bucer*, men of a political cast of mind, had long been striving to preserve, at any price, the apparent unity of Protestantism. Bucer, that *grand architect of subtleties* (Bossuet), concealed his opinions for some time from Luther, and even translated his German works. "No one," says Luther, "no one has translated my works into Latin more ably or exactly than master Bucer. He foists into them none of his vagaries touching the sacrament. Did I seek to display my inmost heart and thought in words, I could not do better." At another time, he seems to have detected the infidelity of the translation. On September 13th, 1527, he writes to a printer, that Bucer, in translating his works into Latin, had so altered certain passages as to pervert the sense; "it is on this fashion that we have made the fathers heretics." And he begs him, should he reprint the volume, to prefix a preface from himself, warning the reader of the changes introduced by Bucer. In 1527, he published a work against Zwingle and Œcolampadius, in which he styled them new Wickliffites, and denounced their opinions as sacrilegious and heretical. At length, in 1528, he said, "I know enough, and more than enough, of Bucer's iniquity to feel no surprise at his perverting against me my own published sentiments on the sacrament. . . . . Christ keep you, you who are living in the midst of these ferocious beasts, these vipers, lionesses, panthers, with almost more danger than Daniel in the lions' den." "I believe Zwingle to be worthy of a holy hate for his rash and criminal handling of God's word." (October 27th, 1527.) "What a fellow is this Zwingle, with his rank ignorance of grammar and dialectics, not to speak of other sciences!" (November 28th, 1527.)

In a second publication against them, in 1528, he says, "I reject, and condemn as mere error, all doctrine which assumes the will to be free." This was the subject of his grand quarrel with Erasmus; which began in 1525, the year that Erasmus published his *De Libero Arbitrio*. Up to that time, they had been on friendly terms. Erasmus had frequently stood forth in defence of Luther; and the latter, in return, consented to respect the neutrality of Erasmus. The following letter proves that down to 1524, Luther thought it expedient to observe some delicacy towards him:—"This has been a long silence, dear Erasmus; and although I waited for you, as my superior, to break it, charity now seems to bid me make a commencement. I do not reproach you with having kept aloof from us through fear of embarrassing the cause which you abetted against our enemies, the papists; and, indeed, the only annoyance I feel is your having harassed us with some sharp stings and bites in various passages of the works which you have published, to catch their favour or mitigate their anger. We see that the Lord has not yet granted you sufficient energy or understanding to attack these monsters freely and courageously, and we are not the men who would exact from you what is above your strength. We have respected in you your weakness, and the measure of God's gifts. The whole world must bear witness to your successful cultivation of that literature by which we arrive at a true understanding of the Scriptures, and this gift of God's has been magnificently and wonderfully displayed in you; calling for all thanks. And so I have never desired to see you quit the distance which you keep, in order to enter our camp. Great, doubtless, would be the services you could render us by your talent and eloquence; but, since your heart fails, better serve with what He has given you. There was a fear that you might suffer yourself to be led away by our adversaries to attack our doctrine publicly, when I should feel bound to oppose you to your face; and I have quieted some of our friends who had written with the design of forcing you into the arena: hence, I should have been glad that the Hutten's *Expostulatio*, and still more that thy *Hutten's Sponge* had not been published; a circumstance which may have taught you to feel how easy it is to write about moderation, and to accuse Luther of intemperance, but how difficult and impossible to practise these lessons except by a singular gift of grace. Believe it or not, Christ is my witness that I pity you from the bottom of my soul when I see such passions and hates against you, to which it were too much (weak and worldly as is your virtue to bear up against such storms) to suppose you insensible. Yet, perchance, our friends may be instigated by a lawful zeal, deeming themselves unworthily attacked by you. . . . For my own part, although irritable and often hurried away by anger to write bitterly, it has been in the case of the obstinate only; being merciful and mild to sinners generally, however insensate and iniquitous, as my conscience bears me witness, and numbers can tell. And thus I have restrained my pen, notwithstanding your goadings, and have resolved to restrain it, until you declare yourself openly. For whatever be our points of disagreement, and with whatever impiety or dissimulation you express your disapprobation or your doubts on the most important points of religion, I neither can nor will accuse you of obstinacy. What steps take now? On both sides there is exceeding exasperation. Might I be mediator, I would have them forbear their furious attacks upon you, and

* The learned of the sixteenth century generally translated their proper names into Greek. So, Kuhhorn (Cowhorn) changed his name into that of Bucer; Hausschein (House-light) into Œcolampadius; Didier (from *Desiderium*, desire) into Erasmus; Schwarz-Erde (Black-earth) into Melanchthon, &c. Luther and Zwingle, the two popular reformers, are the only ones who retained their own proper appellations in the vulgar tongue.

suffer your declining years to sleep in peace in the Lord; and they would do so, did they take into consideration your weakness and the greatness of our cause, which has long exceeded your small measure. We have advanced so far that we have scant need to fear for our cause, even though Erasmus should assemble all his forces against us. . . . However, there is some show of reason in our friends feeling so annoyed at your attacks; for it is only human weakness to fidget and alarm itself about the name and authority of Erasmus. To be bitten by Erasmus but once, is a very different thing from being a prey to the attacks of all the papists put together. I have written to you thus, dear Erasmus, to prove my candour, and because I yearn that the Lord may grant you grace befitting your name. Should this be delayed, yet I pray you to remain at least a spectator of our tragedy. Join not your forces to our adversaries; publish no books against me, and I will publish none against you. As for those who complain of being attacked in Luther's name, remember that they are men like you and me, to whom we must grant indulgence and pardon, and that, as St. Paul says, '*we must bear each other's burden.*' Biting is enough; we must beware of devouring one another. . . " (April, 1524.)

To Borner. "Erasmus knows less about predestination than even the sophists of the school. Erasmus is not formidable on this, any more than on any other Christian matter. I will not lunge at Erasmus, and shall let him lunge at me once or twice, without parrying and returning the thrust. It is not wise in him to be preparing the strength of his eloquence against me. . . . . I shall present myself confidently before the most eloquent Erasmus, stammerer as I may be in comparison with him, and caring not for his credit, his name, or his reputation. I am not angry with Mosellanus's attaching himself to Erasmus rather than me. Tell him to be Erasmian with all his strength." (May 28th, 1522.) This forbearance could not last. The publication of the *De Libero Arbitrio* was a declaration of war. Luther perceived that the true question was at last mooted. "What I esteem, what I laud in thee is, that thou alone hast touched the root of the subject, the whole gist of the matter, I mean free will. Thou dost not plague me with disputes foreign to the question, with the papacy, purgatory, indulgences, and other fooleries with which they have paid me off. Alone thou hast seized the knot, hast struck at the throat. Thanks, Erasmus! . . . It is irreligious, thou sayest, it is superfluous, a matter of pure curiosity, to inquire whether God be endowed with prescience, whether our will is operant as regards everlasting salvation, or is only acted upon by grace; whether what good and evil we do, we do actively or passively! . . Great God! what then is religious, grave, useful? Erasmus, Erasmus, it is difficult to accuse thee of ignorance; a man of thy years, living in the midst of Christian people, and who has so long meditated upon the Scriptures! It is impossible to excuse, or to think well of thee. . . . What! you, a theologian, you, a Christian doctor, not satisfied to abide by your ordinary scepticism, you to decide that those things are unnecessary, without which there is no longer God, nor Christ, nor Gospel, nor faith; without which there remains nothing, I will not say of Christianity, but of Judaism!" But all in vain is Luther powerful and eloquent; he cannot break asunder the bonds which entwine him. "Why," asks Erasmus, "does not God correct the viciousness of our will, since it is not in our power to control it? or why does he impute it to us, since this viciousness of will is inherent in man? . . . . The vessel says to the potter, 'Wherefore have you made me for the everlasting fire?' . . . If man be not free, what is the meaning of *precept, action, reward*, in short, of all language? Why speak of repentance, &c." Luther is exceedingly put to it to answer all this. "God speaks to us on this fashion," he says, "solely to convict us of our powerlessness if we do not implore his assistance. Satan said, 'Thou art free to act.' Moses said, 'Act;' in order to convict us before Satan of our inability to act." A cruel and seemingly silly answer; equivalent to tying our legs, and then bidding us walk, and punishing us every time we fall. Recoiling from the consequences which Erasmus either deduces or hints at, Luther rejects every system of interpretation for the Scripture, and yet finds himself obliged to have recourse to interpretation in order to escape the conclusions of his adversary. For instance, he explains the "*I will harden Pharaoh's heart*," as follows: "God does evil in us, that is to say, through us, not through any defect in himself, but through the effect of our vices; for we are sinners by nature, whilst God can only do good. By virtue of his omnipotence, he carries us along with him in his course of action, but, although good itself, he cannot prevent an evil instrument from producing evil."

It must have been glorious for Erasmus to behold the triumphant enemy of papacy writhing under his blows, and clutching to oppose him a weapon so dangerous to him who employs it. The more Luther struggles, the more he takes advantage; the more he pushes his victory, the deeper he sinks into immorality and fatalism, even to being constrained to admit that Judas could do no other than betray Christ. Deep and lasting, therefore, was Luther's recollection of this quarrel. He did not deceive himself with regard to his triumph: he had not discovered the solution of the terrible problem; he felt this in his *De Servo Arbitrio* (On the Bondage of the Will); and, to his latest day, the name of him who had beaten him down to the most immoral consequences of the doctrine of grace, is mixed up in his writings and sermons, with curses upon the blasphemers of Christ.

He was, most of all, angered by Erasmus's apparent moderation; who, not daring to attack the foundations of the edifice of Christianity, seemed desirous of destroying it slowly, stone by stone. This shifting and equivocation did not suit Luther's energy. "Erasmus," he says, "that amphibolous king, who sits quietly on the throne of amphibology, mocks us with his ambiguous words, and claps his hands when he sees us entangled in his insidious figures, like a quarry in the nets. Taking it as an opportunity for his rhetoric, he falls upon us with loud cries, tearing, flogging, crucifying, throwing all hell at our head, because, he says, we have understood in a slanderous, infamous, and Satanic sense, words which he, nevertheless, wished to be so understood. . . . See him advance, creeping like a viper, to tempt simple souls, like the serpent that

beguiled Eve into doubt, and infused into her suspicion of God's commands." Whatever Luther may say, this dispute occasioned him so much anxiety and trouble, that he at last declined battle, and prevented his friends from replying for him: "If I fight with dirt, conqueror or conquered, I am always defiled." "I would not," he writes to his son John, "for a thousand florins find myself in God's presence in the danger in which Jerome will stand, still less in Erasmus's place. If I recover health and strength I will fully and freely bear witness to my God against Erasmus. I will not sell my dear little Jesus. I daily draw nearer to the grave; and, before I descend into it, wish to bear witness to my God with my lips, and without putting forth a single leaf as my shield. As yet I have hesitated, and have said to myself, 'Shouldst thou kill him what would be his fate?' I killed Münzer, and his death is a load round my neck. But I killed him because he sought to kill my Christ." Preaching on Trinity Sunday, doctor Martin Luther says: "I pray all of you, who have seriously at heart the honour of Christ and of the Gospel, to be the enemies of Erasmus. . . ." One day, doctor Luther exclaimed to doctors Jonas and Pomeranus, with energetic earnestness: "My dying prayers to you would be, 'Scourge this serpent.' . . . When I shall recover, with God's aid, I will write against him, and kill him. We have endured his mockery of us, and having taken us by the throat; but now, that he seeks to do the same by Christ, we will array ourselves against him. . . . It is true, that crushing Erasmus is crushing a bug; but my Christ, whom he mocks, is nearer to me than Erasmus's being in danger." "If I live, I will, with God's aid, purge the Church of his ordure. 'Tis Erasmus who has given birth to Crotus, Egranus, Witzeln, Œcolampadius, Campanus, and other visionaries or Epicureans. Be it thoroughly understood, I will no more recognize him as a member of the Church." Looking one day at a portrait of Erasmus, Luther said: "Erasmus, as his countenance proves, is a crafty, designing man, who has laughed at God and religion; he uses fine words, as, 'dear Lord Christ, the word of salvation, the holy sacraments,' but holds the truth to be a matter of indifference. When he preaches, it rings false, like a cracked pot. He has attacked the papacy, and is now drawing his head out of the noose."

CHAPTER V.

A. D. 1526 — 1529.

LUTHER'S MARRIAGE.—HIS POVERTY, DISCOURAGEMENT, DESPAIR, SICKNESS.—BELIEF IN THE APPROACHING END OF THE WORLD.

THE firmest souls would have found it difficult to bear up against such a succession of shocks; and Luther's visibly failed after the crisis of the year 1525. His part had been changed, and most distressingly. Erasmus's opposition was the signal for the estrangement of men of letters, who, at the first, had so powerfully aided Luther's cause. He had allowed the *De Libero Arbitrio* to remain without any serious reply. The great innovator, the people's champion against Rome, saw himself outstripped by the people, and, in the war of the peasants, cursed by the people; so that one cannot be surprised at the discouragement which overwhelmed him at this period. In this prostration of his mind, the flesh regained its empire; he married. The two or three succeeding years are a sort of eclipse for Luther; in which we find him for the most part preoccupied with worldly cares, that cannot, however, fill up the void he experiences. At last, he succumbs. A grand physical crisis marks the end of this period of atony. He is aroused from his lethargy by the dangers that threaten Germany; which is invaded by Soliman (A.D. 1529), and threatened in its liberty and its faith at the diet of Augsburg, by Charles the Fifth. (A.D. 1530.)

"Since God has created woman such as to require of necessity to be near man, let us ask no more, God is on our side. So, let us honour marriage, as an honourable and divine institution. This mode of life is the first which it pleased God to ordain, is that which he has constantly maintained, is the last which he will glorify over every other. Where were kingdoms and empires when Adam and the patriarchs lived in marriage? Out of what other kind of life do all states proceed? Albeit, man's wickedness has compelled the magistracy to usurp it for the most part, so that marriage has become an empire of war, whilst, in its purity and simplicity it is the empire of peace." (Jan. 17th, 1525.) "You tell me, my dear Spalatin, that you wish to renounce the court, and your office. My advice to you is, to remain, except you leave to marry. For my part, I am in God's hand, a being whose heart he can change and change back, whom he can slay, or call to life, at each moment, and at every hour. Nevertheless, in the state in which my heart has ever been, and still is, I shall not take a wife: not that I do not feel my flesh and my sex; I am neither wood nor stone, but my mind inclines not to marriage whilst I am daily expecting the heretic's death and punishment." (Nov. 30th, 1524.) "You need not be surprised that I, *qui sic famosus sum amator* (who am so notorious a lover), do not marry. You should rather be surprised that I, who have written so much upon marriage, and have constantly had so much to do with women, have not long since been changed into a woman rather than marrying one. Still, if you will regulate yourself by my example, it should be all-powerful with you to learn that I have had three spouses at the same time, and have loved them so much as to lose two, who are about to take other husbands. The third, I hardly detain by the left-hand, and she is slipping from me." (April 16th, 1525.)

To Amsdorff. "Hoping to have my life spared for some time yet, I have not liked to refuse giving my father the hope of posterity. Besides, I have chosen to practise what I have preached, since so many others have shown themselves afraid to practise what is so clearly announced in the Gospel. I follow God's will; and am not devoured with a burning, immoderate love for my wife, but simply love her." (June 21st, 1525.)

His bride, Catherine von Bora, was a young girl of noble birth, who had escaped from her convent; was twenty-four years of age, and remarkably beautiful. It appears that she had been previously attached to a young student of Nuremberg, Jerome

Baumgartner; and Luther wrote to him (Oct. 12th, 1524).—"If you desire to obtain your Catherine von Bora, make haste before she is given to another, whose she almost is. Still, she has not yet overcome her love for you. For my part, I should be delighted to see you united." He writes to Stiefel, a year after his marriage. (Aug. 12th, 1526). "Catherine, my dear *rib*, salutes you. She is, thanks to God, in the enjoyment of excellent health. She is gentle, obedient, and complying in all things, beyond my hopes. I would not exchange my poverty for the wealth of Crœsus." Luther, in truth, was at this time extremely poor. Preoccupied with household cares, and anxiety about his future family, he turned his thoughts to acquiring a handicraft. "If the world will no longer support us in return for preaching the word, let us learn to live by the labour of our own hands." Could he have chosen, he would no doubt have preferred one of the arts which he loved—the art of Albert Durer, and of his friend Lucas Cranach—or music, which he called a science inferior to theology alone; but he had no master. So he became turner. "Since our barbarians here know nothing of art or science, my servant Wolfgang and I have taken to turning." He commissioned Wenceslaus Link to buy him tools at Nuremberg. He also took to gardening and building. "I have planted a garden," he writes to Spalatin, "and have built a fountain, and have succeeded tolerably in both. Come, and be crowned with lilies and roses." (Dec. 1525.) In April, 1527, on being made a present of a clock by an abbot of Nuremberg, "I must," he says, in acknowledging its receipt, "I must become a student of mathematics in order to comprehend all this mechanism, for I never saw anything like it." A month afterwards he writes, "The turning tools are come to hand, and the dial with the cylinder and the wooden clock. I have tools enough for the present, except you meet with some newly-invented ones, which can turn of themselves, whilst my servant snores or stares at the clouds. I have already taken my degree in clockmaking, which is prized by me as enabling me to tell the hour to my drunkards of Saxons, who pay more attention to their glasses than the hours, and care not whether sun, or clock, or whoso regulates the clock, go wrong." (May 19th, 1527.) "You may absolutely see my melons, gourds, and pumpkins grow; so I have known how to employ the seeds you have sent me." (July 5th.)

Gardening was no great resource, and Luther found himself in a situation equally strange and distressing. This man, who governed kings, saw himself dependent on the elector for his daily food. The new church had only compassed her deliverance from the papacy, by subjecting herself to the civil power, which, at the outset, starved and neglected her. Luther had written to Spalatin in 1523, that he desired to resign the income which he drew from his convent, into the elector's hands. . . . "Since we read no more, bawl no more, say mass no more, and, indeed, do nothing for which the house was founded, we can no longer live on this money which is no longer ours." (Nov. 1523.) "As yet, Staupitz has paid no fraction of our income. . . . We are daily plunging deeper into debt; and I know not whether to apply to the elector again, or to let things go on, and the worst come to the worst, until want drives me forth from Wittemberg into the tender hands of pope and emperor." (Nov. 1523.) "Are we here to pay every one, and yet no one to pay us? This is passing strange." (Feb. 1st. 1524.) "Each day burdens me with fresh debts; I must seek alms by some other means." (April 24th, 1524.) "This life cannot last. Are not these delays of the prince justly calculated to arouse suspicion? For my own part, I would long since have left my convent for some other abode, and have lived by my own labour (although I cannot now be said to live without labour), had I not feared to bring scandal on the Gospel, and even on the prince." (End of Dec. 1524.)

"You ask me for eight florins; but where shall I get them? You know that I am obliged to use the strictest economy; and I have imprudently contracted debts this year to the amount of above a hundred florins. I have been forced to leave three goblets in pledge for fifty florins. It is true, that my Lord, who has thus punished me for my improvidence, has at last set me free. . . . Besides, Lucas and Christian will no longer take my security, finding that they either lose all, or else drain my purse to the bottom." (Feb. 2nd, 1527.) "Tell Nicolas Endrissus to ask me for some copies of my works. . Although very poor, I have yet made certain stipulations with my printers, asking them nothing for all my labour, except the power of taking occasionally a copy of my works. This is not exacting, I think, since other writers, even translators, receive a ducat a sheet." (July 5th, 1527.) "What has happened, my dear Spalatin, that you write to me in so threatening and imperious a tone? Has not Jonas experienced enough of your contempt and your prince's, that you still rage so furiously against that excellent man? I know the prince's character, and how lightly he treats men. . . . . 'Tis thus, then, that the Gospel is honoured, by refusing a poor stipend to its ministers! . . . . Is it not iniquitous and detestably perfidious to order him to leave, and yet to manage to make it appear that no such order had been given him? And think you that Christ does not note the stratagem? . . . I do not conceive, however, that the prince has sustained any injury through us. . . A tolerable proportion of the good things of this world has found its way into his purse, and each day is adding to it. God will find the means of feeding us, if you withhold your alms and some accursed money. . . Dear Spalatin, treat us, I pray you, us, Christ's poor and exiles, more gently, or else explain yourself frankly, so that we may know what we are about, and no longer be forced to ruin ourselves by following an equivocal order, which, whilst it obliges us to leave, does not allow of our naming those who compel us to the step." (Nov. 27th, 1524.)—"We have been gratified, my dear Gerard Lampadarius, by the receipt of the letter and the cloth, which you have sent us with such candour of soul and benevolence of heart. . . . Catherine and myself use your lamps every night, and we reprove each other with having made you no present, and having nothing to send you to keep us in your recollection. I feel much shame at not having made you a present of paper even, though easy for me so to do. . . . Ere long I will send you a bundle of books, at the least. I would have forwarded to you, by this same conveyance, a German Isaiah, which has just seen the light, but I

have been stripped of every copy, so that I have not one left." (Oct. 14th, 1528.)

To Martin Gorlitz, who had made him a present of beer:—"Your Ceres of Torgau has been happily and gloriously consumed. It had been reserved for myself and for visitors, who were never weary of praising it above all they had ever tasted. Like a true boor, I have not yet sufficiently thanked your Emilia and you for it. I am so careless a housekeeper (οἰκοδεσπότης) that I had utterly forgotten it was in my cellar, until reminded by my servant of it. Remember me to all our brethren, and, above all, to your Emilia and her son, the graceful hind and the young fawn. May the Lord bless you, and make you multiply by thousands, both according to the spirit and the flesh." (Jan. 15th, 1529.) Luther writes to Amsdorff, that he is about to extend his hospitality to a young wife:—"If my Catherine should be brought to bed at the same time, thou wouldst be the poorer for it. Gird thee, then, not with sword and cuirass, but with gold and silver and a good purse, for I will not let thee off without a present." (March 29th, 1529.)—*To Jonas*:—"I had got to the tenth line of this letter when they came to tell me that my Kate had given me a girl: '*All glory and praise to our Father who is in heaven!*' My little John is safe. Augustin's wife is doing well; and, lastly, Margaret Mochinn has escaped death, contrary to all expectation. By way of set-off, we have lost five pigs. . . . May the plague be satisfied with this contribution! I am, as heretofore, an apostle truly, '*as dying, and behold, we live!*'" Luther's wife was pregnant; his son ill, cutting his teeth; his two women-servants (Hannah and Margaret Mochinn) had been attacked by the plague, which was raging at the time at Wittemberg. He writes to Amsdorff: "My house is turned into a hospital." (Nov. 1st, 1527.) "The wife of Georges, the chaplain, is dead of a miscarriage and the plague. . . . Every one is seized with terror. I have taken the curate and his family into my house." (Nov. 4th, 1527.) "Your little John does not salute you, for he is ill, but begs your prayers. He has not touched food for these twelve days. It is marvellous to see how the child would fain be gay and cheerful as usual, but is too weak for the effort. The chirurgeon opened Margaret Mochinn's abscess yesterday, and she is beginning to recover. I have given her our winter apartment; we occupy the large front parlour; Hanschen is in my room, with the stove; and Augustin's wife in hers. We are beginning to hope that the plague has run its course. Adieu. Embrace your daughter and her mother for us, and remember us in your prayers." (Nov. 10th, 1527.)

"My poor son was dead, but has been resuscitated. He had not eaten for twelve days. The Lord has increased my family by a little girl. We are all well, save Luther himself, who, sound in body and utterly isolated from the world, suffers inwardly from the attacks of the devil and his angels. I am writing for the second and last time against the Sacramentarians and their vain words, &c." (December 31st, 1527.) "My little daughter Elizabeth is dead. I am surprised how sick she has left me at heart; a woman's heart, so shaken I am. I could not have believed that a father's soul would have been so tender towards his child." (August 5th, 1528.) "I can teach you what it is to be a father, especially of one of that sex which has the power of awakening your softest emotions beyond the reach of sons (*præsertim sexûs qui ultra filiorum casum etiam habet misericordiam valdè moventem*)." (June 5th, 1530.)

Towards the close of the year 1527, Luther himself was frequently seriously indisposed both in body and mind. Writing to Melanchthon, October 27th, he concludes his letter as follows:—"I have not yet read Erasmus's new work, and what should I read, I, a sick servant of Jesus Christ's, I, who am scarcely alive? What can I do? What write? Is it God's will thus to overwhelm me with all ocean's waves at once? And it is they who ought to have compassion on me who come to give me the final blow after so many sufferings! May God enlighten them and their hearts! Amen." Two of Luther's intimate friends, doctors John Bugenhagen and Jonas, have left us the following account of a fainting fit with which Luther was seized about the end of 1527:—"On the Saturday of the Visitation of the Virgin Mary (A.D. 1527), in the afternoon, doctor Luther complained of pains in the head and such inexpressibly violent humming in his ears, that he thought he must sink under it. In the course of the morning, he sent for doctor Bugenhagen to confess him; when he spoke to him with affright of the temptations he had been going through, begged him to strengthen him, and to pray to God for him, and concluded by saying, 'Because I sometimes wear a gay and jovial air, many conclude that my path is on roses; and God knows how far my heart is from any such feeling. Often have I resolved, for the world's sake, to assume a more austere and holier demeanour (I do not explain myself well), but God has not favoured my resolve.' In the afternoon of the same day he fell down senseless, turned quite cold, and gave no sign of life. When recalled to himself by unceasing care, he began to pray with great fervour:—'Thou knowest, my God!' he said, 'how cheerfully I would have poured out my blood for thy word, but thou hast willed it otherwise. Thy will be done! No doubt, I was unworthy of it. Death would be my happiness; yet, O my God! if it be thy will, gladly would I still live to spread thy holy word, and comfort such of thy people as wax faint. Nevertheless, if my hour be come, thy will be done! In thy hands are life and death. O my Lord Jesus Christ, I thank thee for thy grace in suffering me to know thy holy name. Thou knowest that I believe in thee, in the Father, and in the Holy Ghost; thou art my divine Mediator and Saviour. . . . Thou knowest, O my Lord, that Satan has laid numerous snares for me, to slay my body by tyrants and my soul by his *fiery arrows*, his infernal temptations. Up to this time, thou hast marvellously protected me against all his fury. Protect me still, O my steadfast Lord, if it be thy will!'

"Then he turned to us both (Bugenhagen and Jonas), and said, 'The world is prone to lying, and there will be many who will say that I retracted before I died. I call on you, therefore, at once to receive my profession of faith. I conscientiously declare that I have taught the true word of God, even as the Lord laid upon me and impelled me to do. Yea; I declare that what I have preached upon faith, charity, the cross, the holy sacrament, and other articles of the Christian doctrine, is just, good, and conducive to salvation. I have

been often accused of violence and harshness; I acknowledge that I have sometimes been violent and harsh towards my enemies. Yet have I never sought to injure any one, still less the perdition of any soul. I had intended to write upon baptism, and against Zwingle; but God, apparently, has willed the contrary.' He next spoke of the sects that will arise to pervert God's word, and will not spare, he said, the flock which the Lord has redeemed with his blood. He wept as he spoke of these things. 'As yet;' he said, 'God has suffered me to join you in the struggle against these spirits of disorder, and I would gladly continue so to do; alone, you will be too weak against them all. However, the thought of Jesus Christ re-assures me; for he is stronger than Satan and all his arms; he is the Lord of Satan.' Some short time after, when the vital heat had been a little revived by frictions, and the application of hot pillows, he asked his wife, 'Where is my little heart, my well-beloved little John?' When the child was brought, he smiled at his father, who began saying, with tears in his eyes, 'Poor dear little one, I commend you to God, you and your good mother, my dear Catherine. You are penniless, but God will take care of you. He is the father of orphans and widows. Preserve them, O my God; inform them, even as thou hast preserved and informed me up to this day.' He then spoke to his wife about some silver goblets. 'Thou knowest,' he added, 'they are all we have left.' He fell into a deep sleep, which recruited his strength; and on the next day, he was considerably better. He then said to doctor Jonas, 'Never shall I forget yesterday. The Lord takes man into hell, and draws him out of it. The tempest which beat yesterday morning on my soul, was much more terrible than that which my body underwent towards evening. God kills, and brings to life. He is the master of life and death.' "

"For nearly three months, I have been growing weaker, not in body, but in mind; to such a degree, that I can scarcely write these few lines. This is Satan's doing." (Oct. 8th, 1527.) "I want to reply to the Sacramentarians, but shall be able to do nothing except my soul be fortified." (Nov. 1st, 1527.) "I have not yet read Erasmus, or the Sacramentarians, with the exception of some three sheets of Zwingle. It is well done of them to trample me so mercilessly under foot, so that I may say with Jesus Christ, '*He persecuted the poor and needy man, that he might even slay the broken in heart.*' I alone bear the weight of God's wrath, because I have sinned towards him. The pope and Cæsar, the princes, the bishops, the whole world, hates and assails, but yet 'tis not enough without my very brother come to torment me. My sins, death, Satan and his angels, rage incessantly against me. And who would keep or comfort me if Christ were to desert me; for whose sake I have incurred their hate? But he will not desert the wretched sinner when the end cometh; for I think I shall be the last of all men. Oh! would to God that Erasmus and the Sacramentarians were to undergo for a quarter of an hour only the misery of my heart!" (Nov. 10th, 1527.) "Satan tries me with marvellous temptations, but I am not left without the prayers of the saints, albeit the wounds of my heart are not easy to cure. My comfort is, that there are many others who have to sustain the same struggles. No doubt, there is no suffering so great that my sins do not deserve it. But what gives me life and strength is, the consciousness that I have taught, to the salvation of many, the true and pure word of Christ. This it is which burns up Satan, who would wish to see me and the word drowned and lost. And so I suffer nothing at the hands of the tyrants of this world, while others are killed, burnt, and die for Christ; but I have so much the more to suffer spiritually from the prince of this world." (August 21st, 1527.) "When I wish to write, my head is filled as it were with tinklings, thunders, and if I did not stop at once, I should faint outright. I have now been three days, unable even to look at a letter. My head is wearing into a small chapter; and if this goes on, it will soon be no more than a paragraph, a period (*caput meum factum est capitulum, perget verò fietque paragraphus, tandem periodus*). The day I received your letter from Nuremberg, Satan visited me. I was alone. Vitus and Cyriacus had left me. This time he was the stronger. He drove me out of my bed, and forced me to go and seek the face of men." (May 12, 1530). "Although well in bodily health, I am ever ill with Satan's persecutions; which hinder me from writing or doing anything. The last day, I fully believe, is not far from us. Farewell, cease not to pray for poor Luther." (Feb. 28th, 1529). "One may overcome the temptations of the flesh, but how hard it is to struggle against the temptation of blasphemy and despair. We neither comprehend the sin, nor know the remedy." After a week of constant suffering, he wrote: "Having all but lost my Christ, I was beaten by the waves and tempests of despair and blasphemy." (Aug. 2nd, 1527.)

Luther, far from receiving support and comfort from his friends, whilst undergoing these internal troubles, saw some lukewarm and timidly sceptical, others fairly embarked in the path of mysticism which he had himself opened up for them, and wandering further from him daily. The first to declare himself was Agricola, the leader of the Antinomians. We shall hereafter see how Luther's last days were embittered by his controversy with so dear a friend. "Some one has been telling me a tale of you, my dear Agricola, and with such urgency that I promised him to write and make inquiry of you. The tale is, that you are beginning to advance the doctrine of faith without works, and that you profess yourself ready to maintain this novelty against all and sundry, with a grand magazine of Greek words and rhetorical artifices. . . . I warn you to be on your guard against the snares of Satan. . . . Never did event come more unexpectedly upon me than the fall of Œcolampadius and of Regius. And what have I not now to fear for those who have been my intimate friends! It is not surprising that I should tremble for you also, whom I would not see separated in opinion from me for aught that the world can bestow." (Sept. 11th, 1528.) "Wherefore should I be provoked with the papists? They make open war upon me. We are declared enemies. But they who do me most evil are my dearest children, *fraterculi mei, aurei amiculi mei*; they who, if Luther had not written, would know nothing of Christ and the Gospel, and would never have thrown off the papal yoke; at least, who, if they had had the

power, would have lacked the courage. I thought that I had by this time suffered and exhausted every calamity; but my Absalom, the child of my heart, had not yet deserted his father, had not yet covered David with shame. My Judas, the terror of the disciples of Christ, the traitor who delivered up his master, had not yet sold me: and now all this has befallen me.

"A clandestine, but most dangerous persecution is now going on against us. Our ministry is despised. We ourselves are hated, persecuted, and suffered to die of hunger. See what is now the fate of God's word. When offered to those who stand in need of it, they will not receive it... Christ would not have been crucified, had he left Jerusalem. But the prophet will not die out of Jerusalem, and yet it is only in his own country that the prophet is without honour. It is the same with us. . . . It will soon come to pass that the great of this duchy will have emptied it of ministers of the word; who will be driven from it by hunger, not to mention other wrongs." (Oct. 18th, 1531.)

"There is nothing certain with regard to the apparitions about which so much noise has been made in Bohemia: many deny the fact. But as to the gulfs which opened here, before my own eyes, the Sunday after Epiphany, at eight o'clock in the evening, it is a certainty, and has been noticed in many places as far as the sea-coast. Moreover, in December, doctor Hess writes me word, the heavens were seen in flames above the church of Breslaw; and another day, he adds, two beams were in flames, and a tower of fire between. These signs, if I mistake not, announce the last day. The empire is falling, kings are falling, priests are falling, and the whole world totters; just as small fissures announce the approaching fall of a large house. Nor will it be long before this happen, unless the Turk, as Ezekiel prophesies of Gog and Magog, lose himself in his victory and his pride, with the pope, his ally." (March 7, 1529.) "Grace and peace in our Lord Jesus Christ. The world hastens to its end, and I often think that the day of judgment may well overtake me before I have finished my translation of the Holy Scriptures. All temporal things predicted there are being fulfilled. The Roman empire inclines to its ruin, the Turk has reached the height of his power, the splendour of the papacy suffers eclipse, the world is cracking in every corner, as if about to crumble to pieces. The empire, I grant, has recovered a little under our emperor Charles, but 'tis, perhaps, for the last time; may it not be like the light which, the moment before it goes out for ever, emits a livelier flash. . . . The Turk is about to fall upon us. Mark me; he is a reformer sent in God's wrath." (March 15th.)

"There is a man with me, just come from Venice, who asserts that the doge's son is at the court of the Turk: so that we have been only fighting against the latter until pope, Venetians, and French openly and impudently turn Turks. The same man states that there were eight hundred Turks in the army of the Frenchmen at Pavia; three hundred of whom, sick of the war, have returned safe and sound to their own country. As you have not mentioned these montrosities to me, I conclude you to be ignorant of them; but they have been told me both by letters and personal informants, with details which do not allow me to doubt of their truth. The hour of midnight approaches, when we shall hear the cry, '*The bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him.*'" (May 6th, 1529.)

BOOK THE THIRD.

A.D. 1529—1546.

CHAPTER I.

A.D. 1529—1532.

THE TURKS.—DANGER OF GERMANY.—AUGSBURG, SMALKALDE.—DANGER OF PROTESTANTISM.

LUTHER was roused from his dejection, and restored to active life, by the dangers which threatened the Reformation and Germany. When that *scourge of God*, whose coming he awaited with resignation, as the sign of the judgment, burst in reality on Germany, when the Turks encamped before Vienna, Luther changed his mind, called on the people to take up arms, and published a book against the Turks, which he dedicated to the landgrave of Hesse. On the 9th of October, 1528, he wrote to this prince, explaining to him the motives which had induced him to compose it:—"I cannot," he says, "keep my peace. There are, unfortunately, preachers among us who exhort the people to pay no attention to the invasion of the Turks; and there are some extravagant enough to assert that Christians are forbidden to have recourse to temporal arms under any circumstances. Others, again, who regard the Germans as a nation of incorrigible brutes, go so far as to hope they may fall under the power of the Turks. These mad and criminal notions are imputed to Luther and the Gospel, just as, three years since, the revolt of the peasants was, and as, in fact, every ill which befalls the world invariably is; so that I feel it incumbent on me to write upon the subject, as well to confound calumniators, as to enlighten innocent consciences on the course to be pursued against the Turks. . . ." "We heard yesterday that, by God's miraculous grace, the Turk has left Vienna for Hungary. For, after having been repulsed in his twentieth assault, he sprang a mine, which opened a breach in three places, but nothing could induce his army to renew the attack. God had struck a panic into

it, and his soldiers preferred falling by the hands of their chiefs to advancing to another assault. Some believe that he has drawn off his forces through fear of bombards and our future army; others think otherwise. God manifestly has fought for us this year. The Turk has lost twenty-six thousand men; three thousand of ours have fallen in sorties. I have written this news to you, in order that we may offer up thanks and prayer together; for the Turk, now that he is our neighbour, will not leave us for ever in peace." (Oct. 27th, 1529.)

Germany was saved, but German Protestantism was only the more endangered. The exasperation of the two parties had been brought to a climax, by a circumstance which occurred prior to Solyman's invasion. To believe Luther's Roman Catholic biographer, Cochlæus, whom we have before quoted, duke George's chancellor, Otto Pack, feigned that the Roman Catholic princes had formed a league against the elector of Saxony and the landgrave of Hesse, and showed forged documents with the duke's seal to them, to the landgrave, who, believing himself to be menaced, levied an army, and entered into close alliance with the elector. The Catholics, and, above all, duke George, vehemently repelled the charge of having ever thought of menacing the religious independence of the Lutheran princes, and disavowed the chancellor, who, perhaps, had only been guilty of divulging the secret designs of his master. "Doctor Pack, in my opinion a voluntary prisoner of the landgrave's, has hitherto borne the blame of having got up this alliance of the princes. He asserts that he can rebut the charge, and clear himself with honour; and may God grant this plot to rebound on the head of the clown whom I believe to be its author, on that of our grand adversary; you know whom I mean, duke George of Saxony." (July 14th, 1528.) "You see the troubles this league of wicked princes, which they deny however, has stirred up. For my part, I look upon duke George's cold excuse as a confession. God will confound this mad-headed fool; this Moab, who exalts his pride above his strength. We will lift up our voice in prayer against these homicides; enough indulgence has been shown. And, if they are still plotting, we will first invoke God, then summon the princes to destroy them without pity."

Although all the princes had declared the documents to be forgeries, the bishops of Mentz, Bamberg, &c., were called upon to pay a hundred thousand crowns of gold, by way of indemnity for the armaments which the Lutheran princes had prepared; and who, indeed, asked no better than to begin war. They had computed, and they felt their strength. The grand-master of the Teutonic order had secularised Prussia; and the dukes of Mecklenburg and of Brunswick, encouraged by this great event, had invited Lutheran preachers. (A.D. 1525.) The Reformation prevailed over the north of Germany. In Switzerland, and on the Rhine, the Zwinglians, who increased daily in numbers, were seeking to identify themselves with Luther. Finally, on the south and the east, the Turks, masters of Buda and of Hungary, constantly menaced Austria, and held the emperor in check. In default of the latter, duke George of Saxony, and the powerful bishops of the north, had constituted themselves the opponents of the Reformation. A violent controversial war had long been going on between this prince and Luther. The duke wrote to the latter:—"Thou fearest our having to do with hypocrites; the present letter will show thee how far this is the case, in which, if thou findest us dissemble, thou mayest speak as ill of us as thou likest; if not, thou must look for hypocrites there, where thou art called a prophet, a Daniel, the apostle of Germany, the evangelist. . . . Thou imaginest, perchance, that thou art sent of God to us, like those prophets whom God commissioned to convert princes and the powerful. Moses was sent to Pharaoh; Samuel to Saul; Nathan to David; Isaiah to Hezekiah; St. John the Baptist to Herod, as we well know. But, amongst all these prophets, we do not find a single apostate. They were consistent in doctrine, sincere and pious men, free from pride and avarice, and friends of chastity. . . . We reck little of thy prayers, or of those of thy associates. We know that God hates the assembly of thy apostates. . . . God punished Münzer for his perversity, through us. He may well visit Luther likewise; nor shall we refuse to be in this, too, his unworthy instrument. . . . No, Luther, rather return thyself, and be no longer led astray by the spirit which seduced the apostate Sergius. The Christian church closes not her bosom against the repentant sinner. . . . If it be pride which has lost thee, consider that haughty Manichean, St. Augustin, thy master, whose rule thou hast sworn to observe: return, like him; return to thy fidelity and thy oaths; be, like him, a light to Christendom. . . . Such are our counsels to thee for the new year. Conform to them, thou wilt be eternally rewarded by God, and we will do our utmost to obtain thy pardon from the emperor." (Dec. 28th, 1525.)

Luther's *Protest* against duke George, who had intercepted one of his letters, 1529:—"As to the fine names duke George showers on me—wretch, criminal, perjurer, I cannot but thank him. They are the emeralds, rubies, and diamonds, with which I ought to be adorned by princes in return for the honour and power which temporal authority receives from the restoration of the Gospel. . . . . Would not one say that duke George knows no superior? 'I, squire of squires,' he says, 'am alone master and prince, am above all the princes in Germany, am above the empire, its laws and customs. I am the one to be feared, the one to be obeyed; my will is law, despite what all others may think or say.' Where, friends, will the pride of this Moab stop? There is only now left for him to scale heaven, to spy and punish letters and thoughts even in the sanctuary of God himself. See our little prince; and withal, he will be glorified, respected, adored! Mighty well, gramercy."

In 1529, the year of the treaty of Cambrai and of the siege of Vienna by Solyman, the emperor convened a diet at Spire (March 15th), where it was settled that the states of the empire were to continue to obey the decree launched against Luther in 1524, and that every innovation was to remain interdicted until the convocation of a general council. It was on this that the party of the Reformation broke out. The elector of Saxony, the margrave of Brandenburg, the landgrave of Hesse, the dukes of Luneburg, the prince of Anhalt, and, in conjunction with them, the deputies of fourteen imperial cities, published a solemn protest against the decree of the diet, declaring it

to be impious and unjust; and from this they kept the name of Protestants.

The landgrave of Hesse, feeling the necessity of combining all the dissident sects so as to form a party which might be formidable to the Catholics of Germany, endeavoured to bring about a reconciliation between Luther and the Sacramentarians; but Luther foresaw the inutility of the attempt:—"The landgrave of Hesse has summoned us to attend at Marburg on St. Michael's day, in the view of reconciling us and the Sacramentarians. . . I augur no good from it; it is all a snare; and the victory, I fear, will be theirs, as in the age of Arius. Meetings of the kind are ever more injurious than useful. . .This young man of Hesse is restless and full of ebullient ideas. The Lord has saved us these two last years from two great conflagrations which would have set all Germany on fire." (August 2nd, 1529.) "We have been most sumptuously entertained by the landgrave. Œcolampadius, Zwingle, Bucer, &c., were there; and all entreated for peace with extraordinary humility. The conference lasted two days. I opposed Œcolampadius and Zwingle with the text, '*This is my body*,' and refuted their objections. In short, they are ignorant persons, incapable of sustaining a discussion." (October 12th.) "I am delighted, my dear Amsdorff, that you are delighted with our synod of Marburg. The thing is apparently trifling; but, in reality, of great importance. The prayers of the pious have confounded, paralyzed, humiliated them. The whole of Zwingle's argument is reducible to this, that there can be no body without place or dimension. Œcolampadius maintained that the Fathers called the bread a sign, and that therefore it was not very body. . . . They besought us to give them the name of brothers. Zwingle asked it of the landgrave with tears. 'There is no spot on earth,' he said, 'where I would sooner pass my life than Wittemberg.'. . . We only allowed them the name save as charity compels us to give it to our enemies. . . They conducted themselves in every way with incredible humility and candour; in order, as is now clear to be seen, to beguile us into a fictitious agreement, so as to make us the partisans and patrons of their errors. . . . O crafty Satan; but Christ, who has saved us, is abler than thou. I am now no longer astonished at their impudent lies. I see that they cannot act otherwise, and glorify myself for their fall." (June 1st, 1530.)

This theological war of Germany filled up the intervals of truce in the grand European war carried on by Charles the Fifth against Francis I. and against the Turks; indeed, seldom slackened even in the most violent crises of the latter. Germany, so absorbed at this moment in the consideration of religion as to be on the point of forgetting the impending ruin with which she was threatened by the most formidable enemies, presents an imposing spectacle. Whilst the Turks were overleaping all the ancient barriers, and Solyman pushing on his Tartars beyond Vienna, Germany was disputing on transubstantiation and free-will, and her most illustrious warriors sat in diets and interrogated doctors. Such was the phlegmatic intrepidity of the great nation; such its confidence in its massive strength. Charles the Fifth and Ferdinand were so taken up with the Turkish and the French war, with the taking of Rome and defence of Vienna, that the Protestants were granted toleration until the next council. But in 1530, Charles, seeing France humbled, Italy subjected, and Solyman repulsed, undertook the grand trial of the Reformation. Both parties appeared at Augsburg. Luther's followers, designated by the general name of Protestants, were anxious to distinguish themselves from the other enemies of Rome whose excesses might injure their cause, from the republican Zwinglians of Switzerland, who were odious to the princes and nobles, and especially from the Anabaptists, proscribed as enemies of order and society. Luther, still obnoxious to the sentence pronounced against him at Worms, by which he was declared a heretic, could not be present. His place was filled by the mild and peaceful Melanchthon, a gentle and timid being like Erasmus, whose friend he remained in despite of Luther. However, the elector brought him as near as possible to Augsburg, lodging him in the fortress of Cobourg, where Luther could be in constant correspondence with the Protestant ministers, and whence he wrote to Melanchthon on the 22nd of April:—"I have arrived at my Sinai, dear Philip, but will make it a Zion, and erect thereon three tabernacles, one to the Psalmist, one to the prophets, one to Æsop (whose fables he was then translating). There is nothing wanting to render my solitude complete. I have a vast house which commands the castle and the keys of all the rooms. There are barely thirty persons in the fortress; and twelve of these are watchers by night, and two others sentinels, always posted on the towers." (April 22nd.)

To Spalatin, (May 9th):—"You are going to Augsburg without having taken the auspices, and not knowing when they will allow you to begin. I, indeed, am already in the midst of the comitia, in the presence of magnanimous sovereigns, kings, dukes, princes, nobles, who confer gravely on affairs of state, and with indefatigable voice fill the air with their decrees and preachings. They do not sit confined in the royal caves you call palaces, but have the heavens for their tent, the verdure of the trees for their rich and variegated carpet, and the earth, to its remotest bounds, for their domain. They have a horror of the stupid luxury of gold and silk, and all wear the same colours and countenances; they are all equally black; all indulge in the same music; and this song of theirs, on a single note, is varied only by the agreeable dissonance of the younger voices blending with the older. I have never heard a word about their emperor; and they have a sovereign contempt for that quadruped in which our knights delight, possessing something better with which they can laugh at the rage of cannons. As far as I can understand their decrees, they have unanimously determined upon making war the whole of this year on barley, wheat, and grain, and, in fact, on the choicest fruits and seeds. It is to be feared, too, that they will triumph in all directions, being a race of skilful and crafty warriors, equally skilled to seize their prey by force or by surprise. I, an idle spectator, have assisted with great satisfaction at their comitia. The hope I have conceived of the victories their courage will ensure them over the wheat and barley, or any other enemy, has made me the sincere friend of these *patres patriæ*, these saviours of the republic. And if I can aid them by vows, I ask of Heaven, that

delivered from the odious name of crows, &c. All this is trifling; but serious trifling, and necessary to chase the thoughts which oppress me, if chase them it can." (May 9th.) "The noble lords who form our comitia run, or rather sail, through the air. They sally forth early in the morning to war, armed with their invincible beaks, and while they pillage, ravage, and devour, I am freed for a time from their eternal songs of victory. In the evening, they return in triumph; fatigue closes their eyes; but their sleep is sweet and light, like a conqueror's. Some days since I made my way into their palace to view the pomp of their empire. The unfortunates were seized with terror, imagining that I came to destroy the results of their industry. When I saw that I alone made so many Achilleses and Hectors tremble, I clapped my hands, threw my hat into the air, and thought myself sufficiently avenged to be able to laugh at them. All this is not mere trifling; 'tis an allegory, a presage of what will come to pass. And, even thus, we shall see all these harpies, who are now at Augsburg screeching and Romanising, trembling before God's word." (June 19th.)

Melanchthon, transformed at Augsburg into a partisan leader, and forced to do battle daily with legates, princes, and emperor, was exceedingly discomposed with the active life with which he had been saddled, and often unbosomed his troubles to Luther, when all the comfort he got was rough rebuke: "You tell me of your labours, dangers, tears; am I on roses? Do not I share your burden? Ah! would to heaven my cause were such as to allow me to shed tears!" (June 29th.) "May God reward the tyrant of Saltzburg, who works thee so much ill, according to his works! He deserves another sort of answer from thee; such as I would have made him, perchance; such as has never struck his ear. They must, I fear, hear the saying of Julius Cæsar: '*They would have it.*' " . . . "I write in vain, because, with thy philosophy, thou wishest to set all these things right with thy reason, that is, to be unreasoning with reason. Go on; continue to kill thyself so, without seeing that neither thy hand nor thy mind can grasp this thing." (30th June, 1530.) "God has placed this cause in a certain spot, unknown to thy rhetoric and thy philosophy—that spot is faith; there all things are inaccessible to the sight; and whoever would render them visible, apparent, and comprehensible, gets pains and tears as the price of his labour, as thou hast. God has said that his dwelling is in the clouds and thick darkness. Had Moses sought a means of avoiding Pharaoh's army, Israel would, perhaps, still be in Egypt. . . . If we have not faith, why not seek consolation in the faith of others, for some must necessarily have it, though we have not? Or else, must we say that Christ has abandoned us before the fulfilment of time? If he be not with us, where is he in this world? If we be not the church, or part of the church, where is the church? Is Ferdinand the church, or the duke of Bavaria, or the pope, or the Turk, or their fellows? If we have not God's word, who has? These things are beyond thee, for Satan torments and weakens thee. That Christ may heal thee is my sincere and constant prayer!" (June 29th.) "I am in poor health. . . But I despise the angel of Satan, that is buffeting my flesh. If I cannot read or write, I can at least think and pray, and even wrestle with the devil; and then sleep, idle, play, sing. Fret not thyself away, dear Philip, about a matter which is not in thy hand, but in that of One mightier than thou, and from whom no one can snatch it." (July 31st.)

Melanchthon believes it possible to reconcile the two parties; but Luther had early seen its impracticability. At the commencement of the Reformation, he had often demanded public disputations, feeling bound to try every means before giving up the hope of preserving Christian unity; but, towards the close of his life, in fact, from the holding of the diet of Augsburg, he declared against all such word-combats, in which the conquered party will never own its defeat. "I am opposed to all attempts to bring the two doctrines into harmony; for the thing is impossible, except the pope consent to abolish the papacy. It is enough for us to have rendered an account of our belief, and asked for peace. Why hope to convert them to the truth?" (August 26th.) *To Spalatin.* (August 26th.) "I hear you have undertaken a marvellous task, to reconcile Luther and the pope. . . . If you accomplish it, I promise you to reconcile Christ and Belial." In a letter of the 21st of July, to Melanchthon, he writes: "You will see how true a prophet I am in reiterating the impossibility of reconciling the two doctrines, and that it is enough for us to obtain the preservation of the public peace." His prophecies were unheeded; conferences were held; and the Protestants were asked for a confession of faith. Melanchthon drew it up, taking Luther's opinion on the most important points. *To Melanchthon.* "I have received your apology, and am astonished at your asking what we are to cede to the papists. If the prince, indeed, be in any danger, that is another question. But, as far as I am concerned, more concessions are made in this apology than are becoming. If they reject them, I do not see how I can go further, except their arguments strike me with much more force on reflection than now. I pass my days and nights pondering, interpreting, analysing, searching the Scriptures, and am only daily more confirmed in my doctrine. Our adversaries do not yield us a hair, and yet require us to yield them the canon, masses, communion in one kind, their customary jurisdiction, and, still more, to acknowledge that they are justified in the whole of their conduct to us, and that we have accused them wrongfully; in other words, they require us to justify them, and condemn ourselves out of our own lips, which would be not simply to retract, but to be trebly accursed by our own selves. . . . I do not like your supporting yourselves in such a cause by my opinions. I will neither be nor seem your chief. . . If it be not your own cause, I will not have it called mine, and of my imposing. If I be its sole supporter, I will be its sole defender." (September 20th.) Two days previously he had written to him, "If I hear you are getting on badly, I shall hardly be able to refrain from facing this formidable row of Satan's teeth." And shortly after, "I would fain be the victim to be sacrificed by this last council, as John Huss was at Constance that of the last day of the papal fortunes." (July 21st.)

The Protestant profession of faith was presented to the diet, "and read by order of Cæsar before all the princes and states of the empire. 'Tis exceeding happiness for me to have lived to see Christ

preached by his confessors before such an assembly, and in so fine a confession." (July 6th.) This confession was signed by five electors, thirty ecclesiastical princes, twenty-three secular princes, twenty-two abbots, thirty-two counts and barons, and thirty-nine free and imperial cities. "The prince elector of Saxony, the margrave George of Brandenburg, John Frederick the younger, landgrave of Hesse, Ernest and Francis, dukes of Luneburg, prince Wolfgang of Anhalt, the cities of Nuremberg and of Reutlingen have signed the confession. . . . Many bishops incline to peace, without caring about the sophisms of Eck and Faber. The archbishop of Mentz wishes for peace, as does duke Henry of Brunswick, who invited Melanchthon familiarly to dinner, and assured him that he could not deny the reasonableness of the articles touching communion in both kinds, the marriage of priests, and the inutility of making distinctions as to matters of food. All our people confess that no one has shown himself more conciliatory in all the conferences than the emperor, who received our prince not only with kindness, but with respect." (July 6th.) The bishop of Augsburg, and even Charles V.'s confessor were favourably disposed to the Lutherans; and the Spaniard told Melanchthon that he was surprised at Luther's view of faith being disputed in Germany, and that he had always entertained the same opinion. But whatever Luther may say of Charles V.'s graciousness, he closed the discussions by calling on the reformers to renounce their errors under pain of being put under the ban of the empire, seemed even inclined to use violence, and at one time closed the gates of Augsburg for a moment. "If the emperor chooses to publish an edict, let him; he published one after Worms. Let us listen to the emperor inasmuch as he is emperor, nothing more. What is that clown (he alludes to duke George) to us, who wishes to be thought emperor?" (July 15th.) "Our cause can defend itself better from violence and threats than from the Satanic wiles which I dread, especially at the present moment. . . . Let them restore us Leonard Keiser, and the many whom they have unjustly put to death; let them restore us the innumerable souls lost by their impious doctrine; let them restore all the wealth which they have accumulated with their deceitful indulgences and frauds of every kind; let them restore to God his glory violated by such innumerable blasphemies; let them restore, in person and in manners, that ecclesiastical purity which they have so shamefully sullied. What then? Then we, too, shall be able to speak *de Possessorio*." (July 13th.)

"The emperor intends simply to order all things to be restored to their pristine state, and the reign of the pope to recommence; which, I much fear, will excite great troubles, to the ruin of priests and clerks. The most powerful cities, as Nuremberg, Ulm, Augsburg, Frankfort, Strasburg, and twelve others, openly reject the imperial decree, and make common cause with our princes. You have heard of the inundations at Rome, and in Flanders and Brabant; signs sent of God, but not understood by the wicked. You are aware, too, of the vision of the monks of Spire. Brentius writes me word, that a numerous army has been seen in the air at Baden, and, on its flank, a soldier, triumphantly brandishing a lance, and who passed by the adjoining mountain, and over the Rhine." (Dec. 5th.) Hardly was the diet dissolved before the Protestant princes assembled at Smalkalde, and concluded a defensive league, by which they agreed to form themselves into one body. (Dec. 31st.) They entered a protest against the election of Ferdinand to the title of king of the Romans; prepared for war, fixed the contingents, and addressed the kings of France, England, and Denmark. Luther was accused of having instigated the Protestants to assume this hostile attitude. "I have not advised resistance to the emperor, as has been reported. My opinion, as a theologian, is, If the jurists can show by their laws that resistance is allowable, I would leave them to follow their laws. If the emperor have ruled in his laws, that in such a case he may be resisted, let him suffer by the law of his own making. The prince is a political personage; in acting as prince, he does not act as Christian; for the Christian is neither prince, nor man, nor woman, nor any one of this world. If then it be lawful for the prince, as prince, to resist Cæsar, let him do as his judgment and his conscience dictate. To the Christian, nothing of the kind is lawful; he is dead to the world." (Jan. 15th, 1531.) This year, (1531), Luther wrote an answer to a small work anonymously printed at Dresden, which accused the Protestants of secretly arming themselves, and wishing to surprise the Catholics, who were thinking solely of peace and concord. "No one is to know the author of this work. Well, I will remain in ignorance too. I will have a *cold* for once, and not smell the awkward pedant. However, I will try my hand and strike boldly on the sack; if the blows fall on the ass that carries it, it will not be my fault; they were intended of course for the sack. Whether the charge against the Lutherans be true or not, is no concern of mine. I did not advise them to such a course; but, since the papists announce their belief in it, I can only rejoice in their illusions and alarms, and would willingly increase them if I could, were it only to kill them with fears. If Cain kills Abel, and Annas and Caiaphas persecute Jesus, 'tis just that they should be punished for it. Let them live in transports of alarm, tremble at the sound of a leaf, see in every quarter the phantom of insurrection and death; nothing juster. Is it not true, impostors, that when our confession of faith was presented at Augsburg, a papist said, 'Here they give us a book written with ink; would they had to record their answer in blood? Is it not true that the elector of Brandenburg, and duke George of Saxony, have promised the emperor a supply of five thousand horses against the Lutherans? Is it not true, that numbers of priests and lords have betted that it would be all over with the Lutherans before St. Michael's day? Is it not true, that the elector of Brandenburg has publicly declared, that the emperor and all the empire would devote body and goods to this end? Do you think your edict is not known? that we are unaware that by that edict all the swords of the empire are unsheathed and sharpened, all its cavalry in saddle, to fall upon the elector of Saxony and his party, in order to put all to fire and sword, and spread far and wide tears and desolation? Look at your edict; look at your murderous designs, sealed with your own seal and arms, and then dare accuse the Lutherans of troubling the

general harmony? O impudence, O boundless hypocrisy!.... But I understand you. You would have us neglect to prepare for the war with which you have been so long threatening us, so that we may be slaughtered unresistingly, like sheep by the butcher. Your servant, my good friends, I, a preacher of the word, ought to endure all this, and all, to whom this grace is given, ought equally to endure it. But that all the rest will, I cannot answer for to the tyrants. Were I publicly to recommend our party so to do, the tyrants would take advantage of this, and I will not spare them the fear they entertain of our resistance. Do they wish to win their spurs by massacring us? Let them win them with risk, as it becomes brave knights. Cutthroats by trade, let them expect at least to be received like cutthroats.

. . . "I care not about being accused of violence; it shall be my glory and honour henceforward to have it said how I rage and storm against the papists. For more than ten years I have been humiliating myself, and speaking them fairly. To what end? Only to exasperate the evil. Those clowns are but the haughtier for it. Well! since they are incorrigible, since there is no longer any hope of shaking their infernal resolutions by kindness, I break with them, and will leave them no rest from my curses until I sink into the grave. They shall never more have a good word from me; I would have them buried to the sound of my thunders and lightnings. I can no longer pray without cursing. If I say, '*Hallowed be thy name*,' I feel myself constrained to add, 'Accursed be the name of papists, and of all who blaspheme thee!' If I say, '*Thy kingdom come*,' I add, 'Cursed be the popedom, and all kingdoms opposed to thine.' If I say, '*Thy will be done*,' I follow with, 'Cursed and disappointed be the schemes of the papists, and of all who fight against thee!' . . . Such are my ardent prayers daily, and those of all the truly faithful in Christ. . . . Yet do I keep towards all the world a kind and loving heart, and my greatest enemies themselves know it well. Often in the night, when unable to sleep, I ponder in my bed, painfully and anxiously, how the papists may yet be won to repent, before a fearful judgment overtakes them. But it seems that it must not be. They scorn repentance, and ask for our blood with loud cries. The bishop of Saltzburg said to Master Philip, at the diet of Augsburg: 'Wherefore so long disputing? We are well aware that you are in the right?' and another day: 'You will not yield, nor will we, so one party must exterminate the other; you are the little, we the great one; we shall see which will gain the day.' Never could I have thought to hear of such words being spoken."

CHAPTER II.

A.D. 1534 — 1536.

THE ANABAPTISTS OF MUNSTER.

WHILST the two great leagues of the princes are in presence, and seem to defy each other, a third starts up between them to their common dismay;—the people, again, as in the war of the peasants, but an organized people, in possession of a wealthy city. The *jacquerie* of the north, more systematic than that of the south, produces the ideal of the German democracy of the sixteenth century—a biblical royalty, a popular David, a handicraft messiah. The mystic German companionship enthronises a tailor. His attempt was daring, not absurd. Anabaptism was in the ascendant, not in Munster only, but had spread into Westphalia, Brabant, Guelders, Holland, Frisia, and the whole littoral of the Baltic, as far as Livonia. The Anabaptists formalised the curse imprecated by the conquered peasants on Luther. They detested him as the friend of the nobles, the prop of civil authority, the *remora* of the Reformation. "There are four prophets—two true, two false; the true are David and John of Leyden, the false, the pope and Luther; but Luther is worse than the pope."

"*How the Gospel first arose at Munster, and how it ended there after the destruction of the Anabaptists. A veritable history, and well worthy of being read and handed down (for the spirit of the Anabaptists of Munster still liveth); narrated by Henricus Dorpius of that city.*" We shall confine ourselves to a summary of this prolix narrative:—

Rothmann (a Lutheran or Zwinglian) first preached the Reformation at Munster in 1532, with such success that the bishop, at the landgrave of Hesse's intercession, allowed the Gospellers the use of six of his churches. Shortly afterwards a journeyman tailor (John of Leyden) introduced the doctrine of the Anabaptists into several families. He was aided in his labours by Hermann Stapraeda an Anabaptist preacher of Mœrsa; and their secret meetings soon became so numerous, that Catholics and Reformers equally took the alarm, and expelled the Anabaptists from the city. But they boldly returned, intimidated the council, and compelled it to fix a day for a public discussion in the town-hall, on the baptism of children; and Rothmann himself became their convertite, and one of their leaders. . . One day, one of their preachers runs through the streets, exclaiming, "Repent, repent; reform and be baptized, or suffer God's vengeance!" Whether through fear or religious zeal, many who heard him hurried to be baptized; and on this the Anabaptists throng the market-place, crying out, "Down with the pagans who will not be baptized." They seize the cannon and ammunition, take possession of the town-hall, and maltreat all Catholics and Lutherans they fall in with. The latter, in their turn, coalesce, and attack the Anabaptists. After various indecisive struggles, it was agreed that each party should be free to profess its own belief; but the Anabaptists broke the treaty, and secretly summoned their brethren in the adjoining cities to Munster:—"Leave all you have," they wrote, "houses, wives, children; leave all, and join us; your losses shall be made up to you tenfold. . . . ." When the richer citizens saw the city crowded with strangers, they quitted it as they could (in Lent, 1534). Emboldened by their departure and the reinforcements they were receiving, the Anabaptists soon replaced the town council, which was Lutheran, with men of their own party. They next took to plundering the churches and convents, and scoured the city, armed with halberts, arquebusses, and clubs, exclaiming, "Repent, Repent!" a cry which soon became, "Quit the city, ye wicked! quit it, or be sacrificed!" and they pitilessly drove forth all who were not of their own sect, sparing neither aged men nor pregnant

women. Many of these poor fugitives fell into the bishop's hands, who was preparing to lay siege to the city, and who, disregardless of the fact that they were not Anabaptists, threw some into prison, and executed others.

The Anabaptists being now masters of the city, their chief prophet, John Matthiesen, ordered all to bring their goods into one common stock, without any reservation, under pain of death. The terrified people obeyed; and the property of those they had expelled the city was also appropriated. The prophet next proclaimed it to be the will of the Father, that all books should be burnt save the Old and New Testament: and twenty thousand florins' worth of books were accordingly burnt in the square before the cathedral. The same prophet shoots a farrier dead, who has maligned the prophets; and, soon afterwards, runs through the streets, a halbert in his hand, crying out that the Father has ordered him to repulse the enemy. Hardly had he passed the gates before he was killed. He was succeeded by John of Leyden, who married his widow, and who reanimated the people, dispirited by the death of his predecessor. The bishop ordered the assault to be delivered on Pentecost, but was repulsed with great loss. John of Leyden named twelve of the faithful (among whom were three nobles) to be ancients in Israel. . . . He also announced new revelations from God concerning marriage; and the preachers, convinced by his arguments, preached for three days successively a plurality of wives. Many of the townsmen declared against the new doctrine, and even flung the preachers and one of the prophets into prison; but were soon obliged to release them, with a loss of forty-nine on their part.

On St. John's day, 1534, a new prophet, a goldsmith of Warendorff, assembled the people, and announced that it had been revealed to him that John of Leyden was to rule over the whole earth, and sit on the throne of David, until such time as God the Father should come and claim it. . . . The twelve ancients were deposed, and John of Leyden proclaimed king.

The more wives the Anabaptists took, the more the spirit of libertinism spread, and they committed fearful excesses on young girls of ten, twelve, and fourteen. These violences, and the distress consequent on the siege, alienated part of the inhabitants; and many suspected John of Leyden of imposition, and thought of giving him up to the bishop. The king redoubled his vigilance, and nominated twelve bishops to maintain his authority in the town (Twelfth-day, 1534), promising them the thrones of all the princes of the earth, and distributing beforehand among them, electorates and principalities, exempting from this proscription "the noble landgrave of Hesse" alone, whom he hopes to have to call a brother in the faith. . . . He named Easter-day as the time the town would be delivered. . . . One of the queens, having observed that she could not think it to be God's will that the people should be left to die of misery and hunger, the king led her to the market-place, made her kneel down in the midst of his other wives in the same posture, and struck off her head, whilst they sang, "*Glory to God in the highest*," and all the people danced around. Yet they were left with nothing to eat but bread and salt; and, towards the close of the siege, regularly distributed the flesh of the dead, with the exception of such as had died of contagious diseases. On St. John's day, 1535, a deserter informed the bishop how he might attack the city with advantage; and it was taken the self-same day, after an obstinate resistance and a general massacre of the Anabaptists. The king, with his vicar and his lieutenant, was borne off prisoner between two horses, a double chain round his neck, and his head and his feet bare. . . . The bishop questioned him sternly on the horrible calamity of which he had been the cause, when he replied,—"Francis of Waldeck (the bishop's name), if I had had my way, they should have all died of hunger before I would have surrendered the city."

Many other interesting details are given in a document, inserted in the second volume of Luther's German works (Witt's edition), under the following title: *News of the Anabaptists of Munster.*

" . . . A week after the repulse of the first assault, the king began his reign by forming a complete court, appointing masters of ceremonies, and all the other officers usual in the courts of secular princes; and he chose a queen out of his wives, who has her court likewise. She is a handsome Dutch woman, of noble birth, who was the wife of a prophet recently killed, and who left her in the family way. The king has one-and-thirty horses covered with housings of cloth of gold, and has had costly robes made for himself, adorned with the gold and silver ornaments taken from the churches. His squire is similarly arrayed; and he wears, besides, golden rings, as do the queen and her virgins. When the king parades the city in state, on horseback, he is accompanied by pages; one, on his right hand, bearing the crown and the Bible; another, a naked sword. One of them is the bishop of Munster's son, who is a prisoner, and who is the king's valet. The king's triple crown is surmounted by a globe, transfixed with a golden and a silver sword; and in the middle of the pummels of the two swords, is a small cross on which is inscribed, *A king of justice over the world.* The queen wears the same. In this array, the king repairs thrice a week to the market-place, where he seats himself on a throne made on purpose. His lieutenant, named Knipperdolling, stands a step lower, and then come the councillors. All who have business with the king, incline their bodies twice before the king, and prostrate themselves on the ground at the third inclination, before entering on their business. One Tuesday, they celebrated the holy supper in the public square; about four thousand two hundred sat down to table. There were three courses; bouilli, ham, then roast meat. The king, his wives, and their servants waited on the guests. After the meal, the king and the queen took barley bread, broke it, and distributed it, saying, 'Take, eat, and proclaim the Lord's death.' They then handed a jug of wine, saying, 'Take, drink all of you, and proclaim the Lord's death.' In like manner, the guests broke their cakes, and presented them to each other, saying, 'Brothers and sisters, take and eat. Even as Jesus Christ offered himself up for me, so do I wish to offer myself up for thee; and even as the grains of barley are joined in this cake, and the grapes in this wine, so are we united.' They also exhorted one another to use no idle words, or break the law of the Lord; and concluded by returning thanks to God, ending with the canticle, *Glory be to God in*

the highest. The king, his wives, and servants, then sat down with them at table. When all was over, the king asked the assembly, whether they were ready to do and suffer God's will? They all replied, *Yea*. Then the prophet John of Warendorff, arose and said, 'That God had bade him send forth some from among them to announce the miracles which they had witnessed;' adding, that those whom he should name were to repair to four towns of the empire, and preach there. . . . . Each of these was presented with a piece of gold, of the value of nine florins, together with money for his expenses; and they set out that very evening.

"They reached the appointed cities on the eve of St. Gall, and paraded the streets, crying out, 'Repent ye, for God's mercy is exhausted. The axe is already at the root of the tree. Your city must accept peace, or perish!' Taken before the council, they laid their cloaks on the ground, and casting into them the said pieces of gold, they said, 'We are sent by the Father to declare peace unto you. If you accept it, bring all your goods together in common; if you will not, we protest against you before God with this piece of gold, which shall be for a witness that you have rejected the peace which he sent you. The time is now come foretold by the prophets, the time when God wills there to be only justice upon earth; and when the king shall have established the reign of justice all over the earth, then Jesus Christ will remit the government into the hands of the Father.' They were then thrown into prison, and interrogated on their belief, way of life, &c. . . . . They said that there were four prophets, two true, two false; that the true were David and John of Leyden; the false, the pope and Luther. 'Luther,' they said, 'is still worse than the pope.' They consider all Anabaptists elsewhere as damned. . . . 'In Munster,' they said, 'we have in general from five to eight wives, or more; but each is obliged to confine himself to one until she is pregnant. All young girls, above twelve, must marry.' . . . They destroy churches and all buildings consecrated to God. . . . They are expecting, at Munster, people from Groningen and other countries of Holland, and when they come, the king will arise with all his forces, and subjugate the whole earth. They hold it to be impossible to comprehend Scripture aright, without its being interpreted by prophets; and when it is objected to them that they cannot justify their enterprise by Scripture, some say that their Father does not allow them to explain themselves thereupon; others answer, 'The prophet has commanded it by God's order.' Not one of them would purchase mercy by retreating. They sang and returned thanks to God that they had been found worthy to suffer for his name's sake."

The Anabaptists, who were called upon by the landgrave of Hesse to justify themselves for having elected a king, replied (Jan. 1535), "That the time for the restoration mentioned by the holy books was come; that the Gospel had thrown open to them the prison of Babylon; and that it now behoved to render unto the Babylonians according to their works; and that an attentive perusal of the prophets and the Apocalypse, &c., would show the landgrave whether they had elected a king of themselves or by God's order, &c.

After the convention entered into in 1533, between the bishop of Munster and the city, and which was brought about by the mediation of the landgrave of Hesse's councillors . . . the Anabaptists sent the landgrave their book *De Restitutione*. He read it with indignation, and ordered his theologians to reply to it, and to oppose the Anabaptists on nine points, which he particularly specified, and in which he objects to them, amongst other things,—1st, The making justification consist not in faith alone, but in faith and works together. 2nd, Of unjustly accusing Luther of never having preached good works. 3rd, Of defending free-will. In the *De Restitutione*, the Anabaptists classified the whole history of the world into three principal parts. "The first world, which lasted until Noah, was sunk beneath the waters. The second, that in which we live, will be melted and purified by fire. The third will be a new heaven and a new earth, inhabited by justice. This is what God prefigured in the holy ark, in which there were the porch, the sanctuary, and the Holy of Holies. . . . The coming of the third world will be preceded by universal restitution and chastisement. The wicked will be put to death, the reign of justice prepared, Christ's enemies cast down, and all things restored. It is this time which is now beginning."

"*Discourse or Discussion, held at Beverger, by Anthony Corvinus and John Kymeus, with John of Leyden, king of Munster*.—When the king entered our room, with his gaoler, we gave him a friendly greeting, and invited him to take a seat by the fire. We enquired after his health, and how he felt in his prison. He replied that he suffered from the cold there, and was ill at heart, but that since it was God's will, he ought to endure all patiently. By degrees, and conversing friendly with him, for we could get nothing out of him by any other means, we drew him on to speak of his kingdom and his doctrine as follows:—

Opening of the examination. The ministers. "Dear John, we have heard extraordinary and horrible things of your government. If they are as told us, and, unfortunately, the whole is only too true, we cannot conceive how you can justify your undertaking from Holy Scripture."

The king. "What we have done and taught, we have done and taught rightfully, and we can justify our undertaking, our actions, and our doctrine before God, and to whomsoever it belongs to judge us."

The ministers object to him, that the spiritual kingdom of Jesus Christ is alone spoken of in Scripture; "My kingdom is not of this world," are his own words.

The king. "I clearly comprehend your argument touching the spiritual kingdom of Jesus, and do not contravene the texts you quote. But you must distinguish the spiritual kingdom of Jesus Christ, which has reference to the time of suffering, and of which, after all, neither you nor Luther have any clear notion, from that other kingdom, which, after the resurrection, will be established in this world for a thousand years. All the texts which treat of the spiritual kingdom of Jesus, relate to the time of suffering; but those which we find in the prophets and the Apocalypse, and which treat of the temporal kingdom, refer to the time of glory and of power, which Jesus will enjoy in this world with his followers. Our kingdom of Munster was an image of this temporal kingdom of Christ's. You know that God announces many things by figures. We believed that our kingdom

would last until the coming of the Lord; but we now see our error on this point, and that of our prophets. However, since we have been in prison, God has revealed to us the true understanding . . I am not ignorant that you commonly refer those passages to Christ's spiritual kingdom, which ought to be understood of the temporal. But of what use are these spiritual interpretations, if nothing is to be one day realized? . . . God's chief object in creating the world, was to take pleasure in men, to whom he has given a reflection of his strength and his power."

The ministers. "And how will you justify yourself when God shall ask you on the day of judgment, 'Who made you king? Who ordered you to diffuse such frightful errors, to the great detriment of my word?'"

The king. "I shall answer, 'The prophets of Munster ordered me so to do, as being your divine will; in proof whereof they pledged me their body and soul.'"

The ministers enquire what divine revelations he enjoyed touching his elevation to the throne.

The king. "I was vouchsafed no revelation; only thoughts came into my head, that there must be a king in Munster, and that I must be that king. These thoughts deeply agitated and afflicted me. I prayed to God to deign to consider my inability, and not to load me with such a burden; but if he willed otherwise, I besought him to grant that I should be designated as the chosen person by prophets worthy of faith, and in possession of his word, so held my peace, and communicated my thoughts to no one. But a fortnight afterwards, a prophet arose in the midst of the people, and proclaimed that God had made known to him that John of Leyden was to be king. He announced the same to the council, who immediately divested themselves of their power and proclaimed me king. He, likewise, placed in my hand the sword of justice. On this wise it was that I became king."

SECOND ARTICLE. *The king.* "We only resisted the authorities because they forbade us our baptism and God's word, and we resisted to violence. You assert that we acted wrongfully therein, but does not St. Peter say, that we are to obey God rather than men? . . . You would not pass wholesale condemnation on what we have done, did you know how those things took place." . . .

The ministers. "Set off and justify your acts as you may, you will not the less be rebels and guilty of high treason. The Christian is bound to suffer; and though the whole council had been of your party, (which was not the case,) you ought to have borne with violence rather than have begun such a schism, sedition, and tyranny, in opposition alike to the word of God, the majesty of the emperor, the royal dignity, and that of the electorate, and princes and states of the empire."

The king. "We know what we have done; God be our judge."

The ministers. "We, too, know the foundation we have for what we say: God be our judge, likewise!"

THIRD ARTICLE. *The king.* "We have been besieged and destroyed on account of God's holy word; for it, have suffered hunger and all evils, have lost our friends, and have fallen into this frightful calamity! Those of us who still live will die unresistingly, and uncomplainingly, like the slaughtered lamb." . . .

FIFTH ARTICLE. The king said, that he had long been of Zwingle's opinion; but that he returned to the belief in transubstantiation. Only he does not grant his interlocutors that it is operant in him who is without faith.

SIXTH ARTICLE. " . . . What then do ye make of Jesus Christ, if he did not receive flesh and blood from his mother Mary? Will you have him to have been a phantom, a spectre? Our Urbanus Regius must print a second book to teach to understand your native tongue, or your asses' heads will always be impervious to instruction."

The king. "If you knew the infinite consolation contained in the knowledge that Jesus Christ, God and Son of the living God, became man, and shed his blood, not Mary's, to redeem our sins (He who is without blemish), you would not speak as you do, and you would not entertain such contempt for our belief."

SEVENTH ARTICLE. *On Polygamy.* The king objects to the ministers the examples of the patriarchs. The ministers entrench themselves behind the generally established custom of modern times, and declare marriage to be *res politica.* The king contends that it is better to have many wives than many harlots, and concludes again with the words, "God be our judge."

Although drawn up by the ministers themselves, the impression left by a perusal of this document is not favourable to them. One cannot help admiring the firmness, good sense, and modest simplicity of the king of Munster, which were made more conspicuous still by the pedantic harshness of his interlocutors.

Corvinus and Kymeus to the Christian reader: "We have reported our conversation with the king, almost word for word, without omitting one of his arguments; only we have put them into our own language, and stated them more scholarly. About a week after, he sent to beg us to confer again with him. We had a fresh discussion, which lasted two days. We found him more docile than the first time, but only saw in this a desire to save his life. He voluntarily declared, that if pardoned, he would, with the help of Melchior Hoffman, and his queens, exhort to silence and obedience all the Anabaptists, who, according to him, are very numerous in Holland, Brabant, England, and Frisia; and even get them to baptize their children, until arrangements could be entered into with the civil power with regard to their religion." . . . There follows a new profession of faith, in which John of Leyden, whilst exhorting the Anabaptists to obedience, gives it to be understood that he means outward obedience only. He recants none of his peculiar doctrines, and desires liberty of conscience. With regard to the Eucharist, he declares all his brethren to be Zwinglians, but states that God has shown him his error on this point whilst in prison. This confession is signed in Dutch: *I, John of Leyden, signed with my own hand.*

On the 19th of January, 1536, John of Leyden, and Knipperdolling and Krechting, his vicar and his lieutenant, were removed from their dungeons; and the next day the bishop sent his chaplain to confer with them separately on their belief and acts. The king testified repentance and retracted; but the two others justified all they had done. . . . The morning of the 22nd all the gates of Munster were closed; and, about eight o'clock, the king,

stripped to the waist, was led to a scaffold erected in the market-place, which was guarded by two hundred foot soldiers and three hundred horse, and crowded with spectators. He was bound to a post, and two executioners tore off his flesh by turns with red-hot pincers, until at last one of them plunged a knife into his breast, and so finished the execution, which had lasted for an hour. "At the three first wrenches of the pincers the king uttered no cry; but, afterwards, kept incessantly exclaiming, with eyes raised to heaven, '*O my Father, take pity on me!*' and he prayed to God earnestly to forgive him his sins. When he felt himself sinking, he exclaimed: '*O my Father, I yield my spirit into thy hands*,' and expired. His dead body was flung upon a hurdle, and dragged to the open place in front of St. Lambert's tower, where three iron panniers were ready, into one of which it was put, and secured with chains, and then hoisted to the top of the tower, where it was suspended by a hook. Knipperdolling and Krechting were executed in the same horrible manner; and their bodies placed in the two other panniers, and suspended on either side of John of Leyden's, only not so high."

Luther's preface to the News of the Anabaptists of Munster:—"Ah! what and how ought I to write against or upon these poor people of Munster! Is it not clear that the devil reigns there in person, or, rather, that there is a whole troop of devils? Let us, however, recognize here the infinite grace and mercy of God. After Germany, by innumerable blasphemies and the blood of so many innocents, has deserved so severe a rod, still the Father of all mercy withholds the devil from striking his deadliest blow, and gives us paternal warning by the gross game Satan is playing at Munster. God's power constrains the spirit of a hundred wiles to set about his work awkwardly and unskilfully, in order to allow us time to escape by repentance from the better-aimed blows reserved for us. In fact, for the spirit who seeks to deceive the world to begin by taking women, by stretching forth the hand to grasp honours and the kingly sword, or else, by slaughtering people, is too gross. All can see that such a spirit only seeks its own elevation, and to crush all besides. To deceive, you should don a grey gown, assume a sad and piteous air, refuse money, eat no meat, fly women like poison, reject as damnable all temporal power, refuse the sword, then stoop gently down and stealthily pick up crown, sword, and keys. A show like this might deceive even the wise and spiritual. There were a fine devil, with feathers finer than peacock or pheasant! But to seize the crown so impudently, to take not only one wife, but as many as caprice and lust dictates! Ah! this is the act of a devilkin in his horn-book; or else, of the true Satan, the learned and able Satan, but fagoted by God's hands with such potent chains as to be unable to act more cunningly. And so the Lord warns us to dread his chastisements, lest he leave the field free to a learned devil, who will attack us, not with the A, B, C, but with the true text, the difficult text. If he does such things as a devilkin at school, what would he not do as a rational, wise, learned, lawyer-like doctor of divinity devil?

". . . When God, in his wrath, deprives us of his word, no deceit of the devil's is too gross. The first attempts of Mahomet were gross; yet, God interposing no obstacle in his way, a damnable and infamous empire has grown up, as all the world knows: and if God had not been our aid against Münzer, a Turkish empire would have arisen through him, like unto Mahomet's. In fine, no spark is so small, but that, if God suffers the devil to blow at it, a fire may be kindled to consume the whole world. The best weapon against the devil is the sword of the Spirit, the word of God. The devil is a spirit, and laughs at cuirass, horse, and horseman. But our lords, bishops, and princes will not allow the Gospel to be preached, and souls to be rescued from the devil by the divine word: they think throat-cutting sufficient, and so rob the devil of bodies whilst leaving him souls. They will succeed in like manner as the Jews, who thought to exterminate Christ by crucifying him. . . . The Munsterites, among other blasphemies, speak of the birth of Jesus Christ as if he did not come (such is their language) of the seed of Mary, and yet was of the seed of David. But they do not explain themselves clearly. The devil keeps the hot soup in his mouth, and only mutters *mum, mum*, meaning, probably, to infer worse. All that one can make out is, that according to them, Mary's seed or flesh cannot redeem us. Well, devil! mutter and spit as you list, that one little word *born* overthrows all you say. In all tongues, and over all the earth, the child of flesh and blood, who issues from the entrails of woman, is said to be *born*, and nothing else. Now, Scripture every where says, that Jesus Christ is *born* of his mother Mary, and is her first-born. So speak Isaiah, Gabriel, &c. 'Thou shalt conceive, &c.' *To conceive*, my duck, does not mean to be a funnel through which water flows (according to the Manichean blasphemy), but that a child is taken out of the flesh and blood of his mother, is nourished in her, grows in her, and is at last brought into the world. The other tenet maintained by these folk, namely, that infant baptism is a pagan rite, is similarly gross. And since they regard all that the wicked possess as unholy, why did they not reject the gold, silver, and other goods they took from the wicked in Munster? They ought to coin quite new gold and silver. . . Their wicked kingdom is so visibly a kingdom of gross imposture and revolt, that it reeks not to speak of it. I have already said too much."

CHAPTER III.

A. D. 1536 — 1545.

LATTER YEARS OF LUTHER'S LIFE.—POLYGAMY OF THE LANDGRAVE OF HESSE, &c.

The momentary union of the Catholics and Protestants against the Anabaptists, left them only the greater enemies. A general council was talked of; but the pope dreaded it, and the Protestants rejected it beforehand. "I hear from the diet that the emperor urges a council on our friends, and is indignant at their refusal. I cannot understand these monstrosities. The pope asserts that heretics cannot sit in a council; the emperor wishes us to consent to the council and its decrees. Perhaps God is turning them mad. . . . But their mad design, no doubt, is, that since pope, emperor, church, and diets have failed, they will try to cry us down by representing us as so lost and desperate, as to reject the council which we have so often

asked for. See Satan's cleverness against the poor fool of a God, who, undoubtedly, will be put to it to escape such well-laid snares! . . . Now, it is the Lord who will make a mock of them who mock him. If we agree to a council so disposed towards us, why did we not five-and-twenty years since submit to the pope, the lord of councils and to all his bulls?" (July 9th, 1545.)

A council might have concentrated the catholic hierarchy, but could not have re-established the unity of the church. The question could be settled by arms only. The Protestants had already driven the Austrians out of Wirtemberg, had despoiled Henry of Brunswick, who was turning the execution of the decrees of the Imperial Chamber into a source of profit for himself, and were encouraging the archbishop of Cologne to follow the example of Albert of Brandenburg, and secularize his archbishopric, which would have given them a majority in the electoral council. However, some attempts were still made at reconciliation, and conferences uselessly opened at Worms and Ratisbon (A.D. 1540, 1541), at which Luther did not even think it necessary to be present. He writes that he hears from Melanchthon that the numbers of learned personages, from all quarters, in the synod at Worms, exceeds all precedent; and, speaking of the stratagems resorted to by the Catholic party, says, "One would fancy one saw Satan himself, with the break of day, running to and fro in a vain search for some den dark enough to shut out the light which pursues him." (Jan. 9th, 1541.) Luther's opinion was desired upon ten articles, which had been agreed upon by the two parties, when the elector, hearing that they were about to be forwarded without being first submitted to him, drew up a reply himself; an interference which would have aroused Luther's indignation some years before, but by this time he seems to have felt wearied and disgusted with the consciousness that his labours to re-establish evangelical purity, had only furnished the great of the earth with the means of satisfying their terrestrial ambition. "Our excellent prince has given me the conditions of peace to read, which he intends to propose to the emperor and our adversaries. I see that they consider the whole affair as a comedy to be played amongst them, whilst it is a tragedy betwixt God and Satan, in which Satan triumphs, and God is humiliated. But the catastrophe will come, when the Almighty, author of this tragedy, will give us the victory." (April 4th, 1541.)

We noticed at an early period of this narrative, the melancholy state of dependance in which the Reformation was placed on the princes that espoused the cause. Luther had time to foresee the results. These princes were men, with men's caprices and passions; and hence concessions, which, without being contrary to the principles of the Reformation, seemed to redound little to the honour of the reformers. The most warlike of these princes, the hot-headed landgrave of Hesse, submitted to Luther and the Protestant ministers, that his health would not allow of his confining himself to one wife. His instructions to Bucer for the negotiation of this matter with the theologians of Wittemberg, are a curious mixture of sensuality, of religious fears, and of daring simplicity. "Ever since I have been married," he writes, "I have lived in adultery and fornication; and as I won't give up this way of living, I cannot present myself at the holy table; for St. Paul has said, that the adulterer shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." He proceeds to state the reasons which drive him into this course: "My wife is neither good-looking nor good-tempered; she is not sweet; she drinks, and my chamberlains can tell what she then does, &c. I am of a warm complexion, as the physicians can prove; and as I often attend the imperial diets, where the body is pampered with high living, how am I to manage there without a wife, especially as I can't be always taking a seraglio about with me? . . . How can I punish fornication and other crimes, when all may turn round and say, 'Master, begin with yourself?' . . . Were I to take up arms for the Gospel's sake, I could only do so with a troubled conscience, for I should say to myself, 'If you die in this war, you go to the devil.' . . . I have read both the Old and New Testament carefully, and find no other help indicated than to take a second wife; and I ask before God, why cannot I do what Abraham, Jacob, David, Lamech, and Solomon have done?" The question of polygamy had been agitated from the very beginning of Protestantism, which professed to restore the world to scriptural life; and, whatever his repugnance, Luther durst not condemn the Old Testament. Besides, the Protestants held marriage to be *res politica*, and subject to the regulations of the civil power. Luther, too, had already held, theoretically, and without advising it to be put in practice, the very doctrine advanced by the landgrave. He had written years before: . . . "I confess, I cannot say that polygamy is repugnant to Holy Scripture, yet would not have the practice introduced amongst Christians, who ought to abstain even from what is lawful, in order to avoid scandal, and in order to maintain that *honestas* (decorum) which St. Paul requireth under all circumstances." (Jan. 13th, 1524.) "Polygamy is not allowable amongst Christians, except in cases of absolute necessity, as when a man is forced to separate from a leprous wife, &c." . . . (March 21st, 1527.) Having one day put the case to doctor Basilius, whether a man, whose wife was afflicted with some incurable malady, might take a concubine, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, Luther observed, "It would be of dangerous precedent, since excuses might be daily invented for procuring divorces." (A.D. 1539.)

Luther was greatly embarrassed by the landgrave's message. All the theologians of Wittemberg assembled to draw up an answer, and the result was a compromise. He was allowed a double marriage, on condition that his second wife should not be publicly recognized. "Your highness must be aware of the difference between establishing a universal and granting an exceptional law. . . . We cannot publicly sanction a plurality of wives. . . . We pray your highness to consider the dangers in which a man would stand who should introduce a law that would disunite families, and plunge them into endless law-suits. . . . Your highness's constitution is weak, you sleep badly, and your health requires every care. . . . The great Scanderbeg often exhorted his soldiers to chastity, saying that nothing was so injurious in their calling as incontinence. . . . We pray your highness seriously to take into consideration the scandals, cares, labours, griefs, and infirmities herein brought under your notice. . . . If, never-

theless, your highness is fully resolved to take a second wife, we are of opinion that the marriage should be secret. . . . Given at Wittemberg, after the festival of St. Nicholas, 1539.—MARTIN LUTHER, PHILIP MELANCHTHON, MARTIN BUCER, ANTONY CORVIN, ADAM, JOHN LENING, JUSTIN WINTFERT, DYONISIUS MELANTHER."

It was hard for Luther, who, both as theologian and as a father of a family, was identified with the sanctity of the marriage tie, to declare that in virtue of the Old Testament two wives might seat themselves, with their jealousies and their hates, at the same domestic hearth; and he groaned under this cross. "As to the *Macedonian* business, grieve not overmuch, since things are come to that pass, that neither joy nor sadness availeth. Why kill ourselves? Why allow sorrow to banish the thoughts of him who has overcome all deaths and all sorrows? Did not he who conquered the devil and judged the prince of this world, at the self-same time judge and conquer this scandal? . . . Let Satan triumph, and let us be neither chagrined nor grieved, but let us rejoice in Christ, who will discomfit all our enemies." (June 18th, 1540.) He seems to have looked to the emperor's interfering. "If Cæsar and the empire will, as they perforce must, put a stop to this scandal, an edict will soon stay it, and prevent its being hereafter used as either a right or an example." From this time forward, Luther's letters, and those of Melanchthon, are full of disgust and sadness.

On Luther's being asked for a letter of recommendation to the court of Dresden, he replies, that he has lost all credit and influence there; in that "worldly court," as he sometimes calls it. To a friend (Lauterbach) he writes: "I will be present at your marriage in mind, not in body, being hindered, not only by pressure of business, but by the fear of offending the Mamelukes and queen of the kingdom (the duchess Catherine of Saxony?) for who is not offended with Luther's folly?" "You ask me, my dear Jonas, to write an occasional word of comfort to you. But I stand much more in need of your letters to revive me, who, like Lot, have so much to endure in the midst of this infamous and Satanic ingratitude, this horrible contempt for the Lord's word. . . . I must, then, see Satan take possession of the hearts of those who fancy that the chiefest seats in the kingdom of Heaven are reserved for them alone!" The Protestants were already beginning to relax from their severity of manners, and the bagnios were reopened. "Better," exclaims Luther, "not to have driven out Satan, than to bring him back in greater force." (Sept. 13th, 1540.)

"The pope, the emperor, the Frenchman, and Ferdinand, have despatched a magnificent embassy to the Turks to demand peace . . . . and, last of all, for fear of offending the eyes of the Turks, the ambassadors have put themselves into Turkish robes. I trust these are blessed signs of the approaching end of all things!" (July 17th, 1545.)

To Jonas. "Hark in thy ears! I shrewdly suspect that we Lutherans shall be packed off to fight the Turks single-handed. King Ferdinand has removed the war-chest from Bohemia, and forbade a single soldier to stir, and the emperor does nothing; as if it were settled that we should be exterminated by the Turks." (Dec. 29th, 1542.) "Nothing new here, except that the margrave of Brandenburg is getting evil spoken of by every one, with regard to the war in Hungary. They speak just the same of Ferdinand. I descry so many and such probable reasons for it, that I cannot help believing there is horrible and deadly treachery there." (Jan. 26th, 1542.) "I ask, what will be the end of this horrible treachery of the princes and kings?" (Dec. 16th, 1543.) "May God avenge us on the incendiaries (Luther speaks, almost every month, of fires occurring at Wittemberg). Satan has devised a new plan for getting rid of us. Our wine is poisoned, and lime mixed with our milk. Twelve persons have been killed by poisoned wine at Jena. Perhaps they died of excess of drink; but at all events, it is given out for certain that dealers have been detected selling poisoned milk at Magdeburg and Northuse." (April, 1541.) He writes to Amsdorf, on occasion of the plague at Magdeburg: "What you tell me of the alarm felt of the plague, reminds me of what I observed some years since; and I am surprised to see that the more life in Christ Jesus is preached, the stronger grows the fear of death; whether this fear were lessened, during the reign of the pope, by a false hope of life, and that now the true hope of life is placed before the people, they feel how weak nature is to believe in the conqueror of death, or that God tempts us by these weaknesses, and allows Satan to grow bolder and stronger on account of this alarm! Whilst we believed in the pope, we were as drunkards, men asleep, or fools, mistaking death for life, that is, ignorant of the nature of death and of God's wrath. Now that the light has shone upon us, and that God's wrath is better known, nature has shaken off sleep and folly, and hence greater fear than before. . . . Here I apply the passage of the seventy-first Psalm, '*Cast me not away in the time of age; forsake me not when my strength faileth me.*' For I think that these are the latter days of Christ, and the time of casting down; that is, the time of the last great assault of the devil, as David, in his latter days, weakened by years, would have fallen before the giant, had not Abishai come to his aid. . . . I have learnt almost all this year to sing with St. Paul, '*As dying, and behold, we live;*' and '*By your rejoicing, which I have in Christ Jesus our Lord, I die daily.*' When he says to the Corinthians, '*In deaths oft,*' 'this was not meditating or speculating on death, but the sensation of death itself, as if hope of life there were none." (Nov. 20th, 1538.) "I trust that with this rending of the world, Christ will hasten his coming and crush the globe to atoms, *ut fractus illabatur orbis.*" (Feb. 12th, 1538.)

BOOK THE FOURTH.

A.D. 1530—1546.

CHAPTER I.

LUTHER'S CONVERSATIONS ON DOMESTIC LIFE, ON WIVES AND CHILDREN, AND ON NATURE.

Let us pause in this sad history of the last years of his public life, and retire with Luther into his private life, seat ourselves at his table, by the side of his wife, and in the midst of his children and friends, and listen to the grave words of the pious and tender father of a family.

"The man who insults preachers and women, will never succeed well. From women proceed children, the future heads of families and of the state. To despise them, is to despise God and man." "The Saxon law is too hard in giving the widow a chair and her distaff only. The first we should interpret to mean, a house; the second, her maintenance. We pay our lacquey; what do I say, we give more to a beggar?" "There can be no doubt, that women who die in the faith in child-bearing, are saved, because they die fulfilling the end for which God created them." "In the Low Countries, the priest, on his induction, chooses some little girl as his betrothed, in sign of honouring the marriage state."

Luther being asked whether a Christian preacher, who is bound to suffer imprisonment and persecution for the word's sake, ought not much more to do without marriage? replied: "It is easier to endure imprisonment than desire, as I know in my own person. The more I strove to macerate and subdue the flesh, the more I lusted. Even though gifted with chastity, one ought to marry to spite the pope. . . . Had I been seized with a fatal illness, I should have wished to summon some pious maid to my death-bed, and wed her, presenting her with two silver goblets as a wedding-gift and morrow's present (*morgengabe*), in order to show how I honoured marriage." To a friend he writes: "If you lust, marry. You want a wife at once beautiful, pious, and rich. Well, you can have one painted, with red cheeks and white limbs, and such are the most pious; but they are worth nothing for kitchen or couch. . . . No one will ever have to repent rising early and marrying young. . . . It is no more possible to do without a wife than without eating and drinking. Conceived, nourished, borne within the body of woman, our flesh is mainly hers, and it is impossible for us ever to separate wholly from her. . . . Had I wished to make love, I should have taken thirteen years ago to Ave Schonfeldin, who is now the wife of doctor Basilius, the Prussian physician. At that time I did not love my Catherine, whom I suspected of being proud and haughty; but it was God's will; it was his will that I should take pity on her, and I have cause, God be praised, to be satisfied."

"The greatest grace God can bestow is to have a good and pious husband, with whom you may live in peace, to whom you can trust every thing, even your body and your life, and by whom you have little children. Catherine, thou hast a pious husband, who loves thee; thou art an empress. Thanks be to God!"

Alluding to immorality in men, Luther observed: "Let them know that they are, after all, but despisers of the sex, who were not created for their brutal pleasures. . . 'Tis a great thing for a young girl to be always loved, and the devil but seldom allows it. . . My hostess of Eisenach said well, when I was a student there: '*There is no sweeter pleasure upon earth than to be loved by a woman.*'"

"On St. Martin's day (doctor Martin Luther's birth-day), master Ambrosius Brend came to ask him his niece in marriage. . . . One day, surprising them in close conversation, he burst out laughing, and said: 'I am not surprised at a lover having so much to say to his mistress; can they ever tire? We must not put them out of the way; they have a privilege above law and custom!' When he betrothed her to him, he addressed him as follows:—'Sir, and dear friend, I give you this young maid, such as God in his goodness gave her unto me. I confide her to your hands. May God bless you, sanctify your union, and make it happy!'" "Being present at the marriage of John Luffte's daughter, he led her to her bed after supper, and said to the husband, that, according to common custom, he was to be master of the house . . . . when the wife was not in it; and, in token of this, he took one of the husband's shoes, and put it on the top of the bed, showing that he so assumed dominion and government."

Being one day in very high spirits at table, "Be not scandalized," he said, "to see me so merry. I have heard a great deal of bad news to-day, and have just read a letter violently abusing me. Our affairs must be going on well, since the devil is storming so!"

"Were I to make love again, I would have an obedient wife carved for me in stone; I should despair of getting one any other way." "Strange thoughts come into one's head the first year of marriage. When at table, one says to oneself, 'Just now thou wert alone, now thou art two' (*selbander*). On awaking, one sees another head by the side of one's own. The first year my Catherine used to sit by me whilst I was studying, and, not knowing what to say, she asked me, 'Sir doctor, in Prussia, is not the *maître d'hôtel* the margrave's brother?'" "There should be no delay between the betrothals and the marriage. . . Friends interpose obstacles. . . . . All my best friends kept crying, 'Don't take her, take another.'" "A sure sign that God is hostile to the papacy is, that he has refused it the blessing of corporeal fruit (children). . . . When Eve was brought before Adam, he was filled with the Holy Ghost, and gave her the most beautiful and glorious of names, calling her *Eva*, that is, mother of all living. He did not call her his wife, but mother, mother of all living. This is woman's glory, and

most precious ornament. She is *Fons omnium viventium*, the source of all human life; a brief phrase, but such as neither Demosthenes nor Cicero could have expressed. The Holy Ghost here speaks by our first father, and having passed so noble a eulogy on marriage, it is but right in us to extenuate the weaknesses of women. No more did Jesus Christ, the Son of God, despise marriage. He is himself born of woman, which is a high testimony to marriage."

"We find an image of marriage in all creatures, not only in birds, beasts, and fishes, but in trees and stones too. Every one knows that there are trees, like the apple and the pear tree, which are, as it were, husband and wife, which desiderate each other, and which thrive more when they are planted together. The same is observable of stones, especially precious stones, such as the coral, emerald, and others. The sky, also, is the husband of the earth, vivifying it by the warmth of the sun, by the rain and the wind, and so leading it to bear all sorts of plants and fruits."

The doctor's little children were standing before the table, anxiously watching the fishes that were being served up, when he remarked,—"If you wish to see the image of a soul in the fruition of hope, there it is. Ah! would we could look forward to the life to come with the same delight." His little girl, Madeleine, being brought in to sing to her cousin the song beginning, *The pope invokes the emperor and the kings*, &c., and refusing, notwithstanding coaxing and threats, the doctor said, "Nothing good comes of force: without grace, the works of the law are valueless." "I see nothing contradictory in the injunction, *Serve the Lord with fear and rejoice with trembling*. My little John does so with regard to me, but I cannot with regard to God. When writing, or otherwise busied, he will begin a little song, and if he sing too loud, and I check him, he will go on, but to himself, and with a touch of fear. So God wishes us to be always cheerful, yet with awe and reserve." One new-year's day, he and his wife were exceedingly put out at being unable to still the baby, who kept on screaming more than an hour; at last, he said, "These are the vexations of married life. . . . This is the reason none of the Fathers has written any thing remarkably good on the subject. Jerome has spoken degradingly, I should almost say in an anti-Christian spirit, of marriage. . . . St. Augustin on the contrary." . . . His wife placing his youngest child in his arms, he observed, "Would I had died at this age; willingly would I forego any honour I may obtain in this world to die an infant!" The child dirtying him, he said, "Oh! how much more must our Lord endure with us than a mother with her child." He addressed his baby with, "Thou art our Lord's innocent little fool, living under grace and not under the law. Thou art without fear or anxiety, and all that thou doest is well done." "Children are the happiest. We old fools are ever distressing ourselves with disputes about the word, constantly asking ourselves, 'Is it true? Is it possible? How can it be possible?' Children, in their pure and guileless faith, have no doubts on matters appertaining to salvation. . . . Like them, we ought to trust for salvation to the simple word; but the devil is ever throwing some stumbling-block in our way." Another time, as his wife was giving the breast to his little Martin, he said, "The pope and duke George hate this child, and all belonging to me, as do their partizans and the devil. However, they give no uneasiness to the dear child, and he does not concern himself what such powerful enemies may do. He sticks to the teat, or crows laughingly aloud, and leaves them to grumble their fill." One day, that Spalatin and Lenhart Beier, pastor of Zwickau, were with him, he pointed to his little Martin playing with a doll, and said, "Even such were man's thoughts in Paradise, simple, innocent, and free from malice or hypocrisy; he must have been like this child when he speaks of God and is so sure of him. What must have been Abraham's feelings when he consented to offer up his only son! He said nothing of it to Sarah; he could not! Of a verity, I should dispute God's commands were he to order me such a thing." On this, the doctor's wife broke in with, "I will not believe that God can ask any one to kill his own child."

"Ah! how my heart sighed after mine own, when I lay sick to death at Smalkalde. I thought that I should never more see my wife or little ones; and how agonizing was the thought! . . . . There is no one who can so overcome the flesh, as not to feel this bent of nature. Great is the force of the social tie which knits man and wife together."

It is touching to see how each thing that attracted his notice led Luther to pious reflections on the goodness of God, on the state of man before the fall, and on the life to come; as, on Dr. Jonas laying on his table a fine bough laden with cherries, his wife's delight on serving up a dish of fish from their own pond, the mere sight of a rose, &c. . . . On the 9th of April, 1539, as the doctor was in his garden, gazing attentively at the trees, resplendent with flowers and foliage, he exclaimed with admiration, "Glory be to God, who thus calls to life inanimate creation in the spring. Look at those graceful branches, already big with fruit. Fine image this of man's resurrection: winter is death; summer the resurrection!" After a violent storm on the evening of the 18th of April, 1539, followed by a kindly rain, which restored the verdure of the fields and trees, he exclaimed, looking up to heaven, "This is thy gift, O my God, and to us ingrates, full of wickedness and covetousness. Thou art a God of goodness! This was no work of Satan's; no, 'twas a beneficent thunder, shaking the earth, and opening it to make it bear its fruits and spread a perfume similar to that diffused by the prayer of the pious Christian." Another day, walking on the Leipsic road, and seeing the whole plain covered with the finest wheat, Luther exclaimed, with exceeding fervour, "O God of goodness, this fruitful year is thy gift! Not for our piety is this, but to glorify thy holy name. Grant, O my God, that we may amend our lives and increase in thy Word! With thee all is miracle. Thy voice brings out of the earth, and even out of the arid sand, those plants and those beauteous ears of wheat which gladden the sight. O, my Father, give all thy children their daily bread!" One evening, noticing a little bird perched on a tree as if to take up its roost for the night, he said, "This little thing has chosen its shelter, and is going peacefully to sleep; it does not disturb itself with thoughts of where it shall rest to-morrow, but composes itself tranquilly on its little branch,

and leaves God to think for it." Towards evening, two birds began to build their nest in the doctor's garden, but were frequently disturbed by the passers by: "Ah!" he exclaimed, "dear little birds, don't fly away; I wish you well with all my heart, if you would only believe me! Even so we refuse to trust in God, who, far from wishing our harm, has given his own Son for us."

CHAPTER II.

THE BIBLE.—THE FATHERS.—THE SCHOOLMEN.—THE POPE.—COUNCILS.

Doctor Martin Luther had written with chalk on the wall, behind his stove, the following words:— "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much: and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much." (Luke xvi. 10.) "The little infant Jesus (he showed him painted on the wall) is sleeping in the arms of Mary, his mother. He will awake one day, and demand an account of what we have done." One day that Dr. Jonas was by, whilst Luther was being shaved, the latter said to him: "Original sin is within us, like the beard. We take it off to-day, and have a smooth face; to-morrow, it is grown again, and it will not cease growing whilst we live. Just so, original sin cannot be extirpated in us; but springs up our life long. Nevertheless, we ought to resist it with all our strength, and cut it off without delay." "Human nature is so corrupt as not even to feel a want of heavenly things. It is like a new-born child, to whom one would promise in vain all the treasures and pleasures the earth yields; the child is without a thought, and knows but its mother's breast. In like manner, when the Gospel speaks to us of eternal life through Christ Jesus, we turn a deaf ear, harden ourselves in the flesh, and indulge in frivolous and perishable thoughts. Human nature does not comprehend, does not even feel, the mortal ill which weighs it down." "In divine things, the Father is the *Grammar*, for he imparts words, and is the source whence flow good, pure, and harmonious sayings. The Son is *Logic*, and suggests arrangement, order, and sequence of ideas. The Holy Ghost is *Rhetoric*, states, presses home, enlarges, and gives life and strength, so as to impress and hold the hearers' hearts." "The Trinity occurs throughout creation. In the sun are substance, light, and heat; in rivers, substance, current, and force. So, in the arts: in astronomy are motion, light, and influence; in music, the three notes, *re*, *mi*, *fa*, &c. The schoolmen have neglected these important signs for silly trifles." "The decalogue is the *doctrine of doctrines*; the creed, the *history of histories*; the Lord's prayer, the *prayer of prayers*; the sacraments, the *ceremonies of ceremonies*."

On his being asked whether those who had lived in the darkness of popery, and had not known the blessing of the Gospel, could be saved? Luther replied: "I know not, save, perhaps, through baptism. I have seen the cross held out to many monks, on their death-bed, as was then the custom, and they may have been saved by their faith in Christ's merits and sufferings." "Cicero is far superior in his moral doctrine to Aristotle, and was a wise and laborious man, who did and who suffered much. I hope that our Lord will be merciful unto him and all like unto him; albeit it belongs not to us to speak with certainty. That God should not make exceptions and establish distinctions between pagans, is what one cannot say. There will be a new heaven and a new earth much larger and vaster than those of our day." Being asked whether the offended party ought to seek pardon of the offender, Luther replied, "No; Jesus Christ himself has set us no example, and has left us no command of the kind. It is enough to pardon offences in one's heart; and publicly, if convenient, and prayed so to do. I, indeed, once went to ask pardon of two persons who had offended me, but they happened to be from home; and I now thank God that I was not allowed to execute my purpose." Sighing one day at the thought of the sectaries who despised God's word, "Ah!" he exclaimed, "were I a great poet, I would write a magnificent poem on the utility and efficacy of the divine word. Without it. . . . For many years I have read the Bible twice a year; 'tis a great and mighty tree, each word of which is a branch. I have shaken them all, so curious was I to know what each branch bore, and each time I have shaken off a couple of pears or apples." "Formerly, under papal rules, men used to go on pilgrimages to the saints, to Rome, to Jerusalem, to St. James of Compostella, to expiate their sins. Now we may make Christian pilgrimages in the faith. When we read attentively the prophets, the psalms, and the gospels, we peregrinate, not through the holy city, but through our thoughts and hearts, to God. That is visiting the true promised land, and the paradise of life eternal." "What are the saints compared with Christ? Nothing more than small drops of night-dew on the beard of the bridegroom and in the curls of his hair."

Luther did not like the miracles to be dwelt upon, considering this kind of proof as secondary. "The convincing proofs are in God's word. Our opponents read the translated Bible much more than we. I believe that duke George has read it more carefully than all the nobles on our side together. 'Provided,' I hear he has said, 'provided the monk have finished the translation of the Bible, he may be off when he likes.'" He used to say that Melanchthon had forced him to translate the New Testament.

"Let our adversaries fume and rage. God has not opposed a wall of stone or a mountain of brass to the waves of the sea; a bank of sand has been enough."

"In my early days, whilst a monk, I used to be fond of reading my Bible, but to no use; I merely made Christ a Moses. Now I have found my beloved Christ. May I be thankful, and stedfast, and suffer for his sake what I may be called upon to suffer." "Why do we teach and keep the ten commandments? The reason is, that nowhere is the natural law so well arranged and laid down as in Moses. I wish we had borrowed from him in temporal things as well; such as the laws with regard to *the bill of divorcement*, the jubilee, the year of release, tithes, &c.; the world would be all the better governed. . . . So, the Romans took their Twelve Tables from the Greeks. . . . As regards the Sabbath or Sunday, there is no necessity for keeping it; but if we do, it ought to be, not on account of Moses' commandment, but be-

cause nature teaches us from time to time to take a day of rest, in order that men and animals may recruit their strength, and that we may attend the preaching of God's word. Since there is now-a-days a general movement towards restoring all things, as if the day of the universal restoration were come, it has come into my head to try whether Moses also cannot be restored, and the rivers recalled to their source. I have taken care to treat every subject in the simplest fashion, and to avoid mystical interpretations as they are called. . . . I see no other reason for God's choosing to form the Jewish people by these ceremonies, than his knowledge of their aptness to be caught by externals. To prevent these being empty phantoms and mere images, he added his word to give them weight and substance, and render them grave and serious matters. I have subjoined to each chapter brief allegories; not that I set much store by them, but to anticipate the mania many have for allegorical writing; as we perceive in Jerome, Origen, and other ancient writers an unfortunate and sterile habit of devising allegories to recommend morality and works, whereas it is the word and faith that ought to be insisted on." (April, 1525.)

"My prayer is the *Pater Noster;* and I am in the habit of blending with it something from the Psalms, in order to confound false teachers, and cover them with shame. There is no prayer comparable to the *Pater;* I prefer it to any Psalm *." "I frankly own that I know not whether or no I am master of the full meaning of the Psalms; although I have no doubts about my giving their correct sense. One man will be mistaken in some passages; another, in others. I see things which Augustin overlooked; and others, I am aware, will see things which I miss. Who will dare to assert that he has completely understood a single Psalm? Our life is a beginning and a progress; not a consummation. He is the best, who comes nearest to the Spirit. There are stages in life and action, why not in understanding? The apostle says, that we proceed from knowledge to knowledge."

Of the New Testament. "The Gospel of St. John is the true and pure Gospel, the principal Gospel, because it contains more of Jesus Christ's own words than the rest. In like manner, the Epistles of St. Paul and St. Peter, are far above (?) the Gospels of St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke. In fine, St. John's Gospel and his First Epistle, St. Paul's Epistles, especially those to the Romans, Galatians, and Ephesians, and St. Peter's First Epistle, are the books which show thee Jesus Christ, and which teach thee all that it is necessary and useful for thee to know, though thou wert never to see any other book." He did not consider either the Epistle to the Hebrews or the Epistle of St. James of apostolical authority. He says of that of St. Jude: "No one can deny that this Epistle is an extract from or copy of the Second of St. Peter; the words are almost identical. Jude speaks of the apostles as if he had been their disciple, and that they were dead; and he cites texts and events nowhere to be found in Scripture."

Luther's opinion on the Apocalypse is remarkable: "Every one," he says, "must form his own judgment on this work according to his lights and gifts. I do not wish to force my opinion on any one, but simply speak as I think. I look upon it as being neither apostolic nor prophetic." . . And, in another passage, "Many of the fathers have rejected this book; and it is free to all to think of it as they shall be moved. For my own part, I cannot take to this work. One reason alone would give me a distaste to it; which is, that Jesus Christ is neither adored nor preached in it such as we know him."

Of the Fathers. "You may read Jerome for the sake of the history; of faith, good true religion, and doctrine, there is not a word in his works. I have already proscribed Origen. Chrysostom is no authority with me. Basil is but a monk; I would not give a straw for him. Melanchthon's Apology is beyond the writings of all the doctors of the Church, not excepting Augustin; Hilary and Theophylact are good, Ambrose also; he walks steadily as to the most essential article, the pardon of sins. Bernard, as a preacher, eclipses all the doctors; in argument, he is quite another man, and grants too much to the law and to free-will. Bonaventura is the best of the scholastic theologians. Amongst the fathers, Augustin holds, incontestably, the first place; Ambrose, the second; Bernard, the third. Tertullian is a true Carlstadt. Cyril has the finest sentences. Cyprian the martyr, is a poor theologian. Theophylact is the best interpreter of St. Paul."—(Arguments to prove that antiquity does not add to authority): "We see how bitterly St. Paul complains of the Corinthians and Galatians; even amongst the apostles, Christ found a traitor in Judas." "There is never anything conclusive in the writings of the Fathers on the Bible; they leave the reader suspended betwixt heaven and earth. Read Chrysostom, the best rhetorician, and speaker of all." He observes, that the Fathers said nothing of justification by grace during their life, but believed in it at their death. "This was more prudent, in order not to encourage mysticism or discourage good works. The dear Fathers have lived better than they have written." He eulogises the history of St. Epiphanius, and the poems of Prudentius. "Of all, Augustin and Hilary have written with most clearness and truth; the rest must be read *cum judicio* (with allowance). Ambrose was mixed up with worldly matters, as I am now; being obliged to busy myself in the consistory with marriage matters, more than with God's word. . . . Bonaventura has been called the seraphic; Thomas, the angelic; Scot, the subtle; Martin Luther will be named the arch-heretic." Observing a portrait of St. Augustin in a book, representing him with a monk's cowl, Luther remarked, "They do the holy man wrong, for he lived just as the world about him, and used silver spoons and cups, not even secluding himself like the monks." "Macarius, Antony, and Benedict have done the Church great and signal injury with their monkery; and I think they will be placed much lower in heaven than a pious, God-fearing citizen, father of a family. St. Augustin pleases me more than all the rest. The doctrine he teaches is pure, and regulated with Christian humility, by Holy Scripture. Augustin is favourable to marriage. He speaks well of the bishops who were the pastors of his day; but years, and his disputes with the Pelagians, embittered and distressed him at the last. . . Had he witnessed the scandals of the papacy, he certainly would not have

* So says Montaigne in his *Essays.*

allowed them. He is the first Father of the Church who wrote on the subject of original sin." After having spoken of St. Augustin, Luther adds, "But since God has given me grace to understand Paul, I have not been able to relish any doctors; they have all become dwarfs in my eyes." "I know none of the Fathers whom I so much dislike as St. Jerome. He writes only on fasting, diet, virginity, &c., not a word on faith. Dr. Staupitz was wont to say, 'I should like to know how Jerome could be saved.'"

"The nominalists are a sect of the upper schools to which I used to belong; they are opposed to the Thomists, Scotists, and Albertists. The name they give themselves is Occamists. They are the newest sect of all, and, at present, the most powerful, especially at Paris." Luther thinks highly of Peter Lombard's *Master of Sentences;* but considers that the schoolmen in general laid too much stress on free-will and too little on grace. "Gerson alone, of all the doctors, has made mention of spiritual temptations. All the rest, Gregory of Nazianzen, Augustin, Scotus, Thomas, Richard, Occam, were conscious of corporal temptations only. Gerson alone has written of discouragement. The Church, in proportion to her advancing years, cannot but experience spiritual temptations of the kind; and we live in this age of the Church. William of Paris, too, felt such temptations in a degree; but the schoolmen never attained the knowledge of the catechism. Gerson is the only one who reassures and revives consciences. . . . He has saved many poor souls from despair by lessening and extenuating the law, yet, so as that the law shall remain. But Christ does not tap the cask, he breaks it in. He says, 'Thou must not trust in the law, nor rely upon it, but upon me, upon Christ. If thou art not good, I am.'" "Dr. Staupitz one day speaking to me of Andrew Zachary, who is said to have overcome John Huss in disputation, told me that Dr. Proles of Gotha seeing a portrait of Zachary, in which he was represented with a rose in his bonnet, exclaimed, 'God defend me from ever wearing such a rose, for he overcame John Huss by a trick, by means of a falsified Bible. You will find in the thirty-fourth of Ezekiel, *Behold, I myself will visit and punish my shepherds* *; to which they had added, '*and not the people.*' The members of the council showed him the text in his own Bible, which had been falsified as well as the rest, and then drew the conclusion, it is not your business to punish the pope, as God takes it upon himself. And so the holy man was condemned and burnt.'" "Master John Agricola reading one of John Huss's works, full of spirit, of resignation, and of fervour, in which you saw how in his prison he suffered martyrdom from the stone, and was exposed to the rebukes of the emperor Sigismund, Dr. Luther admired such spirit and courage. . . . It is most unjust," he exclaimed, "to call John Huss and me heretics. . . John Huss died, not as an anabaptist, but as a Christian. We discern Christian weakness in him; but, at the same time, strength from God arouses his soul and buoys him up. It is sweet and touching to see the struggle betwixt the flesh and the spirit in Christ and in Huss. . . . Constance is at the present day a poor, wretched city. God, I opine, has chastised it. . . . John Huss was burnt; and I, too, with God's will, believe that I shall be put to death. He rooted out some thorns from Christ's vineyard by only attacking the scandals of the papacy. But I, Dr. Martin Luther, coming into a richly-soiled and well-tilled field, have attacked the pope's doctrine and overthrown it. . . . John Huss was the seed which had to be harrowed in the earth and die, to spring up afterwards and grow with renewed strength. . ."

* In our version, "Behold, I am against the shepherds, and I will require my flock at their hands . . . that they may not be meat for them."

One day Luther improvised at table the following verse:—

"Pestis eram vivens, moriens ero mors tua, Papa *."

"The head of antichrist is at once the pope and the Turk. The pope is antichrist's spirit, the Turk the flesh."

"It is my poor and humble state (not to speak of the justice of my cause) which has been the pope's misfortune. 'If,' he said to himself, 'I have defended my doctrine against so many kings and emperors, why should I fear a simple monk?' Had he looked upon me as a dangerous enemy, he might have crushed me at the outset. . . . I confess that I have often been too violent, but not with regard to the papacy. One ought to have a language on purpose to use against it, every word of which should be a thunderbolt. . . . The papists are confounded and conquered by the testimonies of Scripture. Thank God I know their error under its every aspect, from the *alpha* to the *omega*. Yet, even now, when they confess the Scriptures to be against them, the splendour and majesty of the pope sometimes dazzle me, and I attack him with trembling. . . . The pope said to himself, 'Shall I give way to a monk, who seeks to despoil me of my crown and my majesty? A fool if I do!' I would give both my hands to believe as firmly, as surely in Jesus Christ, as the pope believes Jesus Christ to be nothing. . . . Others, as Erasmus and John Huss, have attacked the morals of the popes. But I have pulled down the two pillars on which the popedom rested—vows and private masses."

Of Councils. "Councils are not for the ordering of faith, but of discipline."

Dr. Martin Luther raised his eyes one day to heaven, sighed, and exclaimed, "Ah! for a general, free, and truly Christian council! God can do it; 'tis his business; he knows and holds in his hand the inmost thoughts of men."

"When Peter Paul Vergerius, the pope's legate, came to Wittemberg in the year 1533, and that I called upon him, he cited and summoned me to appear at the council. 'I will,' I said, adding, 'As for you papists, you labour in vain. If you hold a council, you do not take into consideration the sacraments, justification by faith, good works, but only babbling and childish matters, such as the length of robes, the width of priests' girdles, &c.' He turned away from me, leant his head on his hand, and said to a person with him, 'Of a truth this man goes to the root of the matter.'" It being asked when the pope would convene a council? "There will be none," said Luther, "before the last day, and then our Lord God will himself hold a council." Luther's advice was, not to

* "Pope, I was thy plague living; dying, I shall be thy death."

refuse attending a council, but to require it to be free. "If this be denied, we cannot have a better excuse."

Of Ecclesiastical Property. Luther wished it to be applied to the support of schools, and poor theological students. He deplores the spoliation of the churches, and predicts that princes will soon quarrel for the spoil. "The pope is now lavishing ecclesiastical property on catholic princes, in order to buy friends and allies. . . . It is not so much our princes of the confession of Augsburg who pillage the church, as Ferdinand, the emperor, and the archbishop of Mentz. The Bavarians, who have rich abbeys, are the greatest robbers. My gracious lord and the landgrave have only poor monasteries of mendicant monks in their territories. At the diet, it was proposed to place the monasteries at the disposal of the emperor, who would have garrisoned them. I said, '*You must first bring all the monasteries together into one spot. Who would suffer the emperor's officers in his territories?*' The archbishop of Mentz was the instigator of the proposition." In answer to a letter of the king of Denmark's, asking for his advice, Luther disapproves of the annexation of church property to the crown. "Look," he says, "at our prince, John Frederick, how he applies the property of the church to the support of pastors and professors." "The proverb is in the right, 'Priests' goods do no good.' (*pfaffengut raffengut.*) Burchard Hund, councillor to John, elector of Saxony, was wont to say, 'We nobles have annexed church lands to our fiefs, and the church lands have devoured our fiefs, so that we now have neither the one nor the other.'" Luther adds the fable of the fox, who revenges the loss of his cubs by burning down the tree, with the eagle's nest and eaglets in it. An old tutor of Ferdinand's son (king of the Romans), named Severus, was telling Luther the story of the dog that fought for his piece of meat, yet took his share of it, when the other dogs snatched it from him. "Exactly what the emperor is now doing," exclaimed Luther, "with the estates of the church." (Alluding to Utrecht and Liege.)

Of Cardinals and Bishops. "In Italy, France, England, and Spain, the bishops are commonly the royal councillors, the reason being, that they are poor. But in Germany, where they are rich, powerful, and enjoy great consideration, the bishops govern in their own name. . . . I shall strive to the utmost to preserve the canonries and small bishoprics, so as to endow out of their revenues preachers and pastors for the towns. The large bishoprics shall be secularised." Dining with the elector of Saxony on Ascension-day, and it having been settled that the bishops were to preserve their authority, provided they abjured the pope, Luther said, "Our people shall examine them, and shall ordain them by imposition of hands. This is the way I am bishop." The origin of monks being started in the disputations at Heidelberg, the reply was, "God having made priests, the devil wished to imitate him, but made the tonsure too great, and thence monks." "Monkery will never be re-established so long as the doctrine of justification shall be understood in its purity." Monks were formerly so highly esteemed, that the pope feared them more than kings and bishops; for they had the common people in their hands. The monks were the pope's best fowlers. The king of England gains nothing by no longer recognizing the pope as the head of Christendom; he only torments the body, whilst strengthening the soul of the papacy." (Henry VIII. had not yet suppressed the monasteries.)

CHAPTER III.

OF SCHOOLS, UNIVERSITIES, AND THE LIBERAL ARTS.

"Schools ought to supply pastors, for edification and the support of the church. Schools and pastors are better than councils."

"I hope, if the world goes on, that the universities of Erfurth and Leipsic will revive and flourish, provided they adopt sound views of theology, as they seem disposed to do; but some will have to go to sleep first. I was at first surprised that a university should have been established here, at Wittemberg. Erfurth is excellently situated for the purpose. There must be a town on the spot, even though the present, which God forbid, should be burnt down. This university was formerly so renowned, that all others were considered only small schools in comparison. But now its glories have disappeared, and it is altogether dead." "Masters were formerly put forward and honoured; torches used to be borne before them. Never was joy in the world comparable to that. Taking a doctor's degree was also made a high festival of; one paraded round the town on horseback, and dressed oneself more carefully and ostentatiously than usual. All that is over; but I wish these good customs were revived." "Wo to Germany, who neglects schools, despises them, and allows them to go to decay! Wo to the archbishop of Mentz and Erfurth, who might with a word resuscitate the universities of those two cities, and who leaves them desolate and deserted! One nook of Germany, that in which we are, still, thanks to God, flourishes in purity of doctrine and culture of the liberal arts. The papists will be for rebuilding the fold, when the wolf shall have eaten the sheep. It is the bishop of Mentz's fault, who is a scourge to schools, and all Germany; and so is he justly punished for it. His face is the hue of death, like clay tempered with blood."

"The most celebrated and best school is at Paris, in France. It has twenty thousand students and upwards. The theologians there have the pleasantest spot in the whole city; being a street to themselves, with gates at each end: it is called the *Sorbonne*, a name derived, I fancy, from the fruit of the service tree (*Sorbus*), which grows by the Dead Sea, and which, beautiful without, are only ashes within. Even so the University of Paris shows a goodly multitude, but is the mother of many errors. In disputing, they bawl like drunken peasants, in Latin and in French; so that the auditors are obliged to stamp with their feet to silence them. Before one can take one's degree as doctor of theology, one is obliged to have been a student of their sophistical and futile logic for ten years. The respondent must sit a whole day, and dispute with every comer, from six in the morning to six in the evening." "At Bourges, in France, at the public creation of doctors in theology, which takes place in the metropolitan church there, each doctor has a net given him; as a sign,

seemingly, that their business is to catch men." "We, thanks to God, have universities which have embraced the word of God, and many excellent private schools besides, which display good dispositions, as those at Zwickau, Torgau, Wittemberg, Gotha, Eisenach, Deventer, &c."

Extract from Luther's Treatise on Education. "Domestic education is insufficient. The magistracy ought to superintend the education of the young, and the establishment of schools is one of their chief duties. Public offices, too, should only be entrusted to the most learned. So important is the study of tongues, that the devil fears it, and seeks to extinguish it. Is it not through this study that we have re-discovered the true doctrine? The first thing Christ gave to his apostles was the gift of tongues." Luther complains that Latin is no longer known in the monasteries, and hardly German. "For my own part, if I ever have children, and my fortune permits it, I will make them masters of tongues, and of history, and have them taught music and mathematics as well;" on this he branches forth into a eulogium on poets and historians. "Children should at least be sent, an hour or two daily to school; and the rest of their time be employed in the house, or in learning some trade." "There ought to be schools for girls likewise." "Public libraries ought to be established, and furnished at first with theological works, in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and German; next, with books to form the style, as the orators and poets, it matters not whether they be Christian or pagan; then works on the liberal and mechanical arts; legal and medical works; then, annals, chronicles, and histories, in the languages in which they were written; these are the works which should hold the first place in a library."

Of Languages. "The Greeks, compared with the Hebrews, have a number of good and pleasing words, but have no *sentences.* The Hebrew language is the richer; it does not beg, as Greek, Latin, and German do; and is not forced to recur to compound words. The Hebrews drink at the source; the Greeks from the stream; the Latins from the bog." "I have little facility in Latin, brought up as I was in the barbarism of scholastic teaching." (Nov. 12th, 1544.) "I follow no particular dialect of German; but use the common tongue, so as to be understood in Upper and Lower Germany. I model myself on the usage of the chancery court of Saxony, which is followed by all in Germany, in their public acts, whether kings, princes, or imperial cities, so that it has become the general tongue. Thus the emperor Maximilian and the elector Frederic of Saxony have reduced the German dialects to one fixed tongue. The language of the Marches is still sweeter than that of Saxony."

Of Grammars. "Grammar is one thing, the Hebrew language another. The Jews have, for the most part, lost the Hebrew language and positive grammar, which have declined with their state itself and with their understanding, as Isaiah says (ch. xxix.) The rabbis are no authority in sacred matters; they torture and do violence to etymology and construction, because they desire to force the matter by the words, to subject it to the words; whereas it is the matter which ought to command them. You see similar disputes between the Ciceronians and other Latinists. For my part, I am neither Latinist nor grammarian, still less Ciceronian; yet side with those who lay claim to the latter title. And so, in sacred literature, I would prefer being simply Mosaic, Davidic, or Isaiahic, to being a Hebrew Kimchi, or like any other rabbi." (A.D. 1537.) "I regret not having more time to devote to the study of poets and rhetoricians; I had bought a Homer in order to become Greek." (March 29th, 1523.) "If I were to write a treatise on logic, I would reject every foreign word, as *propositio, syllogismus, enthymema, exemplum,* &c., and give them German synonyms. . . . They who introduce new words ought also to introduce new things, as Scot with his *reality,* his *hiccity;* and as the Anabaptists and preachers of sedition with their *Besprengung, Entgrobung, Gelassenheit.* Let us beware, then, of all who study to devise new and unusual words." Luther cited the fable of the lion's court, and said, "That after the Bible, he knew no better books than Æsop's fables and Cato's works, and that Donatus seemed to him the best grammarian. These fables are not the work of any one man; many great minds have devoted themselves to their composition at each epoch of the world."

Of Men of Learning. "In a few years, they will not be to be found. You may dig to unearth them, but to no purpose; God is too much sinned against."

To a Friend. "Do not give in to the fear of Germany's becoming more barbarous than ever, by the discredit into which letters will be brought by our theology." (March 29th, 1523.)

CHAPTER IV.

THE DRAMA.—MUSIC.—ASTROLOGY.—PRINTING.—BANKING.

Of Theatrical Representations. Luther does not blame a schoolmaster for getting up Terence's plays. He recapitulates the various advantages derivable from the drama. If you keep away from plays because they treat of love, you must on the same principle fear reading the Bible. "Our dear Joachim has asked me for my opinion on those plays from sacred story, which many of our ministers blame. Briefly, then, here it is. The command is, that all men are to spread and propagate God's word, by all means; not by preaching only, but by writings, paintings, sculpture, psalms, songs, music; for, as the Psalm says, '*Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs.*' And Moses says, . . . '*and ye shall bind them for a sign upon your hand, that they may be as frontlets between your eyes. . . . and thou shalt write them upon the door-posts of thine house, and upon thy gates.*' Moses wishes the word to be a frontlet between the eyes, and how can that be done better and more clearly than by representations of the kind, grave and modest ones, and not by farces, as formerly, under the papacy? Spectacles of this nature take the eyes of the people, and work upon them frequently much more than public preachings. I know that in Lower Germany, where the public profession of the Gospel is prohibited, dramas, drawn from the Law and the Gospel, have converted numbers." (April 5th, 1543.)

Of Music. "Music is one of the finest and most magnificent of God's gifts. Satan hates it. It dispels temptations and evil thoughts; the devil cannot hold out against it. . . Some of the nobility and of the courtiers think that my gracious lord might spare three thousand florins a year for music; thirty thousand are expended on useless matters." "Duke George, the landgrave of Hesse, and John Frederick, elector of Saxony, used to keep singers and musicians: now it is the duke of Bavaria, the emperor Ferdinand, and the emperor Charles who do so." Luther being entertained (Dec. 17th, 1538) in the house of a musical family, who played to him to his great delight, he bursts out with, "If our Lord grants us such noble gifts in this life, which is but filth and misery, what will it be in the life everlasting? This is a foretaste." "Singing is the best exercise; it has no concern with the word. . . . Therefore do I rejoice that God has refused to the peasants (*alluding, no doubt, to the peasants in revolt*) so great a gift and comfort. They do not understand music, and listen not to the word." He one day said to a harp-player, "My friend, play me such an air as David used to play. Were he to return to earth, I think he would be surprised to find such skilful players." "How happens it that we have now-a-days so many fine things of a worldly kind, and nothing but what is cold and indifferent of a spiritual (and he repeated some German songs)? I cannot agree with those who despise music, as do all dreamers and mystics." ". . . I will ask the prince to devote this money to the establishment of a musical academy." (April, 1541.)

On the 4th of October, 1530, he writes to Ludovic Senfel, a musician of the court of Bavaria, to ask him to set the *In pace in id ipsum* to music: "The love of music overpowers my fear of being refused, when you shall see a name which, no doubt, you hate. This same love also gives me the hope that my letters will involve you in no disagreeables. Who could reproach you on their account, even were he a Turk? . . . After theology, no art can be compared with music." Luther, introducing a painter named Sebastian to his friend Amsdorf, says: "I know not whether you want his services. I should like, however, to see your dwelling more tasteful and ornamented, on account of the flesh, which is the better for some recreation, provided it be sinless and unobjectionable." (Feb. 6th, 1542.)

Of Painting.—Luther's pamphlets against the pope were seldom published without symbolic engravings. "As for these three furies," he says, in explanation of one of these satirical engravings, "I had nothing else in my mind, when I applied them to the pope, than to express the atrocity of the papal abomination by these, the most forcible and most revolting figures known to the Latin tongue; for the Latins know not what Satan or the devil is, any more than the Greeks and other nations." (May 8th, 1545.) Lucas Cranach was the designer of these figures. Luther says: "Master Lucas has little delicacy of feeling; he might have spared the other sex, in consideration of our mothers and of God's work; and he might have painted other forms, worthier of the pope, I mean more diabolical." (June 3rd, 1545.) "I will do my utmost, if I live, to make Lucas substitute a more decent painting for this obscene one." (June 15th.) Luther professed great admiration for Albert Dürer; and, on hearing of his death, wrote: "It is painful, no doubt, to have lost him. Let us rejoice, however, that Christ has released him by so happy an end from this world of misery and of trouble, which soon, perhaps, will be desolated by greater troubles still. God has been unwilling to suffer him, who was born for happiness, to see such calamities. May he rest in peace with his fathers!" (April, 1528.)

Of Astronomy and Astrology.—"It is true that astrologers may predict the future to the ungodly, and announce the death which awaits them, for the devil knows the thoughts of the ungodly, and has them in his power." Mention being made of a new astronomer, who was for proving that it is the earth that revolves, and not the firmament, the sun, and the moon; it being the same, he said, with us as with men in a carriage or a ship, who think they see the shore and the trees moving past them*, Luther observed: "So it is with the world now-a-days; men, to be thought clever, won't content themselves with what others do and know. The fool wishes to change the whole art of astronomy; but, as holy Scripture saith, Joshua commanded the sun, not the earth, to stand still." "Astrologers are in the wrong in attributing to stars the evil influences which proceed from comets." "Master Philip (Melanchthon) has often tried, but could never make me a believer in the art. He maintains it to be a real art; but that no professor of it is an adept." A nativity being shown him, Luther said: "It is a beautiful and pleasing fancy, and flattering to the understanding. You proceed regularly from one line to the other. . . . It is with astrology as with the art of the sophists, *de decem prædicamentis realiter distinctis*; all is false and artificial: but, in this vain and factitious science, there is an admirable unity, and, notwithstanding the lapse of ages, and the diversity of sects that have arisen—Thomists, Albertists, Scotists—its followers have remained faithful to the same rules." "Sciences which have matter for their object are uncertain; for matter is without form, and is without qualities and properties. Now, astrology has matter for its object, &c." "The astrologers had predicted that there would be a deluge in 1524, and it did not take place until the following year, the epoch of the revolt of the peasants. Burgomaster Hendorf, however, had a quart of beer taken up to the top of his house, to wait for the deluge there." Master Philip said that the emperor Charles would live to be eighty-four. Dr. Luther replied: "The world will not last so long. Ezekiel is against it. If we drive out the Turk the prophecy of Daniel is fulfilled; and, of a certainty, the day of judgment is then at hand." A large red star, which had appeared in the sky, and which subsequently took the shape of a cross in 1516, appeared again, "but this time," says Luther, "the cross seemed to be broken, for the Gospel was obscured by sects and revolts. I see nothing certain in such signs; they are commonly diabolical and deceitful. We have seen many in these fifteen latter years."

Of Printing. "Printing is the best and highest gift, the *summum et postremum donum*, by which God advanceth the Gospel. It is the last flame which shines before the extinction of the world. Thanks to God that it hath come at last. *Holy fathers, now at rest, have desired to see this day of the*

* Alluding, no doubt, to Copernicus.

revealed Gospel." Being shown a writing of the Fuggers, in letters of fantastical shape, so that no one could read it, he said, "This is invented by able men, and men of forethought; but such an invention is the sign of a most corrupt age. We read that Julius Cæsar employed similar letters. It is said that the emperor, instructing his secretaries, makes them write, on matters of importance, in two contradictory manners, and that they know not to which of the two he shall affix his seal."

Of Banking. "A cardinal, bishop of Brixen, reputed very wealthy, having died at Rome, no money was found upon him, but only a small note in his sleeve. Pope Julius II., suspecting it to be a letter of change, sent instantly for the agent of the Fuggers at Rome, and inquired whether he knew the hand? 'Yes,' he replied, 'it is the acknowledgment of Fugger and Co. for three hundred thousand florins.' The pope asked him whether he could pay all this money? 'Directly,' was the reply. The pope then sent for the French and English cardinals, and asked them whether their kings could raise three tons of gold in an hour? They answered, 'No.' 'Well,' he said, 'a burgess of Augsburg can.'" "Fugger having one day to give in a return of his property to the council of Augsburg, told them that he could not say what he was worth, for that his money was out all over the world, in Turkey, Greece, Alexandria, France, Portugal, England, Poland, &c.; but that he could tell them what he had in Augsburg if they liked."

CHAPTER V.

OF PREACHING.—LUTHER'S STYLE.—HE ACKNOWLEDGES THE VIOLENCE OF HIS CHARACTER.

"OH! how I trembled when I had to ascend the pulpit for the first time! But I was forced to preach, and to the brothers first of all. . . . Under this very pear-tree where we are now standing, I adduced fifteen arguments to Dr. Staupitz against my vocation for the pulpit: at last I said, 'Dr. Staupitz, you wish to kill me; I shall not live three months.' He answered me, 'Well, our Lord has great business on hand above, and wants able men.'" "I set about collecting my works into volumes, with but little zeal and ardour; I feel Saturn's hunger, and wish to devour all, for there are none of my books which please me, if I except the *Treatise on the Bondage of the Will*, and the *Catechism*." (July 9th, 1537.) "I do not like Philip to be present at my lectures or sermons; but I place the cross before me and say, 'Philip, Jonas, Pomer, and the rest, have nothing to do with the matter;' and then I endeavour to fancy that no one has sat in the pulpit abler than myself." Dr. Jonas said to him, "Sir doctor, I cannot at all follow you in your preaching." Luther replied, "I cannot myself; for my subject is often suggested either by something personal, or some private matter, according to times, circumstances, and hearers. Were I young, I should like to retrench many things in my sermons, for I have been too wordy." "I wish the people to be taught the Catechism well. I found myself upon it in all my sermons, and I preach as simply as possible. I want the common people, and children, and servants, to understand me. I do not enter the pulpit for the sake of the learned; they have my books."

Dr. Erasmus Alberus, being about to leave for the March, asked Luther how he should preach before the prince. "Your sermons," said he, "ought to be addressed, not to princes, but to the rude and simple people. If, in mine, I was thinking of Melanchthon and the other doctors, I should do no good; but I preach solely for the ignorant, and that pleases all. Hebrew, Greek, and Latin I spare until we learned ones come together; and, then, 'we make it so curled and finical that God himself wondereth at us.'" "Albert Dürer, the famous painter of Nuremberg, used to say that he took no pleasure in paintings charged with colours, but in those of a less ambitious kind. I say the same of sermons." "Oh! how happy should I have been when I was in the monastery of Erfurth, if I could once, but once, have heard but one poor little word preached on the Gospel, or on the least of the Psalms." "Nothing is more acceptable or more useful to the general run of hearers, than to preach the law and examples. Sermons on grace and on justification are cold to their ears." Amongst the qualities which Luther desiderates in a preacher, is a fine person, and that he be such as to make himself loved by good women and maidens. In his *Treatise on Monastic Vows*, Luther asks pardon of the reader for saying many things, which are usually passed over in silence. "Why not dare to say what the Holy Ghost, for the instruction of men, has dictated to Moses? But we wish our ears to be purer than the mouth of the Holy Ghost."

To J. Brentius. "I seek not to flatter or to deceive thee, and I do not deceive myself when I say, that I prefer thy writings to my own. It is not Brentius whom I praise, but the Holy Ghost, who is gentler and easier in thee. Thy words flow pure and limpid. My style, rude and unskilful, vomits forth a deluge, a chaos of words, boisterous and impetuous as a wrestler contending with a thousand successive monsters; and, if I may presume to compare small things with great, methinks there has been vouchsafed me a portion of the four-fold spirit of Elijah, rapid as the wind and devouring as fire, which roots up mountains and dashes rocks to pieces; and to thee, on the contrary, the mild murmur of the light and refreshing breeze. I feel, however, comfort from the consideration that our common Father hath need, in this his immense family, of each servant; of the hard against the hard, the rough against the rough, to be used as a sharp wedge against hard knots. To clear the air and fertilize the soil, the rain which falls and sinks as the dew is not enough,—the thunder-storm is still required." (August 20th, 1530.) "I am far from believing myself without fault; but I can, at the least, glorify myself with St. Paul, that I cannot be accused of hypocrisy, and that I have always spoken the truth, perhaps, it is true, a little too harshly. But I would rather sin in disseminating the truth with hard words, than shamefully retain it captive. If great lords are hurt by them, they can go about their own business, without thinking of mine or of my doctrines. Have I done them any wrong or injustice? If I sin, it will be for God to pardon me." (Feb. 5th, 1522.)

To Spalatin. "I cannot deny that I was more violent than I need have been; but they knew it, and should not have provoked the dog. You can judge by yourself how difficult it is to moderate one's fire, and restrain one's pen. And hence I

have always hated appearing in public; but the more I-hate, the more I am forced to it in my own despite." (Feb. 1520.) He often said, "I keep three savage dogs, *Ingratitude, Pride, and Envy;* he whom they bite is well-bitten." "When I die, the papists will discover the kind of adversary they have had in me. Other preachers will not observe the same measure, the same moderation. They have found this out with Münzer, Carlstadt, Zwingle, and the Anabaptists." "When roused to anger, I become firmer, and keener witted. All my temptations and enemies are put to flight. I never write or speak better than when in anger."

To Michael Marx. "Thou canst not think how I love to see my adversaries daily rising up more against me. I am never haughtier or bolder than when I hear I have offended them. Doctors, bishops, princes, what are they to me? It is written: '*Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing? The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord, and against his anointed!*' I have such a contempt for these Satans, that if I were not retained here, I would straight to Rome in my hate of the devil and all these furies. But I must have patience with the pope, with my disciples, with my servants, with Catherine von Bora, with every one; and my life is nothing else than patience."

BOOK THE FIFTH.

CHAPTER I.

DEATHS OF LUTHER'S FATHER, OF HIS DAUGHTER, &c.

"There is no union or society so sweet and happy as a well-assorted marriage. It is delightful to see a husband and wife living in unity and peace. But then nothing can be more bitter or more painful than the dissolution of the tie. Next in bitterness is the death of children; and this last sorrow, alas! I have experienced." "I am writing in a melancholy mood, for I have just heard of my father's death; that old Luther, so good and so beloved. And though, through me, he has had so peaceable and pious a death in Christ, and though delivered from the terrors of this world, he rests in everlasting peace, nevertheless, my bowels yearn, and I am moved to the soul—for was it not to him that, by God's will, I owed my being." In a letter the same day, to Melanchthon: "I succeed to his name, and now I am to my family the old Luther. It is now my turn and my right to follow him through death to that kingdom promised us by Christ, as we, with him, are miserable and despised among men. . . . . How I rejoice that he lived in these times, and that he was enabled to see the light of the truth. To God be blessing and praise, and thanks for all his acts, and all his designs!" (5th June, 1530.)

"When the news came from Freyberg, that Master Hausmann was dead, we kept it from doctor Luther, and told him first that he was ill, then that he was confined to his bed, and then that he was sweetly asleep in Jesus. The doctor began to weep loudly, and said, 'These are perilous times; God is purging his floor and his garner; I pray him that my wife and children may not live long after me.' He remained sitting all the day, weeping and bemoaning himself. There were with him, doctor Jonas, Master Philip (Melanchthon), Master Joachim Camerarius, and Gaspard von Keckeritz, and he sat amongst them, weeping piteously." (A.D. 1538.)

When he lost his daughter Madeleine, aged fourteen, his wife cried and lamented, but he said to her, "My dear Catherine, think where she is gone; to a certainty she has made a happy exchange. The flesh bleeds, indeed; that is our nature; but the spirit exults and finds all as it should be. Young people think not of disputing; as we tell them, so they believe; with them all is natural. They pass away without regret or anguish, without the trials and temptations even of death itself, almost without bodily pain; just as if they fell asleep.". . . As his daughter lay very ill, he exclaimed, "I love her much! but, O my God! if it be thy will to take her hence, I would give her up to thee without one selfish murmur." And when she was on her death-bed, he said to her, "My dearest child, my own Madeleine, I know you would gladly stay with your father here, and you will equally be ready to go to your Father which is in heaven! will you not?" And she replied, "Oh yes, my dear father, as God wills." "Dear little girl," he continued, "the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." He walked to and fro perturbedly, and said, "Ah yes! I have loved this dear child too much. If the flesh is so strong, what becomes of the spirit?"

He said, amongst other things, "God has not given such good gifts these thousand years to any bishop as he has to me. We may glorify ourselves in the gifts of God. Alas! I hate myself that I cannot rejoice now as I ought to do, nor render sufficient thanks to God. I try to lift up my heart from time to time to our Lord in some little hymn, and to feel as I ought to do." "Well! whether we live or die, *domini sumus*, in the genitive or the nominative*. Come, sir doctor, be firm!"

"The night before Madeleine's death, her mother had a dream. She dreamed that she saw two fair youths beautifully attired, who came as if they wished to take Madeleine away with them, and conduct her to be married. When Philip Melanchthon came the next morning and asked the lady

* A play upon the word *Dominus*. "Domini sumus" may signify (Domini being construed in the genitive), "We are the Lord's," or else (construed nominatively), "We are lords" (i. e. masters, teachers).—Translator.

how it was with her daughter? she related her dream, at which he seemed frightened, and remarked to others, 'that the young men were two holy angels, sent to carry the maiden to the true nuptials of a heavenly kingdom.' She died that same day. When she was in the agony of death, her father threw himself on his knees by her bedside, and weeping bitterly, prayed to God that he would spare her. She breathed her last in her father's arms. Her mother was in the room, but not by the bed, on account of the violence of her grief. The doctor continued to repeat, 'God's will be done! My child has another Father in heaven?' Then master Philip observed, that the love of parents for their children was an image of the Divine love impressed on the hearts of men. God loves mankind no less than parents do their children. When they placed her on the bier, the father exclaimed, 'My poor, dear little Madeleine, you are at rest now.' Then, looking long and fixedly at her, he said, 'Yes! dear child, thou shalt rise again, shalt shine like a star! Yes! like the sun! . . . . I am joyful in spirit; but oh! how sad in the flesh! It is a strange feeling this, to know she is so certainly at rest, that she is happy, and yet to be so sad.'"

"And when the people came who were to help to carry the body, and said to him, as usual, how much they sympathized in his grief, he said to them, 'Ah! grieve no more for her, she is now a saint in heaven. Oh! that we may each experience such a death: such a death I would willingly die this moment.' While they were singing—'Lord, remember not our sins of old,' he added, 'not only our old sins, but those of to-day, this day; for we are greedy, covetous, &c. The scandal of the mass still exists.' On returning from the burial, he said, amongst other things,—'The fate of our children, and above all of girls, is ever a cause of uneasiness. I do not fear so much for boys; they can find a living anywhere, provided they know how to work. But it is different with girls; they, poor things, must search for employment staff in hand. A boy can enter the schools, and become a shining character (*ein feiner man*), but a girl cannot do much to advance herself, and she is easily led away by bad example, and is lost. . . . Therefore, I give up without regret this dear one to our Lord.'"

To Jonas. "Report has, no doubt, informed you of the transplanting of my daughter Madeleine to the kingdom of Christ; and although my wife and I ought only to think of offering up joyful thanks to the Almighty for her happy deliverance and end, by which she has escaped from all the snares of the world, the flesh, the Turks, and the devil; nevertheless the force of instinct (τῆς στοργῆς) is so great, that I cannot forbear from tears, sighs, and groans,—say rather, my very heart dies within me. I feel engraven on my inmost soul her features, her words, and actions; all that she was to me in life and health, and on her sick bed, my dear, my dutiful child. The death of Christ himself (and oh! what are all deaths in comparison?) cannot tear her from my thoughts, as it should. . . . She was, as you know, so sweet, so amiable, so full of tenderness." (September 23rd, 1542.)

CHAPTER II.

OF EQUITY; OF LAW.—OPPOSITION OF THE THEOLOGIANS TO THE JURISTS.

"It is better to direct one's conduct by *natural reason than by the written law*, for reason is the soul and queen of law. But where are they who are endowed with such an understanding? You can scarcely meet with one in a century. Our gracious lord, the elector Frederick, was such a man. There was his councillor, too, Fabian von Feilitsch, a layman, who had not studied and who yet argued better on the points and the marrow of the law (*super apices et medullam juris*), than the jurists from their books. Master Philip Melanchthon so teaches the liberal arts, as to lend them more light than he derives from them. I myself, too, take my art into books, and do not draw it from them. He who should seek to imitate the four men of whom I have just spoken, would do well to abandon the idea, and content himself with learning and listening. Such prodigies are rare. The written law is for the people and the common herd of men. Natural reason and all-piercing thought for such men as those I have mentioned." "An eternal combat goes on between the jurists and the theologians; there is the same opposition betwixt the law and grace." "The law is a lovely bride, as long as she remains in her nuptial bed. If she goes to another bed, and wishes to domineer over theology, she is a great —. Law should doff her cap to theology."

To Melanchthon. "I am of the same opinion that I always was with regard to the right of the sword. I think with you, that the Gospel has taught and counselled nothing with regard to this right, and that it could not possibly do so, because the Gospel is the law of will and liberties, which have nothing to do with the sword or the right of the sword. But this right is not abolished by the Gospel, but is even confirmed and recommended; which is not the case with respect to things that are simply permitted." "Before me, there has been no jurist who has known what the law is, in relation to God; what they know, they have from me. We do not find in the Gospel that we are to adore jurists. If our Lord God will be our judge, what are jurists to him? As to the concerns of this world, I leave them masters. But in the things which concern God, they must be under me. My psalm, my own psalm is, *Be wise now, therefore, O ye kings*; if one of the two must perish, perish the law, reign Christ!

"'*The kings of the earth set themselves together.*' David himself says, 'Against his Son there will array themselves the power, the wisdom, the multitude of the world, and he will be alone against many, foolish against the wise, powerless against the powerful;' of a verity, a marvellous ordering of things. Our Lord God has all and every thing except the wise; but beyond this, there peals the terrible, 'Be wise now therefore, O ye kings; be instructed, ye judges of the earth.'" "If the jurists will not pray for pardon for their sins, and receive the Gospel, I will so confound them that they shall not be able to extricate themselves. I understand nothing of law, but I am lord of the law in things touching the conscience. We are indebted to the jurists for having taught and for teaching to the world such countless equivocations, tricks, and calumnies, that their language has become more

confused than in Babel; here, no one can comprehend the other; there, no one will understand the other. O sycophants, O sophists, pests of mankind, I write to you, boiling over with passion, and I doubt whether I could teach you better were I cool and collected." (Feb. 6th, 1546.)

Alluding to a student's being admitted the following day as Doctor of Law, Luther said, "To-morrow a fresh viper will be created to sting the theologians."

"The saying is right, *A good jurist is a bad Christian.* In fact, the jurist esteems and vaunts the justice of works, as if we were justified by them before God. If he turn Christian, he is looked upon by his brother jurists as a monster, and has to beg his bread, being repudiated as seditious." "Strike at the conscience of the jurists, and they know not what to do. Münzer attacked them with the sword; he was a madman." "Were I to study law for two years, I should become more learned than Dr. C., for I should speak of things just as they are, as being just or unjust, whilst he quibbles on words." "The doctrine of the jurists is nothing but a *nisi*, an *except.* Theology does not proceed on this wise, but has a firm foundation."

"The authority of theologians consists in their power of obscuring universals, and all connected with them. They can raise and lower. As soon as the word makes itself heard, Moses and the emperor must yield." "The law and laws of the Greeks and Persians are fallen into desuetude. The Roman or imperial law only holds by a thread. For if an empire or a kingdom fall, its laws and ordinances must likewise fall." "I leave cobbler, tailor, and jurist to their several callings. But let them not attack my pulpit!" . . . "Many believe that the theology which has been declared of our time, is naught. If this be the case whilst I live, what will it be after my death? As a set off, many amongst us are big with this thought of which they will by and by be brought to bed, namely, that the law is naught."

Sermon against the Jurists, preached on Twelfth Day. "Look at our haughty jurists and knights at law of Wittemberg. . . . They do not read our books, call them catonic (for canonic), take no heed of our Lord, and do not attend church. Well! since they do not recognize Dr. Pomer to be bishop of Wittemberg, or me to be preacher to this church, I no longer reckon them amongst my flock. But, say they, you go against the imperial law. I—this law which wrongs the poor." There follows a dialogue between a jurist and a litigant, in which the former promises for ten thalers to protract a law-suit for ten years. . . . "Good and pious folk like Reinicke Fuchs, in the poem of the Fox." . . . "Good people, these are the reasons that make me pursue the jurists so relentlessly. . . . They vaunt the canon law, the — of the pope, and represent it to be a magnificent thing, after our having with such trouble expelled it from our churches. . . . I warn you, jurist, to let the old dog to sleep. Once awakened, you will not easily get him back to his kennel! The jurists are full of complaints and bitterness against me. What can I do? Had I not to render an account of their souls, I would not chastise them." He subsequently stat s, that he excepts pious jurists.

CHAPTER III.

FAITH: THE LAW.

To Gerbellius. "In this tumult of scandals, fall not off from yourself. To sustain you, I render back the spouse (faith) that you formerly gave me; I return her to you a spotless virgin. But what is most strange and admirable in her is, that she desires and attracts an infinity of rivals, and that she is all the more chaste for being the spouse of many. . . . Our rival, Philip Melanchthon, salutes you. Adieu, be happy with the affianced bride of your youth." (January 23rd, 1523.)

To Melanchthon. "Be a sinner, and be thy sins never so great, let thy faith be still greater, and rejoice thee in Christ, who is the conqueror of sin, of death, and of the world. We must sin, as long as we are here. This life is not the abode of righteousness; no, 'we look,' as says St. Peter, 'for a new heaven, and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.' . . . . Pray earnestly, for thou art a great sinner." "I am just now deep in the doctrine of the remission of sins. I set at nought the law and all the devils. Whosoever can believe from his heart in the remission of sins, he shall be saved." "Just as it is impossible to meet in nature with the *mathematical, indivisible* point, so the righteousness demanded by the law is nowhere to be found. No man can entirely satisfy the law; even lawyers themselves, spite of all their cunning, are very frequently obliged to have recourse to the remission of sins, for they cannot always hit the mark, and when they have given a wrong judgment, and the devil troubles their consciences, neither Bartolus nor Baldus, nor all their other doctors, are of any use to them. To bear up, they are forced to protect themselves with the ἐπιείκεια that is, with the remission of sins. They do their best to judge aright, and after that, all that remains for them, is to say: 'If I have given a wrong judgment, O my God, pardon me.' It is theology alone which possesses the mathematical point. She does not grope in the dark. She has the word, even God's word. She says, 'Jesus Christ is all righteousness; whosoever lives in him, he is righteous.'"

"The law is, without doubt, necessary, but not for salvation; for no man can fulfil it: but the pardon of sins consummates and fulfils it." "The law is a true labyrinth which does but perplex the conscience, and the righteousness of the law is a minotaur, that is to say, a pure fiction, which, instead of conducting us to heaven, leads us to hell."

• *Addition by Luther to a letter of Melanchthon upon grace and the law.* . . . "To set myself entirely out of sight of the law and works, I do not content myself with seeing in Jesus Christ my master, my lord, my benefactor, I would see in him my doctrine, my gift, so that in him I possess all things. He says, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life;' not 'I show you, or give you the way, the truth, and the life;' as if he only wrought this within me, and was himself nevertheless apart from me." . . . "Theology is summed up in one only point: true faith and trust in Jesus Christ. This article embraces all the rest. Our faith is 'a groan which cannot be uttered;' and elsewhere, 'that we are in bondage under the law' (which means, that we imprison ourselves in our own works, instead of mounting on the wings of faith."

"The devil desires *active* righteousness only, a righteousness which we work out for ourselves, and in ourselves, whereas we have really only a *passive* and extrinsic one, which he takes from us. If we were limited to *active* righteousness, we should be lost, for it is defective in all men." An English doctor, Antony Barns, asked Doctor Luther, if Christians, justified by faith in Christ, had any merit in the good works which followed, for that this question was often debated in England. *Answer.* "1st. We are still sinners after justification. 2nd. God promises rewards to those who do well. Works do not merit heaven, but they adorn the faith which justifies us. It is his own gift to us, which God crowns."

"*Fidelis animæ vox ad Christum. Ego sum tuum peccatum, tu mea justitia; triumpho igitur securus* *, &c. To bear up against despair, it is not sufficient to have vain words upon the lips, or barren and languishing faith; but we must stand erect, confirm our soul, and rely on Christ against sin, death, hell, the law, and an evil conscience. When the law accuses thee and reproaches thee with thy faults, thy conscience says to thee, 'Yea, God has given the law, and commanded it to be kept, under pain of eternal damnation: thou must therefore be damned.' To which thou shalt reply, 'I well know that God has given the law; but he has also given us the Gospel, by his Son, which says, "He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved." This Gospel is above the whole law; for the law is of the earth, and has been transmitted to us by man; the Gospel is from Heaven, and has been brought to us by the Son of God.' 'It matters not,' says conscience, 'thou hast sinned and transgressed the commandment of God; therefore, thou shalt be damned.' *Answer.* 'I know very well that I have sinned, but the Gospel frees me from my sins, because I believe in Jesus; and this Gospel is as high above the law as the heavens are high above the earth. This is the reason that the body must remain upon earth, to bear the burden of the law; but the soul ascends to the mountain with Isaac, and clings to the Gospel, which promises life eternal to all who believe in Christ Jesus.' 'It matters not,' again says conscience, 'thou shalt go to hell; thou hast not kept the law.' *Answer.* 'Yes, if Heaven had not come to my succour; but it has come to my succour, has been opened to me; our Saviour has said, "He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved."' God said to Moses, 'Thou shalt see my back, but thou shalt not see my face.' The back was the law, the face is the Gospel.

"The law does not endure grace, and, in its turn, grace does not endure the law. The law is only given for the haughty, the arrogant, nobles or peasants, for hypocrites, and those who delight in a multitude of laws. But grace is promised to poor suffering hearts, to the humble, to the afflicted, and for the pardon of sins. Master Nicholas Hausmann, Cordatus, Philip Melanchthon, and I look for grace." "There is no writer, save St. Paul, who has written fully and unanswerably on the law, because reason is inadequate to judge of the law: it can only be judged by the Spirit." (August 15th, 1530.)

* "The cry of a faithful soul to Christ. I am thy sin, thou my righteousness; I rejoice, then, in safety," &c.

"Good and true divinity (theology) consists in practice, use, and exercise. Its foundation is Christ, whose passion, death, and resurrection are to be comprehended through faith. Some, in the present day, have devised a *speculative theology*, in accordance with reason. This belongs to the devil in hell. Thus, Zwingle and the sacramentarians *speculate* that the body of Christ is in the bread, but only in a spiritual sense. This is also the theology of Origen. David did not think thus; but he acknowledged his sins, and said, 'Have mercy upon me, O Lord.'"

"I saw lately two signs in the heavens. I looked from my window in the middle of the night, and I saw the stars and all the majestic vault of God, sustaining itself without my being able to perceive the pillars upon which the Creator had propped it. Nevertheless, it crumbled not away. There are those, however, who search for these pillars, and who would fain touch them with their hands; but, not being able to find them, they tremble, lament, and fear the heavens will fall. They might touch them, the heavens would never be moved. Again, I saw great and heavy clouds, floating over my head like an ocean. I perceived no prop which could sustain them, and still they fell not, but saluted us sadly, and passed on. And as they passed I distinguished the arch which had upheld them—a splendid rainbow. Slight it was, without doubt, and delicate; one could not but tremble for it, under such a mass of clouds. Nevertheless, this aery line sufficed to support the load, and to protect us. There are those, however, who are alarmed at the weight of the clouds, and have no confidence in their frail prop. They would prove its strength, and not being able, they dread the clouds will dissolve and drown us with their floods. . . . Our rainbow is weak, their clouds are heavy; but the end will tell the strength of our bow." (August, 1530.)

CHAPTER IV.

OF INNOVATORS THE MYSTICS, &c.

"CURIOSITY is our bane; it was the cause of Adam's fall. I fear two things—epicurism and enthusiasm, two sects which have still to reign. Take away the decalogue and heresy vanishes. The Holy Scriptures are the manual of all heretics."

Luther called seditious and presumptuous-minded men, "precocious saints, who, attacked by the worm before arriving at maturity, were blown by the slightest gust from the tree. Dreamers (*Schwermer*) are like butterflies. At first, a grub which attaches itself to a wall, or builds itself a little house, is hatched by the warmth of the sun, and flies off a butterfly. The butterfly dies on a tree, and leaves a long train of eggs." Dr. Martin Luther said of false brothers and heretics, who fall away from us, that we ought to let them alone, and not be vexed about them. If they will not listen to us, we can send them, with all their fine bravado, to hell.

"When I began to write against indulgences, I lived for three years alone, without any holding forth their hand to me. Now they are all for claiming a share in the triumph. I suffer enough from my enemies, without the pain my good little

brothers give me. But who can bear up against all? Here am I attacked by young men, all fresh and unworked, whilst I am old and worn with great sufferings and great labours. Osiander may well hector, he has an easy time of it; he has only two sermons to deliver a week, and has four hundred florins a-year." "In 1521, I had a visit from one Marcus, one of the religionists of Zwickau, an agreeable-mannered man enough, but of empty opinions and life, in the view of conferring with me on the doctrine they profess. As he kept talking to me of things quite foreign from Scripture, I told him that I recognized the word of God alone, and that if he sought to establish anything else, he must at least prove his mission by miracles. His reply was, 'Miracles! Ah! you will see miracles, indeed, in seven years. God himself cannot take my faith from me.' He also said, 'I can see at once whether any one is of the elect or not.' After talking a long time about the *talent* which must not be hid, and about *purification, weariness, expectation*, I asked him who understood his language? He answered that he preached only before believing and able disciples. 'How do you know that they are able?' I asked. 'I have only to look at them,' he replied, 'to see their *talent*.' 'What *talent*, now, my friend, do you see in me?' 'You are still,' he answered, 'in the first stage of mobility, but a time will come when you will be in the first of immobility like myself.' On this, I adduced to him several texts of Scripture, and we parted. Shortly after, he wrote me a very friendly letter, full of exhortations; to which my sole answer was, 'Adieu, dear Marcus.'"

"Some time afterwards a turner came to me, who also called himself a prophet. He met me just as I was going out of my house, and said to me in a confident tone, 'Sir doctor, I bring you a message from my Father.' 'Who is thy Father?' I said. 'Jesus Christ,' he replied. 'He is our common Father; what hath he ordered thee to announce to me?' 'That God's anger is kindled against the world.' 'Who told thee this?' 'Yesterday, just as I had passed through the gate of Koswick, I saw a small cloud of fire in the air; which is a clear sign of God's wrath.' He then mentioned another sign; 'In the midst of a deep sleep,' he said, 'I saw drunkards seated at table, who said, Drink, drink, and God's hand was over them. Suddenly one of them poured some beer on my head, and I awoke.' 'Listen, my friend,' I then said to him, 'do not make free in this manner with God's name and orders,' and I gave him a severe reprimand. When he found what I thought of him, he went off in a passion, muttering, 'Of course, all who don't think with Luther are fools.'" "Another time, again, I had to do with a man from the Low Countries, who wished to argue with me, to use his own terms, *up to hell fire inclusively*. When I saw his ignorance, I said, 'Would it not be better to dispute over some cans of beer?' He was nettled at this, and took himself off. The devil is a proud spirit, and can't bear contempt."

Master Stiefel came to Wittemberg to confer privily with Dr. Luther, and showed him his opinion on the Day of Judgment, in twenty articles. He believed that it would take place on St. Luke's day. He was bade to remain quiet, and to keep his opinions to himself, which annoyed him exceedingly. "Dear sir doctor," he said, "I am surprised at your forbidding me to preach this, and at your not believing me. Still, I must speak, albeit unwillingly." Luther replied, "Dear master, you have managed to hold your tongue for ten years on this matter, during the reign of the papacy; keep quiet the little time that remains." "But this very morning, as I was setting out early, I saw a beautiful rainbow, and thought of the coming of Christ." "There will be no rainbow when that day cometh; the thunder-bolt will destroy every living creature instantaneously. A strong and powerful blast of the trumpet will arouse us all. They who are in the grave are not to be awakened by the piping of the shepherd's reed." (A.D. 1533.) "Michael Stiefel believes himself to be the seventh angel announcing the last day, and is giving away his books and his chattels, as he will soon have no more use for them." "Bileas is certainly damned, although he has had astounding revelations, no less than those of Daniel, for they embrace four empires too. 'Tis a fearful warning for the proud. Oh! let us humble ourselves!"

Duke Henry of Saxony having come to Wittemberg, Dr. Martin Luther spoke twice to him against Dr. Jeckel, exhorting the prince to think of the evil days upon which the church had fallen. Jeckel had preached the following doctrine:—"Do what thou wilt, believe only, thou shalt be saved." He ought to have said: "When thou shalt be *born again*, and have become a new man, do then as thou art moved to do." . . A pastor of Torgau having complained to Luther of Dr. Jeckel's insolence and hypocrisy, and of his having won over the nobility, the council, and even the prince himself, by his wiles, the doctor shuddered, sighed, spoke not, but he took himself to prayer. That very day he ordered that Eisleben (Agricola) should be required to make a public retraction, or that he should be publicly put down. "Dr. Luther, reproaching Jeckel for daring, with his limited experience and scanty skill in logic and rhetoric, to oppose his former masters and teachers, the latter replied: 'I ought to fear God more than my teachers. I have a God as well as you. . . .' Dr. Jeckel afterwards sat down at table to supper, but with a gloomy air. Dr. Luther eat heartily, as did the guests who had come from Freyberg. Then Luther broke out with, 'If I had made the court as pious as you the world, I should have laboured to some purpose,' &c. Jeckel still kept his eyes cast gloomily down, showing by his looks what was passing in his mind. At last Luther got up to take his leave, when Jeckel tried to detain him, and engage him in discussion; but the doctor would have nothing more to say to him." "Dr. Jeckel is one of the Eisleben kind. He was courting my niece Anna; but I said to him, 'Never, to all eternity.' And to the little girl: 'If thou wilt have him, take thyself from my sight for ever; for never will I see or listen to thee more.'"

Of the Antinomians, and, in particular, of Eisleben. "Ah! how painful it is to lose a good and dearly-loved friend! This man used to be my guest, my companion, and would laugh and make merry with me. . . . And now, he turns against me! . . . Such doctrine, however, must not be endured. Reject the law, without which there can be nor Church, nor government! This is not tapping the

cask, but breaking it in. . . . Now is the time to resist. . . . Can I bear to hear him puffing himself up whilst I live, and seeking to be the master? . . . . It is no excuse for him to say that he has only spoken of Dr. Creuziger and of master Roerer. The Catechism, the Explanation of the Decalogue, and the Confession of Augsburg are mine, and not Creuziger's or Roerer's. . . . He would base repentance on the love of justice, and so preaches the revelation of the divine wrath to the just and pious only. He does not preach for the wicked. Yet St. Paul says the *law is for the ungodly*. In short, by taking away the law, he takes away the Gospel, and he withdraws our belief from the firm support of conscience to subject it to the caprices of the flesh. Who could have dreamt of this sect of the Antinomians! . . . I have got over three cruel storms—Münzer, the Sacramentarians, and the Anabaptists. There is to be no end of writing, then. I do not wish to live long, for there is no peace to be hoped for." (A.D. 1538.)

Dr. Luther ordered master Ambrose Bernd to instruct the professors at the university to abstain from faction, and from paving the way for schism, and at the same time prohibited their electing master Eisleben dean. . . . "Tell that to your professors of faculties, and if they disregard it, I will denounce them from the pulpit." (A.D. 1539.) On the last day of November (A.D. 1538), as Luther was enjoying himself with his cousins, his brother, and sister, and some friends from Mansfeld, mention was made of master Grickel, and they interceded for him. The doctor replied, "I held that man to be my most faithful friend, but he has grossly deceived me. Let him beware; I shall soon write against him: there is no repentance in him." "Such was my confidence in that man (Eisleben), that, when I went to Smalkalde in 1537, I entrusted my pulpit to him, my church, my wife, my children, my house, and all that was dearest to me." Dr. Luther was reading over, in the evening of the last day of January, 1539, the propositions which Eisleben was going to maintain against him, and in which there were some absurdities about Saul and Jonathan, and there occured the expression, "I have eat a little honey, and therefore I die." "Jonathan," said Luther, "is master Eisleben, who eats honey and preaches the Gospel; Saul is Luther. . . . Ah! Eisleben, art thou such a . . . Oh! God forgive thee thy rancour." "If the law be thus transferred from the church to the council, to the civil power, the latter will say in its turn, 'We, too, are faithful Christians; the law concerns not us;' and the executioners, at last, will say the same. All will be grace and sweetness, and then unbridled passions and crimes will follow. Münzer began on this wise."

In 1540, towards the close of an entertainment which Luther gave to some of the principal members of the university, and when all were in good humour, a goblet was produced, stained in rings of various colours. Luther filled it with wine, and emptied it to the health of his guests; and, in their turn, they all severally drained it to his health, until it came round to master Eisleben, when Luther said, as he held the glass out to him, "My friend, all in this glass, above the first ring, is the ten commandments; the *credo* (belief) comes next; then the *pater noster;* the catechism is at the bottom;" and then he quaffed it off, filled it again, and presented it to master Eisleben, who would not go beyond the first ring, but put the glass back on the table, and could not look at it without a kind of horror. Luther noticed this, and remarked to his guests, "I knew that master Eisleben would only drink off the commandments, and would leave the *credo*, the *pater noster*, and the catechism." Master Jobst, dining one day with Luther, showed him some propositions, according to which the law ought not to be preached, since we are not justified by it. Luther got angry, and exclaimed, "What, will my brethren propose such innovations even while I live? Ah! how ought not master Philip to be honoured, who teaches with clearness and truth the use and utility of the law. Count Albert von Mansfeld's prophecy is being realised. He wrote to me: '*There is a Münzer lurking behind that doctrine;*' and, indeed, he who pulls down the law, pulls down at the same time the whole framework of human polity and society (*politiam et œconomiam*). If the law be thrust out of the church, there will no longer be anything recognized as a sin in the world, since the Gospel defines and punishes sin only by recurring to the law." (A.D. 1541.)

"If, at the outset, I inveighed against the law, both from the pulpit and in my writings, the reason was, that the Christian Church was at the time overladen with superstitions, under which Christ was altogether buried and hidden, and that I yearned to save and liberate pious God-fearing souls from this tyranny over the conscience. But I have never rejected the law."

CHAPTER V.

TEMPTATIONS.—REGRETS AND DOUBTS OF HIS FRIENDS AND HIS WIFE.—LUTHER'S OWN DOUBTS.

MASTER Philip Melanchthon one day told the following fable at Dr. Martin Luther's table:—"A man had caught a little bird, and the bird desiring its liberty, said to him, 'O my good friend, let me go, and I will show you a beautiful pearl, worth thousands of florins.' 'Thou art fooling me,' said the man.' 'Oh no, place confidence in me, come with me, and I will show it thee.' The man lets the bird go, and it perches itself on a tree, and begins to sing, 'Trust little, keep what thou hast, trouble not thyself about what is irrecoverably lost.' (*Crede parvum, tua serva, et quæ periere, relinque.*) Now, was not that a beautiful pearl?" "Philip once asked me to glean a motto for him out of the Bible, which he would never be tired of. There is nothing you can give to man, which he will not grow tired of." "Had not Philip been so afflicted by temptations, he would have had strange ideas and opinions."

Luther's idea of Paradise is gross and material. He believes that in the new heaven, and in the new earth, there will be the useful animals as well as men. "I often ponder upon the life everlasting and its delights, but I cannot comprehend how we shall pass our time, for there will be no changes, no work, no drinking, no eating, nor business; but I conclude we shall have objects enough to contemplate. On this, Philip Melanchthon said, very well, 'Master, show us the Father; that is enough.'" "The peasants do not deserve the fruits which the earth so lavishly brings forth. I return more thanks to our Lord for a tree, than all

the peasants for all the produce of their fields. 'Ah! *Domine Doctor*,' said Melanchthon, 'except a few, as Adam, Noah, Abraham, Isaac.'"

"Dr. Jonas said at supper, 'Ah! how magnificently St. Paul speaks of his death. I cannot, however, believe him!' 'It strikes me too,' said Dr. Luther, 'that St. Paul could not think on this subject as firmly as he spoke. I myself, unhappily, cannot make my faith equal to what I preach, speak, and write of the matter, or to what others suppose of me. And, perhaps, it were not good that we should be able to perform to the height of God's commands, or there would be an end of his divinity; he would be found a liar and his words would no more be believed.'" "A wicked and horrible book against the holy Trinity was published in 1532, speaking of which, Dr. Luther said, 'Men of this chimerical turn of mind, do not think that others may have had temptations on this matter as well. But how oppose my own poor thoughts to the word of God and to the Holy Ghost? (*opponere meam cogitationem verbo Dei et Spiritui Sancto?*) Such an opposition will not bear examination."

The doctor's wife said to him, "Sir doctor, how happens it that under the papacy, we prayed so often and so fervently, whilst now we pray so coldly and so seldom?" The doctor replied, "The devil is ever at his servants to make them diligent in their worship of him." Once, exhorting his wife to read and to learn carefully God's word, and particularly the Psalter, she answered, that she heard and read quite enough of it every day, and could even repeat many things out of it. The doctor sighed, and said, "Even so begins a dislike of God's word; 'tis the sign of an evil future. New books will appear, and Holy Scripture will be despised, cast into a corner, and be, as the phrase runs, thrown under the table." Luther asking his wife if she believed herself to be holy, she was all surprised, and said, "How can I be holy? I am a great sinner!" On which, he remarked, "You see, then, the horrid consequences of the papal doctrine; how it has injured men's hearts, and preoccupied the whole inward man, so that they can no longer see anything except the piety, and the personal and outward sanctity of the works one does, even for one's own sake."

"The *Pater Noster* and faith give me confidence against the devil. My little Madeleine, and my little John too, pray for me, as well as many other Christians. . . . I love my Catherine, I love her more than myself, for I would die sooner than see any harm happen to her, or her children. I love my lord Jesus Christ, too, who, through pure pity, has shed his blood for me. But my faith ought to be much greater and livelier than it is. O, my God! judge not thy servant!" "What contributes not a little to afflict and tempt me, is that God seems to be capricious and changeable. He gave Adam promises and ceremonies; and that came to an end with the rainbow and Noah's ark. To Abraham he gave circumcision, to Moses miraculous signs, to his people, the law; but to Christ, and through Christ, the Gospel, which we look upon as annulling all this. And here come the Turks to efface the Divine promise, and to say, 'Your law shall last yet a little, but shall be changed at last.'" (Luther subjoins no reflection).

CHAPTER VI.

THE DEVIL.—TEMPTATIONS.

"ONCE, in our monastery at Wittemberg, I distinctly heard the devil making a noise. As I was beginning to read the Psalter, after singing matins, and had sat down, and was about to study and write for my lecture, the devil came, and thrice made a noise behind my stove, as if he would have dragged it away. At last, as he would not give over, I put my little books by, and went to bed. . . . I heard him another night, in the room above my head, but, perceiving it was the devil, I paid no attention and went to sleep again." "A young girl, who was the mistress of the old miser at Wittemberg, falling ill, saw a vision—a fine and magnificent figure, that she took to be the Christ, and to which she accordingly addressed her prayers. They sent in all haste to the monastery for Dr. Luther. When he saw the figure, and that it was only a trick of the devil's, he exhorted the girl not to allow herself to be so cozened; and, indeed, as soon as she had spat in the phantom's face, the devil disappeared, and the figure changed into a great serpent, which suddenly bit the girl's ear, so that the blood flowed, and then disappeared. Dr. Luther saw this with his own eyes, together with many other persons." (The editor of Luther's conversations does not say that he had this anecdote from Luther himself.) A minister of Torgau complained to Luther that the devil made an extraordinary tumult and clatter in his house of a night, breaking his pots and pans, and then throwing them at his head, and laughing. This racket had gone on for a year, so that his wife and children insisted on leaving the house. Luther said to him: "Dear brother, be strong in the Lord; be not overcome by this murderous devil. If you have not invited this guest by your sins, you can say to him, 'I am here by divine authority, father of a family, and, by a heavenly call, pastor of the church; but thou, thou devil, glidest into this house as a thief and murderer. Why dost thou not stay in heaven? Who has asked thee here?'"

On a young girl possessed by an evil spirit. "Since this devil is a merry spirit, and makes a mock of us, we must first pray seriously for this young girl, who is a sufferer on account of our sins, and then flout the spirit, and treat it contemptuously, but not try it by exorcisms and other grave forms, because the devil's pride laughs at all that. Let us persevere in prayer for the maiden, and in scorn for the devil, until, with the grace of Christ, it withdraws. It would be well for the princes, too, to reform their vices, through which this evil spirit plainly triumphs. I pray thee, since the thing is worthy to be made public, to make diligent inquiry into all the circumstances; and, to guard against imposition, ascertain whether the coins which this girl swallows be really gold, and sterling money. For I have been made the prey of so many cheats, tricks, plots, lies, and artifices, as to incline me to withhold my belief from anything I have not seen or heard." (August 5th, 1536.) "Let the pastor not be troubled in conscience at having buried the woman who killed herself, if, indeed, she did kill herself. I know many similar instances, but have commonly supposed the sufferers to have been killed simply and immediately by the devil, as a

traveller is slain by a robber. For when it is evident that the suicide could not have taken place naturally; when we hear of a string, or a girdle, or (as in the case under consideration) of a loose veil, without any knot to be seen in it, and which would not be strong enough to kill a fly, we ought, in my opinion, to conclude it to be some fascination of the devil's, binding the sufferers to suppose they are doing something else, for instance, praying,—and then he kills them. Nevertheless, the civil power acts rightly in visiting such things severely, or Satan would grow bolder. The world deserves warnings of the kind, for it is growing epicurean, and thinks the devil nothing." (Dec. 1st, 1544.) "Satan has attempted our prior's life, by throwing down a large slip of wall upon him; but God miraculously preserved him." (July 4th, 1524.)

"The crazed, the halt, the blind, and the dumb, are all possessed with demons. Physicians who treat these infirmities as arising from natural causes, are fools, who know not the mighty power of the devil." (July 14th, 1528.) "There are places in many countries where devils have taken up their abode. Evil spirits abound in Prussia. In Switzerland, on a lofty mountain not far from Lucerne, is a lake, called Pilate's pool, where the devil has made a fearful settlement. There is a like pool in my country, into which if you cast a stone, a sudden tempest arises, and the whole surrounding country shakes. 'Tis the dwelling of imprisoned devils." "On Good Friday, at Sussen, the devil bore off three squires, who had sold themselves to him." (A.D. 1538.) On the occasion of a tempest, Luther said, "This is the devil's work; winds are nothing else than good and bad spirits. The devil puffs and blows." "Two noblemen had sworn to kill one another. The devil having killed one of them in his bed, with the other's sword, the survivor was brought forth into the market-place, where they dug up and carried off the ground covered by his shadow, and then banished him. This is called *civil death*. Dr. Gregory Bruck, chancellor of Saxony, told Luther this." Then come two stories of persons who were warned beforehand that they would be borne off by the devil, and who, *notwithstanding they had received the holy sacrament, and that their friends watched by them with wax tapers*, and in prayer, were borne off on the day and hour indicated. "The devil tormented our Lord himself. But, provided He bear not off the soul, all is well."

"The devil leads people about in their sleep, in such sort that they act exactly as if they were awake. The papists, formerly, in their superstition, said that such persons could not have been baptized, or that they must have been so by a drunken priest." "In the Low Countries, and in Saxony, there is a monstrous dog which smells out the dying, and prowls around the house. . . ." "Some monks were taking to their monastery one possessed. The devil that was in him said to the monks, '*O my brothers, what have I done to you?*'" They were talking at Luther's table one day how one of a party of gentlemen, who were riding out, exclaimed, clapping spurs to his horse, "The devil take the hindmost!" He was left the last, and the devil snatched up horse and all, and bore them off. Luther observed, "We should not ask Satan to our table. He comes without invitation. Devils swarm around us; and we ourselves, who are daily watching and praying, have enough to do with him."

"An aged priest, at his prayers one day, heard the devil behind him, trying to hinder him, and grunting as loud as a whole drove of pigs. He turned round without manifesting the least alarm, and said, 'Master devil, you have caught what you deserved; you were a fine angel, and now you are a filthy hog.' The grunting stopped at once, for the devil cannot bear to be mocked. . . . Faith makes him weak as a child." "The devil dreads God's word. He cannot bite it; it breaks his teeth."

"A young, ill-conditioned scapegrace was carousing in a tavern one day with some friends. Having drunk out his money, he said that he would sell his soul to any who would pay a good round score for him. Shortly after, a man entered the tavern, and sitting down to drink with him, asked if he really meant that he would sell his soul? He answered boldly, 'Yes;' and the man paid for his drink the whole day. In the evening, when his victim was drunk, the unknown said to the others present, 'Gentlemen, what think you now; if I buy a horse, have I not a right to the saddle and bridle as well?' They were exceedingly alarmed at these words; but, as the stranger pressed them, at last stammered out in the affirmative; upon which the devil (for it was he) seized the unfortunate wretch, and bore him off with him through the ceiling." "Another time, Luther told of a soldier who had entrusted his money to his landlord in the Brandenburg; but when he asked for it back, the latter denied ever having had it. The soldier in his rage assaulted him violently, and the knave had him taken up on a charge of having violated the *domestic peace* (Hausfriede). Whilst the soldier was in prison, the devil appeared to him, and said, 'To-morrow, thou wilt be condemned to death, and executed. If thou wilt sell me thy soul and body, I will set thee free.' The soldier refusing, the devil said to him, 'If thou wilt not, at any rate take the advice I give thee. To-morrow, when thou shalt be brought up for trial, I will be near you in a blue cap with a white feather. Ask the judge to allow me to plead for thee, and I will get thee out of the scrape.' The soldier did so; and, on the morrow, as his landlord persisted in denying all knowledge of the deposit, blue cap said to him, 'Friend, how canst thou perjure thyself so? The soldier's money is in thy bed under the bolster. Send some one to search, my lord judge, and the truth of what I say will be made manifest.' Accordingly the money was found there, and brought into court. On this, blue cap said with a grin, 'I knew that I should have either the one or the other,' and straightway twisted the landlord's neck, and bore him off." After telling this story, Luther added, that he disapproved of all swearing by the devil, as many were in the habit of doing: "For," he said, "the varlet is never far off; there is no need of painting him when he is always present."

"There were two students at Erfurth; one of whom was so passionately fond of a girl as to be like to lose his wits. The other, who was a sorcerer, though his companion knew nothing of it, said, 'If you will promise not to kiss her or take her in your arms, I will get her to come to you,' and the interview took place. The lover, who was a fine young man, received her with so much passion, and spoke to her so tenderly, that the sorcerer was kept in a fever of fear lest he should embrace her, which, at last, unable to contain himself, he did:

on the moment, she fell down dead. They were greatly alarmed; but the sorcerer said, 'Let us try our last resource,' and then the devil, through his agency, reconveyed her home, where she continued to go about her usual occupations, but was deadly pale, and never uttered a word. After three days had passed thus, her parents sent for some godly ministers, who had no sooner interrogated the maid than the devil came out of her, and she fell down a stiff and offensive corpse." "Doctor Luke Gauric, the sorcerer you sent for from Italy, has often acknowledged to me that his master used to hold conversations with the devil." "The devil can take the form of either man or woman; so as to make a man think that he is lying with a woman of flesh and blood, when it is a vain form; for, as St. Paul says, the devil is on good terms with the sons of perdition. As children or devils are frequently the issue of such unions, commerce of the kind is revolting and horrible. Thus what we call the *nix*, lures women and virgins into the waters to procreate little devils. The devil, likewise, steals away children, during the first six weeks after their birth, and substitutes others in their place, called *supposititii*, and, by the Saxons, *kilkropff*."

"Eight years ago, I myself saw and touched a child at Dessau, that had no parents and had come of the devil. He was twelve years old, and altogether like any other child. He did nothing but eat; and would eat as much as any four working men. If any one touched him, he cried out as one possessed. If any thing went wrong in the house, he would laugh and be merry; but, when all went on well, he was always moping and in tears. I observed to the princes of Anhalt, 'Were I in authority here, I would have that child thrown into the Moldau, and run the risk of committing murder.' But the elector of Saxony and the princes thought differently. I then recommended them to have prayers offered up in the church, imploring the Lord to take away the demon; and prayers were daily put for a year, at the end of which time the child died." After the doctor had told this story, some one asked him, why he wished to have the child thrown into the river. "Because," he replied, "I believe children of this kind to be nothing else than a soulless lump of flesh. The devil is able to produce such things, just as he can deprive men of their senses by taking possession of their bodies: in the same manner that he enters men and makes them deaf and dumb for a time, so does he enter and animate these lumps of flesh. The devil must be very powerful to keep our spirits prisoners on this wise. Origen, as I conceive, has not thoroughly comprehended this power; otherwise, he would not have thought that the devil might obtain pardon on the last day. What a deadly sin to have rebelled, knowingly, as he did, against his God, his Creator!" "There was a man in Saxony, near Halberstadt, who had a *kilkropff*. This child could drain its mother and five other women of their milk, and would devour whatever was given it besides. The man was advised to make a pilgrimage to Holckelstadt to vow his *kilkropff* to the Virgin Mary, and to have it nursed there. So he bore off his child in a basket; but, as he crossed a bridge, another devil that was in the river began crying out, '*Kilkropff! kilkropff!*' The child in the basket, who had never been known to utter a single word, answered, 'Oh! Oh! Oh!' The devil in the river then asked, 'Where are you going?' The child in the basket, who had never yet spoken a single word, answered, 'I am going to Holckelstadt, to our dearest mother, to nurse.' The man, in his alarm, tossed child and basket into the river; on which the two devils made off together, crying out, 'Oh! Oh! Oh!' and tumbling one over the other."

One Sunday as Luther was going out of church he was accosted by a landsknecht, who complained of being constantly tempted of the devil, and told how he often came to him, and threatened to bear him away. Whilst he was telling his tale, Dr. Pomer, who was passing by, joined Luther in giving him words of comfort. "Despair not," they said; "for despite the temptations of the devil, you are not his. Our Lord Jesus Christ was tempted of him as well, but by God's grace overcame him. Defend yourself, in like manner, by God's word and by prayer." Luther added, "When the devil torments you, and threatens to bear you off, answer, 'I am Jesus Christ's, my Lord's; in him I believe, and I shall one day be near him. He has himself said that no power can take Christians from his care.' Think more on God, who is in heaven, than on the devil; and be no longer alarmed by his wiles. I know that he would be glad to bear you off, but he cannot. He is like a thief who longs to lay his hand on a rich man's strong box; the will is not lacking, but the power. And even so, God will not allow the devil to do you any harm. Attend faithfully on the preaching of the divine word, pray fervently, work, avoid too much solitude, and you will see that God will deliver you from Satan, and preserve you of his fold." A farrier, a young man, asserted that a spectre constantly pursued him through the streets. Luther sent for him, and questioned him before many learned persons. The young man said that the spectre had reproached him with committing sacrilege, in having partaken the communion in both kinds, and had told him, "If you go back to your master's house, I will break your neck," and that he had therefore kept away for several days. The doctor, after much questioning, said, "Beware of lying, my friend; fear God, attend the preaching of his word; return to your master's; apply yourself to your work; and if Satan troubles you again, say to him, 'I will not obey you, I will only obey God, who has called me to this way of life; I will stick close to my work, and were an angel to come, he should not tempt me from it.'"

Dr. Luther, as he advanced in life, experienced few temptations from men; but, as he himself states, the devil would walk with him in the dormitory of the cloister, vex and tempt him. There were one or two devils who used to watch him, and when they could not reach his heart, they would clutch his head and torment it. . . "These things happened to me often. If I happened to have a knife in my hand, evil thoughts would enter my mind. Frequently I could not pray: the devil would drive me out of the room. For we have to do with great devils, who are doctors of divinity. The Turks and the papists have devilkins, who are no doctors, but only lawyers." . . . "I know, thanks to God, that my cause is good and holy. If Christ is not in heaven, and is not Lord of the

world, I am in a bad predicament. The devil often presses me so hard in dispute, that I break out into a sweat. I am kept conscious of his constant animosity. He lies closer to me than my Catherine, and troubles me more than she joys me. . . . At times, he urges, 'The Law is also God's word; why always oppose the Gospel to it?' 'Yes,' say I in my turn, 'but it is as far from the Gospel as earth from heaven.'" "The devil, in truth, has not graduated full doctor, still he is very learned and deeply experienced; for he has been practising his trade these six thousand years. If the devil have sometimes come out of those possessed when conjured by monks and popish priests, leaving some sign after him, as a broken pane of glass, or a strip of wall thrown down, it was only to make people suppose that he had quitted the body, but, in reality, to take possession of the mind, and to confirm men in their superstitions."

In January, 1532, Luther fell dangerously ill; and the physician feared it would end in apoplectic seizure. Melanchthon and Rozer, who were near his bed, happening to allude to the joy which the news of his death would occasion the papists, he said to them with an assured tone, "I know for a surety I shall not die yet. God will not at present confirm the abomination of papistry by my death. He will not, after those of Zwingle and Œcolampadius, grant the papists fresh cause for triumph. Satan's whole thought, it is true, is to make away with me; he never quits me. But it is not his will which will be fulfilled, but the Lord's!" "My illness—vertigoes and other attacks of the kind—is not natural. Whatever I take does me no good, although I am careful to observe my physician's advice." In 1536, he officiated at the marriage of duke Philip of Pomerania with the elector's sister, at Torgau. In the middle of the ceremony, the wedding-ring slipped from his hand and rolled on the ground. He was terror-struck for a moment, but recovered, saying, "Hearken, devil, this is no business of thine, 'tis trouble lost," and he went on with the service. "Whilst Dr. Luther was talking at table with some friends, his wife, who had gone out, fell into a swoon. When she came to herself, the doctor enquired what her thoughts had been like; and she related how she had experienced those peculiar temptations which are the certain signs of death, and which strike at the heart more surely than ball or arrow. . . . 'I advise,' he said, 'all who feel such temptations, to encourage lively thoughts, to take a cheerful draught, to take recreation, or else apply themselves to some honourable study; but the best remedy, is to believe in Jesus Christ.'" "When the devil finds me idle and inattentive to God's word, he then vexes me by suggesting scruples as to the lawfulness of my doctrine, as to my having humbled and reduced authority, and been the cause of so many scandals and disturbances. But when I lay hold on God's word again, then I win the match. I battle with the devil, and say, 'What is all the world to God, however great it may be! He has made his Son its lord and king. If the world seek to depose him, God will reduce it to ashes. *Kiss the Son, lest he be angry. . . Be wise now, therefore, O ye kings,* TAKE YOURSELVES TO TASK, *ye judges of the earth,*" (the *erudimini, be instructed*, of the Vulgate, is less forcible).... "Above all, the devil strives to deprive me of my doctrine on the remission of sins. '*What?*' he suggests, '*preach what no one has taught for all these centuries! Should it be offensive to God!*'" . . . "Of a night, when I awake, the devil soon comes and begins arguing with me, and putting strange thoughts into my head, until I fly into a passion, and say, 'Kiss my ——; God is not as vexed with me as thou sayest!'" This morning when I awoke, the devil said to me, 'Thou art a sinner.' I answered, 'Tell me something new, demon, I knew that before. . . I have enow real sins to answer for without thy inventing others for me.' . . . He went on with, 'What hast thou done with the monasteries?' To which I replied, "What's that to thee? Thou seest that thy accursed worship goes on as ever?'"

The conversation turning one evening at supper on the sorcerer Faustus, Luther said, in a serious manner, "The devil does not use enchanters against me. If he could injure me by their means, he would long since. He has often laid hold of me by the head, but has been forced to let me go. I have had ample experience what kind of companion the devil is. He has often squeezed me so hard, that I have not known whether I was dead or alive. At times, he has cast me into such despair, that I have not known whether there was a God, and have utterly doubted our dear Lord. But, with the aid of God's word," &c. "The devil sets the law, sin, and death, before my eyes, compels me to ponder on this trinity, and makes use of it to torment me." "The devil has sworn my death; but he will crack a hollow nut." "The temptation of the flesh is little; the remedy at hand. Eustochia would have cured St. Jerome. But God shield us from the great temptations which involve eternity! Tried by them, one knows not whether God be the devil, or the devil God. Such trials are not passing ones." "When I incline to think on worldly or family matters, I recur to a psalm, or some comfortable saying of St. Paul's, and sleep thereon. But the thoughts suggested by the devil are harder to be overcome; and I can only escape from them by some buffoonery or other." "The barleycorn suffers much from man. It is first cast into the earth to rot; then, when it is ripe, it is cut, threshed, dried, and steeped, in order to turn it into beer, for drunkards to swill. Flax is, also, a martyr in its way. When ripe, it is plucked up, steeped, dried, beaten, heckled, carded, spun, woven, and made up into cloth for shirts and shifts, &c. When these are worn out, the rags are used for lint, or for spreading plasters for sores, or for tinder, or are sold to the paper-maker, who bruises, dissolves, and then converts them into paper, which is devoted to writing, or to printing, or to making playing cards, and lastly, is torn up and applied to the vilest uses. These plants, as well as other creatures, which are very useful to us, have much to suffer. Even so, good and pious Christians have much to endure from the wicked and impious."

"When the devil comes to me of a night, I give him these and the like answers, and say, 'Devil! I must now sleep, for the same is God's command and ordinance, to labour by day, and to rest and sleep by night.' Then, if he charge me with being a sinner, I say to spite him, '*Holy Satan, pray for me*;' or else, '*Physician, cure thyself!*'" "If you

would comfort one who is tempted, you must kill Moses and stone him; if, on the contrary, he becomes himself again, and forgets his temptation, you must preach the law to him; for '*affliction is not to be added to the afflicted.*'" "The best way to expel the devil, if he will not depart for texts from Holy Scripture, is to jeer and flout him." "Those tried by temptations may be comforted by generous living; but this will not do for all, especially not for the young. As for myself, who am now in years, a cheerful cup will drive away my temptations, and give me a sound sleep." "The best cure for temptations is to begin talking about other matters, as of Marcolphus, the Eulenspiegel, and other drolleries of the kind, &c. The devil is a melancholy spirit, and cheerful music soon puts him to flight."

The following important document is in a manner the history of the obstinate war which Satan waged upon Luther the whole of his life:

Preface written by Doctor Martin Luther before his death. "Whoever reads with attention ecclesiastical history, the books of the holy fathers, and particularly the Bible, will see clearly, that ever since the commencement of the Church events have always taken the same turn. Wherever the word of God has made itself heard, and God has brought together a band of the faithful, the devil has quickly perceived the divine ray, and has begun to chafe, and blow, and raise tempests from every quarter, trying, with all his might, to extinguish the same. In vain we stop up one or two rents; he will find another and another; still noise and ever mischief. There never yet has been an end to this, and there never will, till the day of judgment. I hold that I myself (let alone the ancients) have undergone more than twenty hurricanes, twenty different assaults of the devil. First, I had the papists against me. Every one knows, I suppose (pretty nearly), how many tempests of books and of bulls the devil has, through them, hurled against me, and in what a terrible manner they have devoured and torn me to pieces. It is true that I also sometimes blew, gently though, against them; but it was no good; they were the more irritated, and blew again more violently, vomiting forth flames and fire. It has been so, without interruption, to this present hour. I had begun to hope for a calm from these outbreaks of the devil, when he made a fresh attack through Münzer and his revolt, which failed though to extinguish the light. Christ himself healed that breach; when, lo! in the person of Carlstadt, he came and broke my window-panes. There he was, bellowing and storming, so that I thought he was come to put out light, wax, and tinder at once. But God was at hand to aid his poor little light, nor would he permit it to be extinguished. Then came the Sacramentarians and the Anabaptists, who broke open doors and windows to put out this light. Again it was in great danger, but, thanks be to God, their spite was again disappointed. Others, again, have raged against the old masters, against the pope, and Luther, all at once, as Servetus, Campanus. . . . As to those who have not assailed me publicly in printed books, but from whom I have borne in private letters and discourses filled with indignities, I shall not attempt to enumerate them here. It is enough to say that I have now learned, by experience (I would not believe the accounts from history), that the Church, for the love of the word and of the blessed light, must never expect repose, but be ever on the look-out for fresh outrages from the devil; for so it has been from the beginning.

"And though I should live a hundred years longer, and should quiet all these storms, past, present, and to come, I see clearly that this would not secure rest for those who come after me, so long as the devil lives and reigns. Therefore it is that I pray God to grant me to live one short hour in a state of grace; I ask no longer life. You who come after us pray to God with fervour, and diligently walk in his commandments. Guard well the poor candle of the Lord, for the devil neither sleeps, rests, and will not die until the final judgment. You and I shall die; and, after we are gone, he will be the same that he has always been, ever raging against the Gospel. . . . I see him from afar, blowing, puffing, and swelling out his cheeks, till he becomes red in the face; but our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who, at the beginning, smote him on his audacious visage, still maintains the combat with him, and will for ever. He who cannot lie has said: 'I will be with you to the end of the world; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against thee.' And in St. John he says: 'My sheep shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand.' And again, in St. Matthew, x.: 'All the hairs of your head are counted.' . . . 'Fear not, then, for those who can kill the body.' Nevertheless, it is commanded us to watch and keep this light as long as it is in us. It is said: '*Vigilate;* the devil is as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.' Such was he when St. Peter pronounced this of him, and such he is and will be to the end of the world. . . ."

(Luther then reverts to the subject of succour from God, without which, all our efforts are vain, and he continues thus:) "You and I were nothing a thousand years ago, and yet the Church has been saved without us. It has been so through the power of him of whom it is said: *Heri ut hodiè.* It is the same now; it is not we who preserve the Church, for we could not reach the devil who is in the pope, and in seditious and all wicked people. The Church would perish before our eyes, and we with her, was it not for some higher power that protects it. We must leave Him to act, of whom it is said, *Qui erit heri, ut hodiè.* (The same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.) It is a lamentable thing to see our pride and our audacity, after the terrible and shameful examples of those, who, in their vanity, have believed that the Church was built upon themselves. . . . To speak only of these times, how did Münzer end? he who thought the Church would fall if he were not here to support and govern it? And more recently still, have not the Anabaptists been a terrible and sufficient warning to us, to remind us how subtle a devil is at our elbow, how dangerous are our high thoughts, and how needful it is (as Isaiah says), that we look well into our hands when we pick up anything, to see if it be God or an idol, gold or clay? But all these warnings are lost upon us; we go on in full security. Yes, without doubt, the devil is far from us; we have none of the same flesh which was even in St. Paul, and from which he could not separate himself, spite of all his efforts. (Rom. vii.) But we, we are heroes; we need not trouble ourselves about

the flesh, and carnal thoughts; we are pure spirits, we hold captives at once the flesh and the devil, and whatever comes into our heads, is the immaculate inspiration of the Holy Ghost. And this all ends so well, that horse and rider both break their necks.

"The Papists, I know, will here tell me, 'Well! thou seest; it is thou that complainest of troubles and seditions! Who has caused them, if not thou and thy doctrine?' Behold the cunning artifice by which they think to overthrow Luther's doctrine from top to bottom. It matters not! let them calumniate; let them lie as much as they will; they must, at last, hold their peace. According to this grand argument, all the prophets also were heretical and seditious, for they were held as such by their own people; as such, they were persecuted, and mostly put to death. Jesus Christ, our Lord, was himself obliged to hear it said by the Jews, and in particular by the high priests, the pharisees, and scribes, &c., by those highest in power, that he had a devil, that he cast out devils by other devils, that he was a Samaritan, the companion of publicans and sinners. He was also, in the end, condemned to die upon the cross for blasphemy and sedition. 'Which of the prophets,' said St. Stephen to the Jews, who were about to stone him, 'which have not your fathers persecuted and slain? and you, their children, ye have sold and killed that Just One, whose coming those prophets foretold.' The apostles and the disciples have not fared better than their Master; and his predictions were fulfilled in them. . . If thus it must be, and Scripture assures us it must, why be astonished if we also, who in these terrible times preach Jesus, and declare ourselves his followers, are, like him, persecuted and condemned as heretics, and disturbers of the public peace! What are we compared with these sublime spirits, enlightened by the Holy Ghost, endowed with so many admirable gifts, and with so fervent a faith? . . . Let us, then, not be ashamed of the calumnies and injuries with which our enemies pursue us. Let all this be without terror for us. But let us regard it as our highest glory to receive from the world the same reward which the saints have had from the beginning, for their faithful services. Let us rejoice in God that we also, poor sinners, and despised of men, have been thought worthy to suffer ignominy for Christ's name's sake! . . .

"The papists, with their grand argument, are like a man who should say that if God had not created good angels, there would have been no devils; because, it was from among the good angels that they came. In like manner, Adam accused God of having given him the woman; as if, had God not created Adam and Eve, they would not have sinned. It would follow, from this fine reasoning, that God alone was the sinner, and that Adam and his children were all pure, and pious, and holy. From Luther's doctrine there have arisen many troublesome and rebellious spirits; therefore, they say Luther's doctrine is of the devil. But St. John says also (1 Ep. ii.): 'They went out from us, but are not of us.' Judas was one of Christ's disciples; then, according to their argument, Jesus Christ is a devil. No heretic has ever gone out from the pagans; they have gone out from the holy Christian Church; the Church, therefore, must be the work of the devil! It was the same with the Bible under the pope; it was publicly denounced as an heretical book, and accused of giving countenance to the most damnable errors. And now the cry is 'The Church! the Church! against and above the Bible!' Emser, the wise Emser, did not know well what to say about the Bible being translated into German: perhaps he had not made up his mind whether it were right it should ever have been written in Hebrew, Greek, or Latin. The Bible and the Church do not agree too well together. If, then, the Bible, the book and the word of the Holy Ghost, has so much to endure from them, what have we to complain of their imputing to us the heresies and seditions which break out? The spider draws its poison from the sweet and lovely rose, where the bee finds only honey. Is it the fault of the flower, if its honey turns to poison in the spider?

"It is, as the proverb says, 'The dog we want to punish has stolen some meat;' or, as Æsop finely says, 'The sheep that the wolf would eat has troubled the waters, although standing at the bottom of the stream.' They who have filled the Church with errors, bloodshed, lies, and murder, are not the troublers of the waters; but we—we who have withstood sedition and heresy. Wolf, eat; eat, my friend, and may a bone stick in thy throat. . . . They cannot act differently; such is the world and its god. If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, will they treat his servants better? And if the Holy Scriptures have been called heretical, how can we expect our books to be honoured? The living God is the judge of all; he will one day make it clear whether we are to believe the witness of this heretical book called the Holy Scriptures.

"May Jesus Christ, our beloved Saviour and keeper of our souls, bought by his precious blood, keep his little flock faithful to his holy word; to the end that it may increase, and grow in grace, in knowledge, and in faith. May he vouchsafe to support it against the temptations of Satan and this world, and to take pity on the profound lamentations and the agonizing longings with which it sighs for the happy day of the glorious coming of our Saviour, when the fury and murderous bites of the serpents shall cease at last; and for the children of God shall begin that revelation of liberty and heavenly bliss for which we hope, and for which we wait with longsuffering and patience. Amen. Amen."

CHAPTER VII.

HIS AILMENTS.—LONGINGS FOR DEATH AND JUDGMENT.—DEATH, A.D. 1546.

"Both tooth-ache and ear-ache are cruel ailments; I would rather have the plague or the ——. When I was at Coburg, in 1530, I suffered much from a noise and whizzing in my ears, as if wind was escaping from my head. . . . The devil had a hand in it." "When ill, one should eat well, and drink wine." He treated himself on this plan at Smalkalde, in 1537. A man complaining to him one day of the itch, Luther said, "I would give ten florins to change with you; you know not how distressing vertigo is. At this very moment, I am unable to read a letter through at once,

indeed, I cannot read more than two or three lines of my Psalter; for when I make the attempt, such a buzzing comes on in my ears, that I am often on the point of falling from my seat. The itch, on the contrary, is a useful thing," &c.

At dinner, after preaching at Smalkalde, he was attacked by a violent fit of the stone, and prayed fervently: "O my God, my Lord Jesus, thou knowest how zealously I have taught thy word. *If it be for the glory of thy name,* come to my aid; if not, deign to close my eyes. *I shall die the enemy of thy enemies,* and hating the accursed one, the pope, who has set himself above Christ." He then improvised four Latin verses on the subject. "My head swims so, and is so weak, that I can no longer read or write, especially fasting." (Feb. 9th, 1543.) "I am weak, and weary of life, and think of bidding farewell to the world, which is now wholly the devil's. May the Lord grant me favourable weather and a happy passage. Amen!" (March 14th.)

To Amsdorff. "I am writing to thee after supper; for, fasting, I cannot even look at a book without danger. I am much surprised at this illness of mine, and know not whether it be a buffet of Satan's, or a natural weakness." (August 18th.) "I believe my true malady to be old age; and, next to this, my overpowering labours and thoughts, but, mainly, the buffets of Satan; and all the physic in the world cannot cure me of these." (Nov. 7th, 1543.)

To Spalatin. "I must say, that in all my life, and all my cares about the Gospel, I have never gone through so troubled a year as that which has just ended. I have a tremendous quarrel on hand with the lawyers on the subject of private marriages; in those whom I had believed to be stedfast friends of the Gospel, I find cruel enemies. Dost thou think that this is no pain to me, dear Spalatin?" (Jan. 30th, 1544.) "I am idle, worn out, cold; that is to say, old and useless. I have finished my journey; it only remains for the Lord to gather me to my fathers, and to render unto corruption and the worms their share in me. I am satiated with life, if this be life. Pray for me, that my last moments may be salutary to myself and acceptable unto God. My only thoughts about the emperor and the empire are commending them to God in my prayers. The world seems to me to have arrived at its last hour, and, to use the psalmist's expression, to have grown old like a garment; and now is the time come that we must change it." (Dec. 5th, 1544.) "Had I known at the beginning what enemies men are to God's word, I should indisputably have been silent, and held my peace. I imagined they only sinned through ignorance."

He once said, "Nobles, citizens, peasants, I might add almost all men, think they know the Gospel better than Dr. Luther or St. Paul himself; and look down on pastors, rather on the Lord and Master of pastors. . . . The nobles seek to govern, and yet know not how. The pope knows how to govern, and does govern. The least papist is more capable of governing than—I cry them mercy—ten of our court nobles." Luther was one day told that there were six hundred rich cures vacant in the bishopric of Wurtzburg. "No good will come of this," he said. "It will be the same with us if we go on despising God's word and his servants. If I desired to become rich, all I should have to do would be not to preach. . . The ecclesiastical visitors asked the peasants wherefore they would not support their pastors, when they kept cowherds and swineherds? 'Oh!' they said, 'we want these; we cannot do without them.' They thought they could do without pastors."

For six months Luther preached in his house to his own family every Sunday, but not in the church. "I do this," he said to Dr. Jonas, "to clear my conscience, and discharge my duty as the father of a family. But I know and see that God's word will not be more minded here than in church." "You will have to succeed me as preacher, Dr. Jonas; think on it, and acquit yourself well." He walked out of church one day, in anger at the people's talking (A.D. 1545). On the 16th of February, 1546, Luther remarked that Aristotle had written no better book than the fifth of his *Ethica*, where he gives this beautiful definition, "The virtue of justice consists in moderation, as regulated by wisdom." (This eulogium on moderation in the last year of Luther's life is very remarkable.)

The count von Mansfeld's chancellor, on his return from the diet of Frankfort, said at Luther's table, at Eisleben, that the emperor and the pope were sudden in their proceedings against the bishop of Cologne, Herman, and were thinking of expelling him from his electorate. On this, Luther said, "They have lost the game. Unable to do aught against us with God's word and Holy Scripture, they are attacking us with wisdom, violence, craft, practisings, deceit, force and arms (*ergo volunt sapientiâ, violentiâ, astutiâ, practicâ, dolo, vi et armis pugnare*). What says our Lord to this? He sees that he is only a poor scholar, and he says, 'What will become of my son and I?' . . . For me, when they shall kill me, they must first eat . . . I enjoy a great advantage; my lord is called *Schleffkemini*; it is he who said, I will call ye up on the last day (*ego suscitabo vos in novissimo die*); and he will then say, Dr. Martin, Dr. Jonas, Sir Michael Cœlius come to me, and he will call each of you by your own name, as the Lord Christ says in St. John, *And he calls them by their names.* Be ye, then, without fear. . . . . God holds a fine hand of cards, which is composed only of kings, princes, &c. He shuffles the cards, for instance, the pope with Luther; and then he does as children, who, after having held the cards for a time in vain, tire of the game and throw them under the table." "The world is like a drunken peasant: put him up on his saddle on one side, he tumbles over on the other. No matter what way you set about it, you can't help him. The world will be the devil's."

Luther often said that it would be a great disgrace to the pope were he to die in his bed. "All of you, thou pope, thou devil, ye kings, princes, and lords, are Luther's enemies, and yet you can do him no harm. It was not so with John Huss. I take it that there has not been a man so hated as I for these hundred years. I, too, hate the world. In the whole round of life, there is nothing which gives me pleasure; I am sick of living. May our Lord then come quickly, and take me with him. May he, above all, come with his day of judgment. I would stretch forth my neck . . . so that he hurled his thunderbolt and I were at rest. . . ." He proceeds to console himself for the ingratitude

of the world, by reflecting on the fates of Moses, Samuel, St. Paul, and of Christ. A guest of his said, that if the world were to last fifty years, many things might yet turn up. "God forbid," exclaimed Luther, "it would be worse than all the past. There would arise many other sects, which are now hidden within the hearts of men. May the Lord come, and cut all this short, for there is no hope of improvement!" "Life will be such a burthen, that there will be one universal cry from all the corners of the earth, 'Good God! come with the day of judgment!' And, happening to have in his hand a chaplet of white agates, he added, 'God grant that day may soon come. I would eat this chaplet to have it to be to-morrow."

Speaking at his table of eclipses, and the little influence they appeared to have on the death of kings and other great people, the doctor replied, "You are right; eclipses no longer produce any sensible effects; and I think myself that our Saviour will come soon to veritable effects; and that ere long the judgment will put an end to all our cogitations, and all things else. I dreamt it was so the other day while I lay asleep in the afternoon, and I said then *in pace in id ipsum requiescam seu dormiam.* The day of judgment must soon come; for that the papal Church should reform is an impossibility, neither will the Turks and Jews. . . . In fact, there is no real improvement in the state of the empire; and see, for thirty years now have they assembled diets without deciding on any thing. . . . I often think when ruminating in my walks of what I ought to ask in my prayers for the diet. The bishop of Mentz is naught; the pope is lost for ever. I see nothing else to be done but to say, 'Lord, thy kingdom come!'"

"Poor, helpless creatures that we are, we eat our bread but in sin. Our first seven years of life we do nothing but eat, drink, sleep, and play. Thence to one-and-twenty, we go to school three or four hours a day; then follow as our passions lead—love or drink. After this, only, we begin seriously to work. Towards fifty, we have done, and turn children again! Add to all this that we sleep away half of our lives! Oh! out upon us! Out of our lives we do not give even a tithe to God; and do we think to merit Heaven by our good works? What have I been doing now? I have been prating for two hours, have been eating for three, and have been idle for four! *Ah! Domine, ne intres in judicium cum servo tuo.*" (Oh! Lord, enter not into judgment with thy servant.) After detailing all his sufferings to Melanchthon, he exclaims, "Please God to take my soul in the peace of Christ, by the grace of God I am ready to go; yea, desirous. I have lived and have finished the course marked out for me by God. . . . Oh may my soul, which is weary of its long pilgrimage, now be suffered to mount to heaven." (April 18th, 1541.)

"I have not much time, my dear Probst, to write, for I am overcome by fatigue and old age: *alt, kalt, ungestalt* (old, cold, mouldy), as they say. Nevertheless, rest I cannot have, beset as I am by so many reasons and obligations to write. I know more than you can of the fatalities that await this age. The world is threatened with ruin; it is inevitable; the more the devil is allowed to roam, the more brutish the world becomes. There is but one consolation left us; it is that this day is nigh. The world has been sated with God's word, and taken a strange antipathy to it. Fewer false prophets arise. Why raise up new heresies when there is an epicurean disdain of the world? Germany is dead; she will never again be what she has been. The nobles only think of extorting; the towns think but of themselves (and with reason): so that the kingdom is divided against itself, just when it ought to be confronting the legion of unchained devils which compose the Turkish army. We seem to care little if God be for or against us, and think we shall triumph by our own strength over Turks, the devils, God, and every thing: such are the overweening confidence and stupid security of expiring Germany! And we, what can we do in the matter? Complaints and tears are equally fruitless. All that is left for us to do is to reiterate the prayer, 'Thy will be done *!'" (March 26th, 1542.) "I see, in every one, an indomitable cupidity, which to me seems one sign of the approach of the last day. It is as if the world in its old age and at its last gasp, became delirious; as so often happens with the dying." (March 8th, 1544.) "I do believe that I am that great trumpet which prefaces and announces the coming of our Lord. Therefore, weak and failing as I may be, and small as may be the sound that I can make this world hear, my voice rings in the ears of the angels in heaven, who will take up the strain after us and complete the solemn call! Amen, and Amen." (August 6th, 1545.)

During the last years of Luther's life, his enemies often spread reports of his death; with the addition of the most singular and tragic circumstances. To refute these, Luther had printed in 1545, in German and Italian, a pamphlet entitled *Lies of the Goths, touching the death of Dr. Martin Luther.* "I tell Dr. Bucer beforehand, that whoever, after my death, shall despise the authority of this school and this church, will be a heretic and unbeliever; for it was here first that God purified his word and again made it known. . . . Who could do any thing twenty-five years since? Who was on my side twenty-one years ago?" "I often count, and find that I approach nearer and nearer to the forty years, at the end of which I believe all this will end. St. Paul only preached for forty years; and so the prophet Jeremiah, and St. Augustin. And when each of these forty years had come to an end, in which they had preached the word of God, it was no longer listened to, and great calamities followed."

The aged electress, when he was last at her table, wished him forty years more of life. "I would not have Heaven," said he, "on condition that I must live forty years longer. . . . . I have nothing to do with doctors now. It seems they have settled that I am to live one year longer; so that I won't make my life a torment, but, in God's name, eat and drink what I please."—"I would my adversaries would put an end to me; for my death now would be of more service to the Church than my life." (February 16th, 1546.) The conversation running much on death and sickness,

* These sad and desponding reflections may almost be traced in the beautiful portrait of Luther, in the collection of Zimmer, the publisher of Heidelberg. This painting also expresses the strain produced by the continuation of long and anxious exertions.

during his last visit to Eisleben, he said, "If I return to Wittemberg, I shall soon be in my coffin, and then I shall give the worms a good meal on a fat doctor." Two days after this he died, at Eisleben.

Luther's impromptu on the frailty of life:—

"Dat vitrum vitro Jonæ (vitrum ipse) Lutherus,
Se similem ut fragili noscat uterque vitro."

We leave these verses in Latin, as they would lose all their merit in translation.

A Note written at Eisleben two days before his death:—

"No one can comprehend Virgil's Bucolics, who has not been five years a shepherd."

"No one can understand Virgil's Georgics, who has not been five years a husbandman."

"No one can comprehend Cicero's letters, if he has not lived twenty years a politician and statesman."

"Let no one imagine that he has mastered Holy Scripture, who has not, for a hundred years, governed the affairs of the Church, with Elias and Elisha, with John the Baptist, with Christ and his apostles."

"Hanc tu ne divinam Æneida tenta,
Sed vestigia pronus adora."

"We are all poor mendicants. . . . . Hoc est verum. 16 Februarii, anno 1546."

Prediction of the reverend father, Doctor Martin Luther, written in his own hand, and found after his death, in his library, by those whom the most illustrious elector of Saxony, John Frederic I., had entrusted to search it.

"The time is arrived, at which, according to ancient predictions, there must arise after the appearing of Antichrist, men who will live without God in the world, every one after his own devices. The pope has long considered himself a god above God; and now all wish to do without God, and especially the Papists. Even we, now that we are free from the law of the pope, seek to deliver ourselves from the law of God, and follow only fickle politicians, and this only so far as our own caprice dictates. We imagine the times far off of which such things are predicted; but I say they are now at hand; these godless men are ourselves. There are amongst us some, who so impatiently desire the day of Man, as to have begun to exclude from the church the decalogue and the law; of these are Master Eisleben (Agricola), &c. I am not uneasy about the papists; they flatter the pope, out of hatred to us, and thereby to gain power until they will become a terror to the poor pope. . . . I feel great satisfaction when I see these flatterers laying snares for the pope, more to be dreaded by him than I myself, who am his declared enemy. It is the same with us; my own people give me far more care and trouble than all the whole papacy together, which henceforth is powerless against us. So true it is, that when an empire is about to fall to ruin, it is chiefly through its own preponderating weight. Rome, for instance,

"Mole ruit suâ . . . .
. . . . Corpus magnum populumque potentem
In sua victrici conversum viscera dextra."

Towards the latter end of his life, Luther took a dislike to Wittemberg. He wrote to his wife, in July, 1545, from Leipzig, where he was staying: "Grace and peace to you, my dear Catherine! our John will tell you of our journey hither; Ernest von Schonfeldt received us very kindly at Lobnitz, and our friend Scherle still more warmly here. I would fain so manage as never to return to Wittemberg. I have no longer any affection for that town, and I do not like to live there any longer. I wish you to sell the cottage with the court and garden; I will give back to my gracious lord the large house he was so good as to give me, and we will settle ourselves at Zeilsdorf. We can put our land in good order by laying out my stipend upon it, as I think my lord will not fail to continue it at least for one year; the which, I firmly believe, will be the last I shall live. Wittemberg is become an actual Sodom, and I will not return thither. The day after to-morrow I am going to Merseburg, on count George's pressing invitation. I would rather pass my life on the high roads, or in begging my bread, than have my last moments tormented by the sight of the depravity of Wittemberg, where all my pains and labour are thrown away. You can communicate this to Philip and to Pomer, whom I beg to bless the town in my name. For my part, I can no longer live there." It required the most earnest entreaties of his friends, of the whole university, and of the elector, to make him renounce this resolution; he returned to Wittemberg on the 18th of August.

Luther was not allowed to die in peace; his last days were painfully employed in the endeavour to reconcile the two Counts von Mansfeld, whose subject he was born. He writes to count Albert, promising him to be at Eisleben: "Eight days more or less will not stop me, although I am much occupied elsewhere. I should rest in peace in my grave if I could first see my dear masters reconciled and made friends." (December 6th, 1545.)

(From Eisleben.) "*To the very learned, and very profound lady Catherine Luther, my gracious wife.* Dear Catherine, we are much tormented here, and should not be sorry to get home; however, we must, I think, remain another eight days. You can say to Master Philip, that he will not do amiss to correct his commentary on the Gospel, for in writing it, he did not know why our Lord, in the Gospel, calls riches, thorns. This is the school where such things are learnt. The Holy Scripture threatens everywhere the thorns of eternal fire; this terrifies me, and teaches me patience, for I must, with the help of God, make every effort to end well. . . ." (February 6th, 1546.)

"*To the gracious lady Catherine Luther, my beloved wife, who torments herself by far too much.* Grace and peace in the Lord. Dear Catherine! You must read St. John, and what is said in the catechism of the trust we ought to put in God. You alarm yourself as if God was not all powerful, and as if he could not make doctors Martin by dozens, if the first should be drowned in the Saal, or perish in any other manner. I have One that takes care of me better than thou, or any of the angels could do, One who is seated at the right hand of God Almighty. Be comforted then. Amen. . . . I intended setting out yesterday, *in irâ meâ:* but the misery in which I find my native country detains me. Would you believe it? I am become a lawyer. However, it will not answer any great end; it would have been better had they left me

a theologian. They stand in singular need of having their pride humbled; they talk and act as if they were gods; but if they go on so, I fear they they will become devils. Lucifer was lost by his pride, &c. . . . . Show this letter to Philip; I have not time to write to him separately." (February 7th, 1546.)

"*To my gentle and dear wife, Catherine Luther von Bora.* Grace and peace in our Lord. Dear Catherine, God willing, we hope to return to you this week. He has shown the power of his grace in this affair. The lords are agreed upon all points, with the exception of one or two; among others, upon the reconciliation of the two brothers, counts Gebhard and Albert. I am to dine with them to-day, and I shall endeavour to make them truly brothers again. They have written against each other with great bitterness, and have not exchanged a word during the conferences. However, our young lords are very gay, going about in sledges with the ladies, with bells tinkling at their horses' heads. God has heard our prayers! I send you some trout, a present from the countess Albert. This lady is well pleased to see peace restored in her family. . . . The rumour runs here that the emperor is advancing towards Westphalia, and that the French are enlisting landsknechts, as well as the landgrave, &c. Let them talk, and invent news, we will wait God's will. I recommend you to his protection.—MARTIN LUTHER." (February 14th, 1546.)

Luther had arrived, the 28th January, at Eisleben, and though already ill, he joined in all the conferences until the 17th February. He preached also four times, and revised the ecclesiastical statutes for the earldom of Mansfeld. The 17th, he was so ill that the counts prayed him not to go out. At supper he spoke much of his approaching end, and some one asking him if he thought we should recognize each other in the other world, he replied that he thought so. On returning to his chamber with master Cælius and his two sons, he drew near the window, and remained there a long time in prayer. After that, he said to Aurifaber, who had just arrived, "I feel very weak, and my pains seem to increase:" on which they administered some medicine to him, and endeavoured to warm him by friction. He spoke a few words to count Albert, who had come to see him, and then laid himself down on the bed, saying, "If I could only sleep for half an hour, I think it would refresh me." He did sleep without waking for an hour and a half. This was about eleven o'clock. When he awoke, he said to those in attendance, "What, still sitting up by me: why do you not go to rest yourselves?" He then commenced praying, and said with fervor, "*In manus tuas commendo spiritum meum; redemisti me, Domine, Deus veritatis.* (Into thy hands I commend my spirit; thou art my redeemer, O God of truth.)" He also said to those about him, "All of you pray, my friends, for the Gospel of our Lord, that his reign may be extended, for the council of Trent and the pope threaten it greatly." He then slept again for about an hour, and when he awoke, doctor Jonas asking him how he felt, "O my God," he replied, "I feel myself very bad. I think, my dear Jonas, that I shall remain here at Eisleben, where I was born." He then took a few steps about the room, and laid himself down again on the bed, where they covered him with soft cushions. Two doctors, and the count with his wife then arrived. Luther said to them, "I am dying; I shall remain at Eisleben." And doctor Jonas expressing a hope that the perspiration would perhaps relieve him: "No, dear Jonas," replied he, "it is a cold and dry sweat, and the pain is worse." He then applied himself to prayer, and said, "O my God! Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, thou the God of all consolation, I thank thee for having revealed to me thy well-beloved Son, in whom I believe; whom I have preached and acknowledged; whom I have loved and honoured; and whom the pope and the ungodly persecute. I commend my soul to thee, O my Saviour Jesus Christ! I shall leave this terrestrial body; I shall be taken from this life; but I know that I shall rest eternally with thee." He repeated three times following, "*In manus tuas commendo spiritum meum; redemisti me, Domine veritatis.*" Suddenly his eyes closed and he fainted. Count Albert and his wife, as well as the doctors, used their utmost efforts to restore him to life, in which they with difficulty succeeded. Dr. Jonas then said to him, "Reverend father, do you die in constant reliance on the faith you have taught?" He replied distinctly, "*Yes,*" and fell asleep again. Soon after he became alarmingly pale, then cold, and drawing one deep breath, he expired.

His body was borne to Wittemberg in a leaden coffin, where he was buried the 22nd of February, 1546, with the highest honours. His mortal remains lie in the church of the castle, at the foot of the pulpit. (Ukert, i. p. 327, sqq. *Extract from the account drawn up by Jonas and Cælius.*)

Will of Luther, dated January 6th, 1542. "I the undersigned, Martin Luther, doctor, acknowledge by these presents, to have given as jointure to my dear and faithful wife Catherine, to enjoy for the whole of her life as seems good to her, the estate of Zeilsdorf, such as I bought it, and have since made it; the house *Brun*, which I bought under the name of Wolf; my goblets, and other valuable things, such as rings, chains, medals in gold and silver, to the value of about a thousand florins. I have made this disposition, first, because she has ever been to me a pious and faithful wife, who has tenderly loved me, and, by the blessing of God, has given me and reared up five children happily, still living. Secondly, that she may take upon herself my debts, amounting to about four hundred and fifty florins, supposing that I do not discharge them before I die. Thirdly, and above all, because I would not that she should be dependent on her children, but rather that her children should depend upon her, honour her, and be subjected unto her, as God has commanded; for I have often seen children, even pious children, excited by the devil to disobey this commandment, especially when the mothers were widows, and the sons had wives, the daughters husbands. Besides, I think that the mother will be the best manager of her children, and that she will not make use of this settlement to the detriment of her own flesh and blood, those whom she has carried at her breast. Whatever may become of her after my death (for I cannot limit the will of God), I have this confidence in her, that she will always conduct herself as a good mother to her children, and will share with them conscientiously whatever she possesses. At the same time, I pray all my friends

to be witnesses of the truth, and to defend my dear Catherine, if it should happen, as is possible, that she should be accused by evil persons of keeping money back for herself, and not sharing it with her children. I certify that we have neither ready money nor treasure of any kind. This need surprise no one, when it is considered that we have had no other income than my stipend and a few presents, and that we have, nevertheless, gone to the charge of building, and have borne the expenses of a large household. I look on it also as a particular mercy from God, which I thank him for without ceasing, that we have had sufficient for our wants, and that our debts are not greater. . . .

"I also pray my gracious master, duke John Frederick, elector, to confirm and ratify this present deed, although it may not be in the form required by the lawyers. MARTIN LUTHER.

"Witnesses—MELANCHTHON, CRUZIGER, and BUGENHAGEN."

ADDITIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS*.

PAGE 3, column 1. "*and there I was born.*"—Cochlæus asserts that Luther was engendered by an incubus. When he was a monk, adds this writer, he was suspected of having dealings with the devil. One day while the Gospel was being read, at the part where it is said that Jesus forced a demon to come out of the body of one deaf and dumb, Luther fell on the ground, exclaiming, *Non sum, non sum* (It is not I, it is not I). Some Spaniards who were at the diet of Augsburg (A.D. 1530), seriously believed that Luther and his wife were to give birth to Antichrist. (Luth. Werke, t. i. p. 415.)

Julius-César Vanini, Cerdan, and Francis Junctinus, discovered in the constellations that had accompanied the birth of Luther, that he was to be an arch-heretic and an arch-villain; Tycho-Brahe and Nicholas Prücker, on the contrary, declared he was born under a happy sign.

Page 3, col. 2. "*Martin Luther.*"—Lotharius, *lut-her, leute-herr?* Chief of Men, Head of the People?

Page 4, col. 2. "*Luther describes how these temptations,*" &c.—"When I was young, it happened that at Eisleben, on Corpus-Christi day, I was walking with the procession, in my priest's robes, when suddenly the sight of the holy sacrament, which was carried by doctor Staupitz, so terrified me, (thinking in my blindness that it was Jesus Christ himself the vicar-general was carrying, that Jesus Christ in person was there before me,) that a cold sweat covered my body, and I believed myself dying of terror. The procession finished, I confessed to doctor Staupitz, and related to him what had happened to me. He replied: 'Your thoughts are not of Christ; Christ never alarms; He comforts.' These words filled me with joy, and were a great consolation to me." (Tischreden, p. 133, verso.)

Doctor Martin Luther used to tell, that when he was in the monastery at Erfurth, he said once to doctor Staupitz: "Ah! dear sir doctor, our Lord God deals with us in a manner so terrible: who can serve him, if he humbles us thus to the dust? To which he answered me, 'Young man, learn better how to judge God; if he did not act thus, how could proud hearts be humbled? Lofty trees must be watched, least they reach the skies.'" (Tischreden, p. 150, verso.)

Luther had great difficulty in bearing the obligations imposed on him by monastic life; he tells how, in the commencement of the Reformation, he tried in vain to read his prayer-book regularly: "Though I shall have done no more than deliver men from this tyranny, they will owe me some gratitude." (Tischreden, p. 150.) This constant repetition, at fixed times, of the same meditations, this materialism of prayer, which weighed so much on the impatient spirit of Luther, Ignatius Loyola, the contemporary of the German reformer, laid the greatest stress upon, in his singular *Religious Exercises.*

At Erfurth, Luther read the greatest part of the works left us by the ancient Romans, Cicero, Virgil, Livy. . . . At the age of twenty he was honoured with the title of Master of Arts; and at the desire of his parents, he began the study of jurisprudence. . . . At the convent of Erfurth he excited admiration by his public exercises, and by the ease with which he extricated himself from the meshes of logic. . . He read with avidity the prophets and the apostles, the books of Saint Augustin, his *Explanation of the Psalms*, and his book *On the Spirit and the Letter*, and learnt almost by heart the treatises of Gabriel Biel and of Pierre d'Ailly, bishop of Cambray, and was a diligent student of the writings of Occam, whose logic he preferred to that of Thomas or Scot. He was likewise a great reader of Gerson's writings, and above all, of those of Saint Augustin." (Life of Luther, by Melanchthon.)

Page 7, col. 1. "*The Dominican, Tetzel, an impudent mountebank.*"—He preached, that if any one had violated the holy virgin, his sin would be pardoned by virtue of the indulgences; that the red cross which he had set up in churches had as much efficacy as that of Jesus Christ; that he had saved more souls by his indulgences than St. Peter by his discourses; and that the Saxons had only to give money, and their mountains would become mines of silver, &c. (*Luther adv. Brunsvic.*, Seckendorf, Hist. Lutheranismi, l. i. § 16, &c.)

By way of indirect concession, the Catholics gave up Tetzel; and Miltitz relates, in a letter to Pfeffinger (Seckendorf, l. i. p. 62), that he can prove,

* The "Life of Luther" has been given entire; but with regard to the somewhat heterogeneous "Additions," the translator has exercised his discretion in condensing and retrenching; scrupulously, however, retaining every passage illustrative of the great Reformer's life and doctrines.

through an agent of the Fuggers, the great bankers of Augsburg, that he (Tetzel) made free with the money he received from the sale of indulgences. "I will write the pope a full account," he says, "and await his sentence."

Page 7, col. 1. "*he was seized with indignation.*"—"When I undertook to write against the gross error of indulgences, doctor Jerome Schurff stopped me and said: 'Would you then write against the pope? What are you about? It will not be allowed.' 'What,' replied I; 'what, if they must allow it?'" (Tischreden, 384, verso.)

Page 8, col. 1. "*the sermon in the vulgar tongue, which Luther delivered.*" He states in a clear, forcible manner, the doctrine of St. Thomas in the five first paragraphs, and especially in the sixth, which is very mystical. He then proceeds to show, from Scripture, in opposition to this doctrine, that the sinner's repentance and conversion can alone secure him pardon for his sins.—(§ ix.) "Though the church were to declare that indulgences efface sins better than works of atonement, it would be a thousand times better for a Christian not to buy them, but rather to do the works and suffer the penalties; for indulgences are, and only can be, dispensations from good works and salutary pains."—(§ xv.) "It is better and safer to give towards the building of St. Peter's, than to buy the indulgences sold for this end. You ought, above all, to give to your poor neighbour; and if there should be none in your town who need your assistance, you ought to give towards your own churches. . . . My counsel to all is, Buy not these indulgences; leave them to be purchased by bad Christians. Let each follow his own path. . . ."—(§ xviii.) "I know nothing about souls being drawn out of purgatory by the efficacy of indulgences; I don't believe they can. The safer way is to have recourse to prayer. . . . Leave the schoolmen to be schoolmen. All put together, they cannot stamp a doctrine with authority."

These would seem to be rather notes, to serve as heads of a discourse, than the sermon itself. (Luther, Werke, vii. p. 1.)

Page 8, col. 2. "*It is said that Leo X. believed the whole to be a matter of professional jealousy.*"—"The pope was formerly extremely proud, and despised every one. The cardinal-legate Caietano said to me at Augsburg, 'What? do you think that the pope cares about Germany? The pope's little finger is more powerful than all your princes.' When my first propositions upon indulgences were presented to the pope, 'This is a drunken German's doing,' he said, 'leave him to get sober, and he will talk differently.' It was in this jeering tone that he spoke of every one."

Luther did not leave all the contempt to the Italians, but returned it to them with interest. "If this Sylvester continues to provoke me by these fooleries, I will put an end to the game, and, giving the reins to my mind and my pen, I will show him that there are men in Germany who can see through his tricks, and those of Rome; and God grant the time was come. The juggling Italians, with their evasions and their subterfuges, have too long amused themselves at our expense, as if we were fools and buffoons." (September 1st, 1518.)

"I am delighted that Philip (Melanchthon) has proved for himself the Italian character. These philosophers will believe nothing without experience. For my part, there is not one Italian I would trust any longer, not even the emperor's confessor. My dear Caietano loved me with so true a friendship, that he would have shed for me every drop of blood in . . . my own veins. They are queer fellows. The Italian, if good, is really good; but is a prodigy, a black swan." (July 21st, 1530.)

"I want Sadolet to believe that God is the Father of all men, even out of Italy; but this is beyond an Italian's mind." (October 14th, 1539.) "The Italians," says Hutten, "who accused us of being unable to produce any work of genius, are now forced to admire our Albert Durer; and so strong is this admiration, that they even put his name on their own works in order to sell them." (Hutten, iii. 76.)

Page 9, col. 1. "*Either out of regard for his new university.*"—The university of Wittemberg wrote to the elector, praying that he would extend his protection to the most illustrious of her members (p. 55, Seckendorf). Luther's increasing celebrity attracted an immense concourse of students to Wittemberg. Luther himself says, "Studium nostrum more formicarum fervet" (Our study is as busy as an ant's nest). A writer, almost contemporary with him, says, "I have heard my tutors say that students flocked to Wittemberg from all countries to hear Luther and Melanchthon; and that, as soon as they descried the city from a distance, they used to return thanks to God with uplifted hands, for that from Wittemberg, as formerly from Jerusalem, there came out the light of Gospel truth, to be spread unto the furthest corners of the earth." (Scultetus in Annalibus, anno 1517, p. 16, 17; quoted by Seckendorf, p. 59.)

From a letter of Luther's, bearing date Nov. 1st, 1524, the elector would appear to have been but parsimonious towards his favourite university. "I beg you," he writes, "dear Spalatin, to ask the prince whether he means to allow this academy to crumble away and perish?"

Page 9, col. 1. "*this prince had always taken him under his special protection.*" The elector himself writes to Spalatin: "Our Martin's affair goes on well; Pfeffinger is full of hope." (Seckendorf, p. 53.)

Page 9, col. 1. "*that Holy Scripture speaks with such majesty.*"—Schenk had been charged to buy relics for the church of Wittemberg; but, in 1520, the commission was recalled, and the relics were sent back to Italy, to be sold at any price they could fetch. "For here," writes Spalatin, "the lowest orders despise them, in the firm and true persuasion, that it suffices to learn from Holy Scripture to have faith and confidence in God, and to love one's neighbour." (Macerée, p. 37, from Schlegel's Life of Spalatin, p. 59. Seckendorf, i. p. 223.)

Page 10, col. 1. "*Caietano de Vio, the legate, was certainly a judge not much to be feared.*"—Extract from an account of the conferences between cardinal Caietano and Luther:—Luther having declared that the pope had no power but *salvâ Scripturâ*, the cardinal laughed at his words, and said to him, "Dost thou not know that the pope is above councils? has he not recently condemned and punished the council of Bâle?" *Luther.* "But the Paris university has appealed from him." *The Cardinal.* "And Paris shall be equally punished." Again, Luther having quoted Gerson, the cardinal answered him, "What are the Gersonites

to me?" Upon which Luther asked him, in return, "And who then are the Gersonites?" "Oh, let us quit this subject," said the cardinal, and began to talk of other things. The cardinal sent Luther's answers to the pope, by an extraordinary express. He also sent word to Luther, by doctor Wenceslaus, that, provided he was willing to revoke what he had advanced on the subject of indulgences, all might be arranged. "For," added he "the article on the faith necessary for the Holy Sacrament may very well bear a twist into a different sense."

Luther said, on his return from Augsburg, "that if he had four hundred heads, he would rather lose them all, than revoke his article on faith." "No man in Germany," says Hutten, "despises death more than Luther."

He offered Caietano to submit his opinions to the judgment of the three universities of Bâle, of Friburg (in Brisgau), and of Louvain, and, if required, to that of the university of Paris, "esteemed of all time the most Christian and most learned."

In a letter of Luther's to the elector of Saxony (Nov. 19th, 1518), he expressly rebuts Caietano's charge, that his attack on indulgences had been instigated by the elector, and states that none among his dearest friends were privy to his design, "save my lords the archbishop of Magdeburg, and the bishop of Brandenburg.

Page 11, col. 2. "*required an inquiry into the matter by disinterested judges.*"—The legates, nevertheless, confined their demands to requiring that Luther's works should be burnt. "The pope," they said, "will not soil his hands with the blood of Luther." (Luther, Opera, ii.)

Page 11. col. 2. last line. "*Miltitz changed his tone.*"—In 1520, Luther's opponents were divided into two parties, represented by Eck and Miltitz. Eck, having held a public disputation against Luther, conceived that his repute as a theologian would be compromised unless he could either reduce him to retract, or procure his formal condemnation from the pope, and therefore he resorted to violent measures; whilst Miltitz, on the contrary, as the direct agent of the Holy See, sought only to hush up matters, admitting everything that Luther advanced, spoke as freely as himself of the popedom, and only required him to promise silence.

On the 20th of October, 1520, he writes to the elector to suggest the feasibility of the latter's sending two or three golden pieces, bearing his effigy, and as many silver ones, to the young cardinals, the pope's relatives, in order to propitiate them, and begs for himself as well. He had written on the 14th, to say, that Luther had promised to be silent, on condition that his adversaries would be silent too; and assures the elector that he will baulk Eck and his faction.

Miltitz seems to have been a boon companion. He writes to the elector, that spending his evening joyously at Stolpa, with the bishop of Misnia, a pamphlet of Luther's was brought in, in which the official of Stolpa was attacked; and that while the bishop fumed, and the official swore, he and duke George did nothing but laugh. (A.D. 1520. Seckendorf, l. i. p. 98.) He and Luther passed some time together, making good cheer at Lichtenberg. (Ibid. p. 99.)

Miltitz met with a fitting end; having tumbled into the Rhine, near Mentz, after copious libations, and being drowned. He had five hundred gold pieces about him. (Id. ibid. p. 117.)

Page 12, col. 1. "*owned that he had got the whole world with him away from the pope.*"—Luther's works were already highly popular. John Froben, the celebrated printer of Bâle, wrote to him, on the 14th of February, 1519, that his books were read and approved, even at Paris, and even in the Sorbonne; that he had not a single copy left of all those he had reprinted, and that they were dispersed over Italy, Spain, and elsewhere, and every where approved by the doctors. (Seckendorf, l. i. p. 68.)

Page 12, col. 1. "*not content with repairing to Leipsic, to plead in his own defence.*"—Luther's journey to Leipsic: "First there was Carlstadt, alone in a chariot, preceding all the others; but a wheel coming off near to the church of Saint Paul, he fell, and this fall was considered a bad omen for him. Next came the chariot of Barnim, prince of Pomerania, who was then studying at Wittemberg, and bore the title of honorary rector. By his side were Luther and Melanchthon. A great number of armed scholars from Wittemberg accompanied the carriage." (June 19th, 1519.) (Seckendorf, l. i. p. 92.)

Page 12, col. 1. "*with the authority of the prince, his protector.*"—Luther needed not any longer doubt the protection of the elector, when Spalatin, that prince's confidential adviser, translated and published in Germany his book, entitled *Consolation to all Christians.*" (February, 1520.)

Page 12, col. 1. "*to issue a solemn summons . . . to a disputation.*" At this period Luther, still somewhat unsettled in his ideas of reform, sought to clear up his doubts by argument, and demanded and prayed for public conferences. On the 15th January, 1520, he writes to the emperor: "It will now soon be three years since I have had to endure anger without end and outrageous wrongs, since I have been exposed to a thousand perils, and a prey to all the calumnies my enemies could devise against me. In vain have I asked pardon for what I have said; in vain have I offered to keep silence; in vain have I proposed conditions of peace; in vain have I entreated to be enlightened, if in error. Not a word has been listened to: one only object has been kept in view—my ruin and that of the Gospel. Since I have, up to this present moment, tried everything in vain, I will, after the example of Saint Athanasius, invoke the imperial majesty. I humbly, then, implore your majesty, Charles, prince of the kings of the earth, to take pity, not on me, but on the cause of truth, for which alone it has been given you to bear the sword. Let me be allowed to prove my doctrine. Either I shall conquer or I shall be conquered; and if I am found impious or heretical, I ask neither protection nor mercy." (Opera Latina Lutheri, Wittem. ii. 42.)

Page 12, col. 2, near the end. "*When the bull of condemnation reached Germany.*"—The universities of Louvain and Cologne approved the pope's bull, and, consequently, drew down the attacks of Luther. He accused them of having unjustly condemned Occam, Pico de la Mirandola, Laurentius Valla, John Reuchlin. And to weaken (says

Cochlæus) the authority of these universities, he attacked them unceasingly in his books, putting in the margin, whenever he met with a barbarism, or anything badly written, as *they say at Louvain*, as *they say at Cologne*, '*Lovanialiter*, *Colonialiter*,' &c. (Cochlæus, p. 22.) At Cologne and Mentz, and in all the hereditary states of Charles V., Luther's works were burnt from the year 1520. (Cochlæus, p. 25.)

Page 13, col. 1. "*not one of them has said it more eloquently than he himself.*"—He wrote on the 29th November, 1521, to the Austin friars of Wittemberg: "I daily feel how difficult it is to divest oneself of scruples long entertained. Oh! the pain it has cost me, though with the Scriptures before me, to justify myself to myself, for daring singly to set myself up against the pope and hold him as Antichrist! What tribulations have I not suffered! How often have I not addressed to myself in bitterness of spirit the argument of the papists, 'Art thou alone wise? are all others in error? can they have been so many years deceived? What if thou deceivest thyself, and draggest along with thee in thy error so many souls to everlasting damnation?' Thus I used to argue within myself until Jesus Christ with his own, his infallible word, fortified me, and strengthened my soul against such arguments, as a rock raised above the waves, laughs their fury to scorn.". . .(Luth. Briefe, t. ii. p. 107.)

P. 14, col. 1. "*He took his stand at this time on St. John.*"—"It is necessary to take the Gospel of St. John in a very different point of view from the other evangelists. The idea of this evangelist is, that man can do nothing, has nothing of himself; that he owes every thing to the Divine mercy. . . . I repeat, and I will repeat, whoever would raise his thoughts to a salutary consideration of the Almighty, ought to make every thing subordinate to the humanity of Christ; ought to keep it ever before him, both in his life and in his Passion, till his heart is softened. Then, let him not rest there, but let him develope and extend the thought still further. It is not of his own will, but of the will of God the Father, that Jesus did and suffered this or that. It is then that he will begin to taste the infinite sweetness of the will of the Father revealed in the humanity of Christ."

Page 14, col. 2. "*his smallest pamphlets were emulously caught up.*"—The celebrated painter, Lucas Cranach, made designs for Luther's smaller works.—(Seckendorf, p. 148.)

Page 14, col. 2. "*if any printer more conscientious than the rest.*"—The same at Augsburg. The confession of Augsburg was printed and spread all over Germany before even the end of the diet; the refutation of the catholics, which the emperor had ordered to be printed, was sent to the printers, but never appeared. Luther, ridiculing the catholics for not daring to publish this refutation, calls it a nightbird, *an owl*, a bat (*noctua et vespertilio*.)—(Cochlæus, p. 202.)

Page 14, col. 2. "*it was to the nobles that Luther had chiefly appealed.*"—"To his imperial majesty and to the Christian nobles of the German nation —Dr. Martin Luther (A.D. 1520).

"To the grace and glory of our Lord Jesus. . . . The Romanists have cleverly surrounded themselves with three walls, by means of which they have up to this time shut out the Reformation, to the great prejudice of Christianity. First, they pretend that spiritual power is above temporal power; next, that it belongs to the pope alone to interpret the Bible; and thirdly, that the pope only has the right to call a council.

"May it please God to come to our aid here, and to give us those trumpets which formerly overthrew the walls of Jericho, that we may blow down these walls of paper and rubbish, bring to light the artifices and lies of the devil, and win back, by repentance and amendment, the grace of God. Let us begin with the first wall.

"*First Wall.* . . . All Christians are spiritually of the same condition, and there is no difference between them, but that which results from their different functions, according to the words of the Apostle (1 Cor. xii.), who says that we 'be many members, yet but one body;' but that each member has an office peculiar to itself, by which it is useful to others. We have all the same baptism, the same Gospel, the same faith, and as Christians we are all equal. . . . It is with the priest as with the bailli, whilst in office he is above the rest; but when he has laid it down, he becomes that which he was—a mere citizen. *Indelible characters* are but a chimera. . . . The secular power being instituted of God, in order that the wicked may be punished, the good protected, its ministry ought to extend to all Christians, without consideration of person, pope, bishop, monk, nun, or others, it matters not. . . . Has a priest been killed, all the country is laid under interdict. Why is it not so when a peasant has been murdered? Whence this difference between Christians whom Jesus Christ calls equal? Simply from the laws and inventions of men. . . .

"*Second Wall.* . . We are priests—does not the apostle say it (1 Cor. ii.): 'He that is *spiritual* judgeth all things, yet he himself is judged of no man?' We have all, by faith, the same Spirit, says also the apostle; wherefore should we not be sensible as well as popes, who are often infidels, of what is conformable to the faith, what contrary to it?

"*Third Wall.* . . . The first councils were not convened by the popes; the council of Nice, itself, was convoked by the emperor Constantine. . . . If enemies surprised a town, the honour would be to him who should first cry 'to arms,' let him be burgomaster or not. Why should it not be the same for him who stands sentinel against our enemies, the powers of darkness, and who, seeing them advance, should be first to assemble the band of Christians against them? Must he be pope to do this? . . ."

The following is the summary of the reformations proposed by Luther:—That the pope shall retrench the luxury of his court, and approximate more to the poverty of Christ. His court absorbs immense sums; it is calculated that more than three hundred thousand florins leave Germany every year for Rome. Twelve cardinals would be sufficient, and they should be maintained by the pope. Why do the Germans allow themselves to be despoiled by the cardinals, who seize all their rich foundations, and spend the revenues at Rome? The French do not suffer this. That no more contributions be levied to be employed against the Turks; which is but a lure, a miserable pretext for getting our money. That the pope's right of investiture be no longer acknowledged. Rome

draws all to itself by the most impudent practices. There is in this city a simple courtier, who is possessed of twenty-two curacies, seven priories, forty-four prebends, &c. That the secular authorities send no more *annats* to Rome—as has been the custom for a century past. That it suffice for the installation of bishops, that they be confirmed by the two nearest bishops, or by their archbishop, conformably to the council of Nice. "In proposing these changes, my object is to induce reflection in such as are disposed to aid Germany in becoming Christian, and to free herself from the deplorable government of the pope, a government which is Antichristian."

That there be fewer pilgrimages to Italy. The orders of mendicants to be allowed to die away; they are degenerated, and do not fulfil the intention of their founders. The marriage of priests to be permitted. Many of the holidays to be suppressed, or made to fall on Sundays. Fêtes of patrons, so prejudicial to morals, to be abolished. Fasts to be suppressed. "Many things, formerly useful, are not so now." Begging to be put down. Each community to be held responsible for the care of its poor. The founding of private masses to be forbidden. Further inquiry to be made into the doctrine of the Bohemians, and to join them in resisting the court of Rome. The Decretals to be abolished. Houses of ill-fame to be suppressed.

"I know yet another song to sing to the court of Rome and the Romanists; and if their ears itch for it, they shall have it, and to the last stave (highest octave ?). You understand, Rome? (Luther, Werke, vi. 544—568.)

Page 15, col. 1. "*I would not have violence and murder employed in the cause of the Gospel.*"—He wished Germany to separate itself peaceably from the holy see: it was with this view that he wrote in 1520 to Charles V. and to the German nobles, to induce them to renounce obedience to Rome. "The emperor," said he, "has equal power over the clergy and over the laity; the difference between these two classes is but fictitious, since by baptism we all become priests." (Lutheri Opera, ii. p. 20.)

Nevertheless, if one can believe the authority, suspicious enough we must allow, of Cochlæus, he was at this very time preaching war against Rome. Cochlæus makes him say, "If we have gibbets for thieves, axes for brigands, fires for heretics, wherefore not arms against these masters of sedition, these cardinals, these popes, against all this slime of the Roman Sodom, which is corrupting the Church of Christ? Why not wash our hands in their blood?" I am not aware from what work of Luther's Cochlæus takes these words. (Cochlæus, p. 22.)

Page 15, col. 1. "*Hütten . . . in order to strike a league between them and the nobles of the Rhine.*"—From the opening of the diet inquiries were made of Spalatin, as to the course the elector would pursue in case of war; there was reason to believe that he would support his theologian, the glory of his university. "Who does not know," writes Luther to him, "that prince Frederick has become an example to princes for his patronage of literature?" your Wittemberg *Hebraizes and Hellenises* successfully; there Minerva governs the arts; there the true theology of Christ triumphs." He writes to Spalatin (October 3rd, 1520): "Many think that I ought to ask our good prince to obtain for me an edict from the emperor forbidding any sentence against me, unless I am convicted of error out of Scripture: consider whether this be advisable." It appears by what follows that Luther thought he could count on the sympathy of the Italians. "Instead of books, I would rather living books could be multiplied, that is to say, preachers. I send you what has been written to me from Italy on this subject." "If our prince were so inclined, I do not believe that he could undertake any work worthier of him; were the commonalty of Italy to join us our cause would be mightily strengthened: who knows? God perhaps will raise them up. He preserves our prince to us in order to make him the medium of spreading the divine word. Consider then what you can do in this quarter, for the cause of Christ." Luther had not neglected to win the affection of the towns. We find him at the close of the year 1520, soliciting the elector to lower the taxes imposed on the town of Kemberg. "The people," he writes, "are drained even to misery by this detestable usury. . . . Fat livings are made fatter, religious ceremonies kept up, and even some fraternities enriched by this usury, rather by this sacrilegious taxation, this impious theft."

Page 15, col. 1. *Buntschuh* (shoe of alliance).—The sabot already served as a distinctive sign in the twelfth century. *Sabatati* was a name of the Vaudois. (See Dufresne, Glossar. at the word *Sabatati.*)

Page 16, col. 1. "*All this greatly added to my consideration.*"—Spalatin relates in his annals (p. 50) that the second day Luther appeared, the elector of Saxony on returning from the town-hall, sent for Spalatin to his chamber, and expressed to him the surprise he felt; "Doctor Martin has spoken nobly before the emperor, and to the princes and states of the empire, only he was a little too bold." (Marheinecke, History of the Reformation, i. 264.)

Page 18, col. 1. "*In the last conference the Archbishop of Trèves, &c.*—Luther ended this conference by saying, "In all that concerns the word of God and faith, every Christian can judge as well for himself as the pope; each must live and die according to his faith. The word of God is the peculiar property of each individual of the community; and each member must interpret it for himself. I cited in confirmation of this," continues Luther, "the passage of St. Paul, 1st Corinthians xiv., where he says, '*If anything be revealed to another that is sitting by, let the first hold his peace.*' This text clearly proves that the master should follow his disciple, if the latter understand God's word better. They could not refute this testimony, and we broke up." (Luth. Werke, ix. p. 117.)

Page 19, col. 2, near the end. "*Luther found few books at Wartburg.—He set ardently about the study of Greek and Hebrew.*" It was here he began his translation of the Bible. Several versions in German had been already published at Nuremberg, in 1477, 1483, 1490, and at Augsburg, in 1518; but none of them were made for the people, being forbidden to be read, and also infamously printed." (Nec legi permittebantur, nec ob styli typorum horriditatem satisfacere poterant.) Seckendorf, lib. i. 204.

Before the end of the fifteenth century, Germany possessed at least twelve editions of the Bible in the vulgar tongue, while Italy had but two, and France only one. (*Jung, Hist. de la Réforme, à Strasburg.*)

The adversaries of the Reformation themselves contributed to increase the number of Bibles in the vulgar tongue. Thus, Jerome Emser published a translation of the Scriptures to oppose that of Luther. (Cochlæus, 50.) Luther's did not appear complete until 1534.

Canstein's printing-office at Halle alone printed, in the space of a century, two millions of Bibles, one million of New Testaments, and as many Psalters. (Ukert, t. ii. p. 339.)

"I was twenty years of age," says Luther himself, "before I had ever seen the Bible. I believed that no other Gospels or Epistles existed than those in the sermon books. At last, I found a Bible in the library of Erfurth, and I often read out of it to Staupitz with great wonder." (Tischreden, p. 255.)

Under the papacy, the Bible was all but unknown. Carlstadt began to read it after he had taken his doctor's degree eight years. (Tischreden, p. 6, verso.)

At the diet of Augsburg (A.D. 1530), as the bishop of Mentz was looking over the Bible one day, one of his counsellors happened to come in, who said to him, "Gracious lord, what does your electoral grace make of this book?" To which he replied, "I know not what to make of it, save that all I find in it is against us." "Doctor Usingen, an Augustin monk, who was my preceptor at the convent of Erfurth, used to say to me when he saw me reading the Bible with such devotion, 'Ah! brother Martin, what is there in the Bible? It is better to read the ancient doctors, who have sucked the honey of the truth. The Bible is the cause of all troubles.'" (Tisch., p. 7.)

Selneccer, a contemporary of Luther's, relates that the monks would murmur at seeing Luther read the Holy Scriptures so assiduously, and tell him it was not in study of that kind, but by begging and collecting bread, meat, fish, eggs, and money, that he could be of any service to the community. . . . . His noviciate was extremely hard; inside the monastery, the lowest and most laborious offices were given to him; and outside, the begging with the sack. (Almanach des Protestants pour Nov. 1810, p. 43.)

Luther states that, when he was first a student, "the pagan Aristotle was held in such honour, that whoever had disputed his authority, would have been condemned at Cologne as a rank heretic;" but that he was so little understood, that a monk, preaching on the Passion, favoured his hearers with a two hours' discussion of the question, '*Whether quality were really distinct from substance,*' stating, as an instance, '*I could pass my head through that hole, but not the size of my head.*'" (Tischred., p. 15, verso.)

"My brothers of the convent would say to me when I was studying, '*Sic tibi, sic mihi, saccum per nackum,*' (Come, we are all alike here, put the bag round your neck.) (Tischred. p. 272.)

Page 19, col. 2, last line. "*He translated into German Melanchthon's Apology.*"—He says, "Tuam in asinos Parisienses apologiam cum illorum insaniâ statui vernaculè dare adjectis annotationibus." (I am going to translate into German, with notes of my own, your Apology to the Paris asses, and to prove their insanity.)

Page 22, col. 2. "*This reason was, the alarming character assumed by the Reformation.*"—Before quitting his retreat, he often tried by letters to prevent his followers from going too far. To the inhabitants of Wittemberg. . . . "You attack masses, images, and other trifles, while you overlook faith and charity, of which you have so much need. You have, by your scandals, afflicted many pious souls, perhaps better than yourselves. You have forgotten what was due to the weak. If the strong run as fast as they are able, must not the weak, left behind, faint by the way?

"God has granted you great grace, has given you the word in all its purity. Nevertheless, I see not a grain of charity in you; you do not even bear with those who have never heard the word. You have no care for our brothers and sisters of Leipsic, and of Meissen, and of so many other countries, whom we ought to save with ourselves. . . . You have thrown yourselves headlong into this business, neither looking to the right nor to the left. Do not count therefore upon me; I shall deny you. You have begun without me, you must end the same. . ." (December, 1521.)

Page 24, col. 1. "*the confusion that had arisen in his flock.*"—On his return to Wittemberg, he preached eight days running. These sermons effectually restored order in the town.

Page 24, col. 1. "*I myself no longer know Luther.*"—"A charitable exhortation of doctor Martin Luther to all Christians, to keep them from the spirit of revolt and disturbance." (A.D. 1524.)

"In the first place, I pray you to leave my name alone, and not to call yourselves Lutherans, but Christians. Who is Luther? My doctrine is not mine! I have not been crucified for any one. St. Paul (1 Corinthians iii.) would not that any one should call themselves of Paul, nor of Peter, but of Christ. How then does it befit me, a miserable bag of dust and ashes, to give my name to the children of Christ? Cease, my dear friends, to cling to these party names and distinctions; away with them all; and let us call ourselves only Christians, after him from whom our doctrine comes.

"It is quite just that the papists should bear the name of their party; because they are not content with the name and doctrine of Jesus Christ, they will be papists besides. Well, let them own the pope, as he is their master. For me, I neither am nor wish to be master of any one. I and mine will contend for the sole and whole doctrine of Christ, who is our sole Master." (Luth. Werke, ii. p. 4.)

Page 24, col. 2. "*Never had any private man, before him, addressed a monarch. . .*"—At this very time he was exceeding all bounds in his attacks on the holy see. In his reply to pope Adrian's briefs, he says, "I grieve to be obliged to write such good German in reply to this pitiful kitchen Latin. But God wills to confound Antichrist in all things. . . . It is a disgrace to offer reasonable beings so stupid and absurd an interpretation of Scripture."

"I would make one bundle of pope and cardinals, and fling the whole into our little ditch of the

Tuscan Sea. Such a bath, I pledge my word, and back it with Jesus Christ as security, would cure them."

"**My little Paul, my little pope, my little donkey, trot gently; it is slippery, you will break a leg, you will injure yourself, and folk will cry out, 'What the devil's this? How our little popeling is injured!'**" (A.D. 1542? Bossuet's translation in his Variations, i. 45, 46.)

Interpretation of the Monachovitulus (monk-calf) *and of two horrible popeling monsters found in the Tiber, at Rome, in the year* 1496; *published at Friburg, in Misnia, in* 1523, *by Philip Melanchthon and Martin Luther.*—"In all times God has manifested by evident signs his wrath or his mercy. Even so his prophet Daniel foretold the coming of Antichrist, in order that the faithful, being warned, might be on their guard against his blasphemies and idolatry.

"During this reign of tyranny, God has given many signs, and, lately, the horrible popeling monster, found dead in the Tiber in the year 1496. . . . First, the ass's head signifieth the pope; for the Church is a spiritual body, which neither ought, nor can have any visible head. Christ alone is lord and head of the Church. The pope has sought, in opposition to God, to make himself the visible head of the Church; therefore this ass's head, attached to a human body, can signify none but he. Indeed, an ass's head fits the human body better than the pope the Church! As great as is the difference between an ass's brain and human intellect and reason, so great is the difference between the papal doctrine and the doctrine of Christ. . . . .

"He has not only an ass's head as regards Scripture, but as regards natural law and human judgment. The jurists of the empire say that a true canonist is a true ass.

"The monster's right hand, like to an elephant's foot, signifieth that he crushes the timid and fearful. And so he crushes and bruises souls by his decrees, which, without cause or reason, terrify consciences with a thousand sins of his invention, and the names of which even are not understood.

"The left hand signifieth the pope's temporal power; who, in opposition to Christ's word, has become the lord of kings and princes. Not one of them has excited or entered into so many wars; not one has shed so much blood. Busied with worldly matters, he neglects the preaching of the word, and deserts the Church.

"The right foot, like to an ox's hoof, signifieth the ministers of spiritual authority, who support and defend this tyrannical power to the oppression of souls; to wit, pontifical doctors, confessors, the swarms of monks and nuns, and, above all, the school divines,—all of whom go on extending the pope's intolerable laws, and so holding consciences prisoners under the elephant's foot.

"The left foot, which ends in a griffin's claws, signifieth the ministers of the civil power. Just as the griffin's claws do not readily let go what they have once seized, so the pope's satellites have seized by the books of the canons the goods of all Europe, and retain them so stubbornly that one cannot force them back.

"The belly and the woman's breast signify the pope's body, that is, the cardinals, bishops, priests, monks, all the sacro-saint martyrs, all the pampered hogs of Epicurus's sty, who think only of eating, drinking, and voluptuous pleasures of every kind, and all this, not only freely, but with a reserve of peculiar privileges. . . .

"Their eyes full of adultery, their hearts of avarice, these sons of perdition have abandoned the right road to follow Balaam, seeking the reward of his iniquity."

Page 25, col. 1. "*they have not had the courage to face Luther alone.*"—According to Luther's own confession, this violent answer scandalized numbers of his own party. King Christiern got him to write a letter of apology to Henry VIII., assuring him that that monarch was about to introduce the Reformation into England, in which he states, by way of excuse, that he had been informed that the work was not his, and offers "to sing a palinode" (*palinodiam cantare*). Sept. 1st, 1525. His letter had no effect on the irritated Henry; so, some months after, he breaks out with, "These womanly-hearted tyrants have but an impotent and sordid mind. . . . . But, by God's grace, I am sufficiently avenged by the contempt I feel for them, and for Satan, their God." (Dec. 1525.)

Page 26, col. 1. "*Attempts at organization.*"—When Luther felt the necessity of introducing some order and regularity into the new Church, finding himself called upon every day to judge matrimonial causes, and to decide on all the relations between the church and the laity, he set himself to study the canon laws.

"In this matter of marriage which has been submitted to me, I have decided according to the decrees of the popes. I have begun to read the regulations of the papists, and I find that they do not by any means follow them." (March 30th, 1529.)

"I would give my left hand for the papists to be obliged to observe their own canons. They would cry out more loudly against them than against Luther."

"The Decretals are like the monster; the head, a woman's; the body, that of a devouring lion; the tail, a serpent's; nothing but falsehoods and deceit. Behold the image of the popedom."—(Tischreden, p. 277, folio et verso.)

Page 26, col. i. "*The answers he returns to the multitude that come to consult him.*"—(October 11th, 1533.) *To the community of Esslingen:*—"It is true, that I have said confession is good; in the same way that I forbid no one to fast, to keep holy days, to go on pilgrimages, &c. But I wish all these things to be done freely, and at every person's choice; not as if it was a mortal sin to omit them. . . . But, as there are many consciences captive to the laws of the pope, you will do well not to eat meat in the presence of those men still weak in the faith. This abstinence on your part becomes a work of charity; in that it spares the conscience of your neighbour. . . ."

(October 16th, 1523.) *To Michael Vander Strassen*, tax-gatherer, at Borna (concerning a preacher of Oelsnitz, who exaggerated Luther's principles):—"You have seen what my opinion is by my book *On Confession and on Mass*, where I show that confession is good when a matter of choice, and that the mass, though neither a sacrifice nor a good work, is yet a testimony of religion, &c. Your preacher's

fault is that he flies too high, and throws away his old shoes before he has new ones. He should begin by instructing the people in faith and charity. In a year or so, when they shall thoroughly understand Jesus Christ, it will be time to approach the points that he is now mooting. . . . I preached three years at Wittemberg before coming to these questions, and men of this stamp wish to do all in an hour. These hasty spirits work much harm. .. Let him refrain from prohibiting and punishing confession. . . ."

Page 27, col. 1. "*As to mass.*"—"Please God, I will try to do away with these masses. I can no longer bear the tricks and plots of these three demi-canons against the unity of our Church." (November 27th, 1524.)

"I have at last stirred up our canons to consent to the abrogation of masses." (December 2nd, 1544.)

"These two words, 'mass and sacrament,' are as far from each other as light and darkness, as heaven and hell, as God and devil. . . ."

"Questions were frequently put to him with regard to the baptism of children *before delivery*:—"I have often hindered our midwives from baptizing children before they were brought into the world. They used to baptize the fœtus as soon as the head appeared. Why not baptize over the mother's belly, or, better still, baptize the belly itself?" (March 13th, 1531.)

Page 27, col. 2. "*De Ministris Ecclesiæ Instituendis*" (Instructions to the Ministers of Wittemberg):—"To dismiss unworthy ministers; to abrogate all masses and purchased vigils; in the morning, instead of mass, *Te Deum,* lecture and exhortation; in the evening, lecture and exposition; complines after supper. One mass only to be said on Sundays and holydays."—(Briefe, August 19th, 1523.)

In 1520, he published a catechism; and ten years afterwards, another; in which he only kept baptism and the communion, and did away entirely with confession; at the same time exhorting to a frequent recurrence to the pastor's advice.

He wished to preserve tithes in order to render ministers independent of the civil power. "Tithes seem to me the justest thing in the world. Would to God that all taxes were abolished, save tithes, or ninths, or eighths; what do I say? The Egyptians gave the fifth, and yet could live!" (June 15th, 1524.)

Page 27, col. 2. "*that the priest is invested with an indestructible character.*"—"Pastors and preachers who give cause for scandal, ought to be suspended and imprisoned; and the elector has resolved to erect a prison for this purpose.". . . . "The doctor then alluded to John Sturm, whom he had often visited in the castle of Wittemberg, and who, persisting in holding the opinion that Christ had only died for the example's sake, was imprisoned in the tower of Schwrinitz, where he died."—(Tischred. p. 196.)

"Luther said that the Anabaptists were to be punished only inasmuch as they were seditious."—(Tischred. p. 298.)

Page 28, col. 1. "*he yet exercised a sort of supremacy and controul.*"—He decides that canons are obliged to share the public charges with the citizens. (*Letter to the Council of Stettin, January 12th,* 1523). Applications were often made to him for church livings:

"Put your mind at rest about having a parish. There is everywhere a great dearth of faithful pastors; so much so, that we are forced to institute and ordain ministers with a rite of our own, without tonsure, without unction, without mitre, or staff, without gloves or censer, in fine, without bishops." (December 16th, 1530.)

(A.D. 1531.) The inhabitants of Riga, and the prince Albert of Prussia, ask Luther to send them ministers.

The king of Sweden, Gustavus the First, asks him also for a preceptor for his son. (April 1539.)

Page 28, col. 2. "*the abolition of the monastic vows.*"—In his treatise *De Vitandâ Hominum Doctrinâ*, he says of the bishops and dignitaries of the church, "Let these hardened and impure ones, who have incessantly in their mouths 'Christianity, Christianity,' learn that it is not for them that I have written on the necessity of eating meat, of abstaining from confession, and breaking images; not for them, who are like the unclean that polluted the camp of Israel. If I have taught these things, it is to deliver the captive consciences of those unhappy monks, who doubt if they can break such vows without sin." (Seckendorf, lib. i. sect. 50, p. 202.)

Page 29, col. 1. "*Nine nuns came to me yesterday.*"—Nine nuns had been carried off from their convent, and brought to Wittemberg. "They call me a ravisher," says Luther; "yes, and a thrice happy one like Christ, who also was a ravisher on earth, when, by his death, he took from the prince of this world his weapons and his power, and carried him away captive." (Cochlæus, p. 73.)

Page 30, col. 1. "*His old friend Carlstadt.*"—Carlstadt was canon and archdeacon of the collegiate church of All Saints, and was its dean when Luther entered as doctor in 1512. (Seckendorf, l. i. p. 72.)

Page 30, col. 1, last line but one. "*Beyond Carlstadt, glimpses might be seen of Münzer.*"—Letter of doctor Martin to the Christians of Antwerp. "We believed, during the reign of the pope, that the spirits which make a noise and disturbance in the night, were those of the souls of men, who after death, return and wander about in expiation of their sins. This error, thank God, has been discovered by the Gospel, and it is known at present, that they are not the souls of men, but nothing else than those malicious devils who used to deceive men by false answers. It is they that have brought so much idolatry into the world.

"The devil seeing that this sort of disturbance could not last, has devised a new one; and begins to rage in his members, I mean in the ungodly, through whom he makes his way in all sorts of chimerical follies and extravagant doctrines. This won't have baptism, that denies the efficacy of the Lord's supper; a third, puts a world between this and the last judgment; others teach that Jesus Christ is not God; some say this, others that; and there are almost as many sects and beliefs as there are heads.

"I must cite one instance, by way of exemplification, for I have plenty to do with these sort of

spirits. There is not one of them that does think himself more learned than Luther; they all try to win their spurs against me; and would to heaven that they were all such as they think themselves, and that I were nothing! The one of whom I speak assured me, amongst other things, that he was sent to me by the God of heaven and earth, and talked most magnificently, but the clown peeped through all. At last, he ordered me to read the books of Moses. I asked for a sign in confirmation of this order, 'It is,' said he, 'written in the gospel of St. John.' By this time I had heard enough, and I told him, to come again, for that we should not have time, just now, to read the books of Moses. . . .

"I have plenty to do in the course of the year with these poor people: the devil could not have found a better pretext for tormenting me. As yet the world had been full of those clamorous spirits without bodies, who oppressed the souls of men; now they have bodies, and give themselves out for living angels . . .

"When the pope reigned we heard nothing of these troubles. The strong one (the devil) was in peace in his fortress; but now that a stronger one than he is come, and prevails against him and drives him out, as the Gospel says, he storms and comes forth with noise and fury.

"Dear friends, one of these spirits of disorder has come amongst you in flesh and blood; he would lead you astray with the inventions of his pride: beware of him.

"First, he tells you that all men have the Holy Ghost. Secondly, that the Holy Ghost is nothing more than our reason and our understanding. Thirdly, that all men have faith. Fourthly, that there is no hell, that at least the flesh only will be damned. Fifthly, that all souls will enjoy eternal life. Sixthly, that nature itself teaches us to do to our neighbour what we would he should do to us; this he calls faith. Seventhly, that the law is not violated by concupiscence, so long as we are not consenting to the pleasure. Eighthly, that he that has not the Holy Ghost, is also without sin, for he is destitute of reason.

"All these are audacious propositions, vain imaginations; if we except the seventh, the others are not worthy of reply. . . .

"It is sufficient for us to know that God wills no sin. As to his sufferance of sin, we ought not to approach the question. The servant is not to know his master's secrets, simply his master's orders: how much less should a poor creature attempt to scrutinize or sound the mysteries and the majesty of the Creator? . . .

"To learn the law of God, and to know his son Jesus Christ, is sufficient to absorb the whole of life. . . . A.D. 1525." (Luth. Werke, tom. ii. p. 61, sqq.)

Page 31, col. 1. "*Luther obtained an order from the elector for Carlstadt's expulsion.*"—"As to Carlstadt's reproach, that I have driven him away, I should not much trouble myself if the complaint were well founded; but with God's help I hope I can justify myself in the matter. At all events I am very glad that he is no longer in our country, and I would wish he were not in yours."

"Basing himself on one of his writings, he would have almost persuaded me not to confound the spirit that animated him, with the seditious and homicidal one of Altstet (Münzer's residence); but when at my sovereign's command I went myself among Carlstadt's good christians, I found but too surely what seeds he had been sowing; and I thank God I was not stoned or pelted with mud there, for the common form of benediction with which they greeted me was this: 'Get you gone, in the name of a thousand devils, and may you break your neck before you get out of the town.'" (Letter to the Strasburghers. Luther, Werke, t. ii. p. 58.)

"In the disputations at Leipsig Carlstadt insisted on speaking before me; he left me though to combat Eck's propositions on the supremacy of the pope, and on John Huss. . . . He is a poor disputer, with a dull and opiniated head of his own, . . . but he had, however, a very merry Mary.

"These subjects of scandal do much harm to the cause of the gospel. A French spy once told me that his king knew all about us; for he had heard that we no longer respected either religion or laws, or even marriage itself, but that with us, it was like the beasts that perish. (Tischreden, p. 417, 422.)

Carlstadt's Death. "I wish to know whether Carlstadt died repentant or not. . . ."

"They tell a story of Carlstadt's having been killed by the devil. A man of gigantic stature is said to have entered the church where Carlstadt was preaching, and to have afterwards gone to Carlstadt's house, where he caught up his son as if to dash out his brains against the floor, but set him down, and bade him tell his father that he would return in three days to bear him off. Carlstadt died the third day. . . . I think it likely that he was seized with sudden terrors, and that he was killed by the fear of death alone; for he had always the greatest dread of dying." (April 7th, 1542.)

Page 33, col. 2. "*The peasants first rose up in the Black Forest.*"—An important circumstance in the war of the peasants is, that it broke out while the troops of the empire were in Italy; otherwise the insurrection would have been more quickly suppressed. The peasants of count Sigismond von Lupffen, in Hegovia (A.D. 1524), began the revolt, on account of the burdens laid on them (not for the cause of Lutheranism). They declared this to William von Furstemberg, who was sent to reduce them. . . This first insurrection was apparently suppressed, when Münzer roused the peasants of Thuringia to revolt.

The pious, the erudite, the peaceable Melanchthon showed how accordant the demands of the peasants were to the word of God and to justice; and exhorted the princes to clemency. Luther thundered against both parties. (See the text.)

. . . .

A Franconian song, composed after the war of the peasants, had for its burthen the verse—

> "Look out, peasant, or my horse will be over thee."

This was the counterpart of the war-song of the *Dithmarsen*, after they had defeated the *black guard*,—

> "Look out, horseman, the peasant's upon thee."

The common badge of the insurgent peasants, was a white cross. Some bodies had the wheel of fortune on their banners; others seals, on which were engraved a ploughshare, with a flail, a rake,

or a pitchfork, and a sabot placed cross-wise. (Gropp. Chronique de Wurtzburg, i. 97. Wachsmuth, p. 36.)

A violent pamphlet appeared anonymously, in 1525, inscribed "To the Assembly of all the Peasants." It bears a wheel of fortune on the title-page, with this inscription in German verses :

"Now is the time for the wheel of fortune,
God knows beforehand who will keep uppermost—

Peasants,	Romanists,
Good Christians.	Sophists."

And lower down—

"Who makes us sweat so?
The avarice of the nobles."

And at the bottom—

"Turn, turn, turn,
Will ye, nill ye, thou must turn."

(Strobel, Memoirs on the Literature of the Sixteenth Century, ii. p. 44. Wachsmuth, p. 55.)

After the taking of Weinsberg, the peasants passed a resolution in their general council, that no quarter was to be granted to any prince, count, baron, noble, knight, priest, or monk, "in a word, to no men who live in idleness," and committed the most frightful excesses of every kind. In Franconia alone, they laid in ruins two hundred and ninety-three monasteries or castles. They used to drain the contents of the wine-cellars, and divide amongst themselves the church ornaments and the clerical vestments. One of their amusements was making the nobles take off their hats to them. . . . The peasant women bore their share in the war, and marched under a banner of their own. (Jæger, History of Heilbronn, ii. p. 34.)

When the insurrection had been put down in Suabia, numbers of the peasants were crucified, others beheaded, &c. In Alsace, where the spirit of revolt had made great progress, duke Antony of Lorraine collected a body of troops, chiefly out of the scattered remains of the battle of Pavia, defeated the peasants in three encounters (A.D. 1525), and is said to have slain more than thirty thousand. He had three hundred prisoners beheaded. (D. Calmet, Histoire de la Lorraine, i. p. 495, &c.; Hottinger, Hist. de la Suisse, ii. p. 28 ; Sleidan, p. 115.)

Page 34, col. 2. "*Exhortation to Peace.*"—"Dr. Martin Luther's sincere exhortation to all christians, to beware of the spirit of rebellion, 1524.

"The man of the people, tempted beyond all measure, and crushed by intolerable burthens, neither will nor can endure any longer, and has good reasons for striking with flail and mace, as *John of the Mattock* threatens to do. . . . I am rejoiced to see the tyrants trembling. . . .

"It belongs to the secular power and the nobles to complete the work (the work of Reformation). What is done by the regular authorities cannot be set down as sedition."

After pointing out that a spiritual, not a temporal insurrection is required, he goes on to say: "Spread, then, spread the Holy Gospel ; teach, write, preach that all human establishments are nothing ; dissuade all from becoming priests, papists, monks, nuns ; exhort all who are such to renounce their way of life and to make their escape; cease to give money for bulls, tapers, bells, pictures, churches ; tell them that Christian life consists in faith and charity. Go on two years on this wise, and you will see what will become of pope, bishops, cardinals, priesthood, monks, nuns, bells, church-towers, masses, vigils, surplices, copes, tonsures, rules, statutes, and the whole of this vermin, this buzzing swarm of the papal reign. The whole will have disappeared like smoke."

Page 38, col. 2. "*Thomas Münzer, the leader of the Thuringian peasants.*"—Münzer laid down certain stages in the christian's state. First, purification (*Entgrobung*), or the state of renouncing the grosser sins; as gluttony, drunkenness, debauchery. Second, the studious state, or that in which the mind dwells on another life and labours to improve. Third, contemplation ; that is, meditations on sin and on grace. Fourth, weariness; that is, the state in which fear of the law makes us hate ourselves and inspires us with regret at our sins. Fifth, suspension of grace; that is, either profound dejection, profound incredulity, and despair like that of Judas, or, on the contrary, the throwing ourself through faith on God, and leaving all to his disposal. . . . "He once wrote to me and Melanchthon, 'I like you of Wittemberg attacking the pope; but your prostitutions, which you call marriages, like me not.'" He taught that a man ought not to sleep with his wife except assured beforehand, by a divine revelation, that their offspring would be holy; that else it was adultery.—(Tischred. p. 292, 293.)

Münzer professed to have received his doctrine by divine revelations, and to teach nothing but what was directly communicated by God. He had been expelled from Prague, and many other towns, when he took up his final residence at Alstet in Saxony, where he declaimed against the pope, and, what was more dangerous still, against Luther himself.

Scripture, said Münzer, promises that God will grant to him who asketh. Now, he cannot refuse a sign to him who seeks a true knowledge of his will. . . . He said that God manifested his will by dreams.—(Gnodalius, ap. Rer. Germ. Scr. ii. p. 151; History of Münzer, by Melanchthon, Luth. Werke, t. ii. p. 405.)

Page 39, col. 2. "*One cannot but be surprised at the severity with which Luther speaks of their defeat.*" —"The reason of my writing so violently against the peasants is my horror at seeing them forcing the timid into their ranks, and so dragging innocent sufferers under God's visitation. . . ."

To John Rühel, his brother-in-law:—"It is piteous to see the vengeance which has overtaken these poor people. But what was to be done ? It is God's will to strike terror into them; otherwise, Satan would be doing worse than the princes are now doing. The lesser evil must be preferred to the greater. . . ." (May 23rd, 1525.)

Page 40, col. 2. "*The violence with which princes and bishops.*"—"Good princes and lords, you are in too great a hurry to see me die, me, who am only a poor man; with my death you feel assured of victory. But if you had ears to hear, I would tell you strange things; and one is, that if Luther died, not a man of you would be sure of his life and dominions. . . . Go on merrily, kill, burn ; but, with God's grace, I yield not an inch. I pray you, however, when you have killed me, not to call me to life in order to kill me again. . . . I have not to do, I see, with rational beings. All the wild beasts

of Germany are let loose upon me, like wolves or boars, to tear me in pieces. . . . I write to warn you, but to no purpose. God has struck you with blindness." (Cochlæus, p. 87.)

Page 41, col. 1. "*Bucer . . . . concealed his opinions for some time from Luther.*"—On the 14th of October, 1539, he wrote to Bucer, "Give my respectful regards to J. Sturm and J. Calvin, whose books I have perused with singular gratification."

Page 41, col. 1. "*Zwingle and Œcolampadius.*"—"Œcolampadius and Zwingle said, 'We leave Luther in peace, because he is the first through whom God has vouchsafed us his Gospel; but after the death of Luther we will push our own opinions!' They knew not that they would die before Luther." (Tischred. p. 283.)

"At first, Œcolampadius was a fine-hearted being; but he subsequently became sour and embittered. Zwingle, too, was at first full of vivacity and agreeability; and he, too, turned morose and melancholy." (Ibid.)

"After hearing Zwingle at the conference of Marburg, I considered that he was an excellent man, and Œcolampadius as well. . . . I have been much annoyed at seeing you publish Zwingle's book to the *most Christian king,* with a host of favourable testimonies prefixed to it, although you were aware that it contained matter offensive to myself and to all pious persons. Not that I envy the honours paid to Zwingle, at whose death I grieved; but no consideration whatever should tempt any one to do aught prejudicial to purity of doctrine." (May 14th, 1538.)

Page 41, col. 1. "*I know enough, and more than enough of Bucer's iniquity.*" "Master Bucer formerly thought himself exceedingly learned. He never was; for he publishes that all people have but one and the same religion, and are so saved. This is madness with a vengeance." (Tischreden, p. 184.)

"Dr. Luther was shown a large book, written by one William Postel, a Frenchman, on *Unity in the World,* where he laboured to prove the articles of faith from reason and nature, in the view of converting the Turks and Jews, and bringing all men to one same belief. The doctor observes, 'We have had similar works on natural theology; and this writer proves the proverb—The French are lack-brains. We shall have visionaries arising who will undertake to reconcile all kinds of idolatry with a show of faith, and so extenuate idolatry.'" (Ibid. 68, verso.)

Bucer made many attempts to be on good terms again with Luther. The latter writes (A.D. 1532), "As far as I am personally concerned, I could easily forbear you; but there are crowds of men here (as you may have seen at Smalkalde) ready to rebel against my authority. I can in no wise allow you to pretend that you have not erred, or to say that we have mistaken each other. The best plan for you is to acknowledge the whole frankly, or to keep your peace, and teach henceforward sound doctrine only. There are some among us, as Amsdorf, Osiander, and others, who cannot away with your subterfuges."

After the revolt of the Anabaptists (A.D. 1535), fresh attempts were made to unite the reformed churches of Switzerland, Alsace, and Saxony under one common confession of faith. Luther writes to Capito (Kœpstein), Bucer's friend, and minister at Strasburg, "My Catherine thanks you for the gold ring you sent her;" then, after mentioning that it had been either lost or stolen, he says, "The poor woman is greatly distressed, because I had told her the present was a happy gage of the future concord of your church and ours." (July 9th, 1537.)

Page 42, col. 1. "*This forbearance could not last. The publication De Libero Arbitrio*" (Of the Freedom of the Will).—"You say less, but you grant more to freedom of the will than any one else; for you do not define free-will, and yet grant it every thing. I would prefer receiving the doctrine of the sophists and of their master, Peter Lombard; who tell us that free-will is no more than the faculty of distinguishing and choosing between good and evil, according as we are directed by grace or not. Peter Lombard believes with Augustin, that if free-will have nothing to direct it, it can only lead man to sin. So Augustin, in his second book against Julian, calls it the *slave will,* rather than *free will.*" (De Servo Arbitrio, p. 477, verso.)

Page 42, col. 1, the last line but one. "*There is no longer God, nor Christ, nor Gospel.*"—"If God has foreknowledge; if Satan is the prince of this world; if original sin has lost us; if the Jews, seeking righteousness, have fallen into unrighteousness; whilst the Gentiles, seeking unrighteousness, have found righteousness (freely offered unto them); if Christ has redeemed us by his blood; there can be no free-will for men or for angels. Either Christ is superfluous; or we must admit that he has only redeemed the vilest part of man." (De Servo Arbitrio, p. 525, vero.)

Page 42, col. 2. "*The more Luther struggles.*"—Pushed hard by contradictions, Luther is reduced to maintain the following propositions:—"Grace is gratuitously given to the most unworthy and least deserving; it is not to be obtained by study, work, by any efforts, great or little; it is not even granted to the ardent zeal of the best and most virtuous of men, whose sole pursuit is righteousness." (De Servo Arbitrio, p. 520.)

Page 42, col. 2. "*And, to his latest day, the name of him.*"—"What you tell me of Erasmus's foaming against me, I can see in his letters. . . . . He is a most trifling man, who laughs at all religions like his Lucian, and only writes seriously when he wishes to retort and annoy." (May 28th, 1529.)

"Erasmus shows a spirit worthy of himself by thus persecuting the name of Lutheran, which constitutes his safety. Why is he not off to his Hollanders, his Frenchmen, his Italians, his Englishmen, &c.? . . . He seeks by these flatterers to secure himself an asylum; but he will find none, and, betwixt two stools, will come to the ground. Had the Lutherans hated him as his own countrymen do, he would live at Bâle at the risk of his life. But let Christ judge this atheist, this Epicurus." (March 7th, 1529.)

Page 43, col. 1. "*If I fight with dirt, &c.*"—The original epigram is as follows:—

"Hoc scio pro certo, quod, si cum stercore certo,
Vinco vel vincor, semper ego maculor."

Page 43, col. 2. "*I have chosen to practise what I preached.*"—Luther, in preaching the marriage of priests, thought only of putting an end to the shameful lie they daily gave to their monastic vows. It never occurred to him at this time that a married priest would be led to prefer his family according to the flesh, to that entrusted to him by God and the Church. Yet he himself could not always withdraw himself from the selfish feelings of a father; and expressions sometimes escaped him, lamentably at variance with charity and devotion, as they are understood and frequently practised by Catholic priests.

"It is quite sufficient," he says in one of his charges to a pastor, "if the people communicate three or four times in the year, and that publicly. To administer the communion in private would become too heavy a burthen on ministers, especially in seasons of pestilence. Besides, the Church ought not to be rendered in this manner, as regards her sacraments, the slave of individuals, above all, of those who despise her, yet would, nevertheless, have the Church in all cases ever ready to administer to them, although they do nothing for the Church." (November 26th, 1539.)

He himself, however, acted upon very different maxims; displaying on serious emergencies all the heroism of charity.

"I have turned my house into a hospital, as all others were frightened. I have received the pastor into my house (his wife has just fallen a victim) and all his family." (November 4th, 1527.)

Doctor Luther, speaking of the death of Dr. Sébald and his wife, whom he had visited in their sickness and touched, said, "They died of sorrow and distress more than of the plague." He took their children into his house, and being told that he was tempting God's providence; "Ah!" said he, "mine has been a good schooling, which has taught me to tempt God in this way."

The plague being in two houses, they wanted to sequester a deacon who had entered them; Luther would not allow it, both from trust in God, and unwillingness to create alarm. (December, 1538. Tischreden, p. 356.)

Page 44, col. 1. "*Pre occupied with household cares.*"—"We have excellent wine from the prince's cellar, and we should become perfect evangelists, if the Gospel fattened us equally." (March 8th, 1523.

Luther usually concludes his letters, at this period, with such words as these: *Mea costa, Dominus meus, imperatrix mea Ketha, te salutat.* My dear rib, my master, my empress Ketha salutes thee.

"My lord Ketha was at her new kingdom at Zielsdorf (a small property belonging to Luther) when thy letters arrived."

He writes to Spalatin: "My Eve wishes for thy prayers to God to preserve to her her two infants, and to help her happily to conceive and become the mother of a third." (May 15th, 1528.)

Luther had three sons, John, Martin, Paul; and three daughters, Elizabeth, Madeleine, and Margaret; the two first daughters died young, one at the age of eight months, the other at thirteen years of age; on the tomb of the first, is written, *Hic dormit Elisabetha, filiola Lutheri.* The male line of Luther became extinct in 1759. (Ukert, i. p. 92.)

There is, in the church of Kieritzsch (a Saxon village), a likeness of Luther's wife, in plaster, bearing the following inscription: *Catarina Luther, gebohren von Bohrau,* 1540. This likeness had belonged to Luther. (Ukert, i. 364.)

Page 43, col. 2. "*Marks the end of this period of atony.*" He was exceedingly wrath with too vehement preachers. If N * * * cannot be more moderate, he writes to Hausmann, I shall get the prince to eject him.

"I have already begged you," he writes to this same preacher, "to preach more peaceably the word of God, abstaining from all personalities, and from whatever gives annoyance to the people without adequate results. . . At the same time, you are too lukewarm about the sacrament, and are too long without communicating." (February 10th, 1528.)

"We have a preacher from Kœnigsberg, who wants to introduce I know not how many regulations, touching bells, wax-tapers, and other things of the like sort. . . . It is not needful to preach so often. I hear that they give three sermons every Sunday, at Kœnigsberg. Where is the use of that? two are quite enough; and for the whole week, two or three. Daily preaching takes one into the pulpit without sufficient meditation, and we preach whatever comes uppermost, whether to the purpose or beside it. For God's sake, moderate the temper and the zeal of our preachers. This Kœnigsberg preacher is too vehement, and tragedises, and glooms and discourses about trifles." (July 16th, 1528.)

"Did I want to grow rich, I would give up preaching, and turn mountebank. I should find more ready to pay for seeing me, than I have hearers gratis now." (Tischred. p. 186.)

Page 43, col. 2. "*So let us honour marriage.*"—As early as the 25th of May 1524, he wrote to Capiton and Bucer: "I rejoice in the marriages you are contracting between the priests, monks, and nuns; I love this array of husbands against the bishops of Satan, and approve the choice you have made for the different parishes; in fact, there is nothing that you tell me but gives me the liveliest satisfaction: go on and prosper. . . . I will say yet more, we have of late years made concessions enough to the weak. Besides, since they harden themselves daily, we must speak and act with all freedom. . . . I am thinking myself of giving up the cowl, which I have worn so long for the support of the weak, and in mockery of the pope." (May 25th, 1524.)

Page 43, col. 2. "*I have not liked to refuse giving my father the hope of posterity.*"—"The affair of the peasants has emboldened the papists, and much injured the cause of the gospel; and so we christians must now lift up the head higher. It is to this end, and that it may not be said we preach the gospel without practising it, that I am going to marry a nun; my enemies were triumphing; they cried, Io! Io! I have wished to prove to them that I am not disposed to beat a retreat, though something old and infirm. And perhaps I may do yet something else, at least I hope so, to damp their joy and to strengthen my own words." (August 16th, 1525.)

Hardly was Luther married before his enemies spread the report that his wife was about to be

confined. Erasmus caught at the report with great eagerness, and hastened to spread it among all his correspondents, but he was compelled, at a subsequent period, to eat his words. (Ukert, i. 189—192.)

Eck and others attacked him with numerous satires on the occasion of his marriage, to which he replied in various pieces which were collected under the title of *the Fable of the Lion and the Ass.*

Page 44. col. 1, near the end. "*We are daily plunging deeper into debt.*"—In 1527, he was obliged to pledge three of his goblets for fifty florins, and at last sold one for twelve florins. His ordinary income never exceeded two hundred Misnia florins a year. . . . The publishers made him an offer of four hundred florins yearly, but he could not resolve on accepting it. In spite of his straitened means, his liberality was profuse; he gave to the poor the presents made to his children at their baptism. A poor scholar once asking him for a little money, he begged his wife to give him some; but, she replying that there was none in the house, Luther then took up a silver vase, and putting it into his hands desired him to go and sell it to some goldsmith for his own use. (Ukert, ii. p. 7.)

"Doctor Pomer brought Luther one day a hundred florins of which some nobleman had just made him a present, but he would not accept them; he instantly gave half of it to Philip, and wished Dr. Pomer to take back the rest, but he would not. (Tischr., p. 59.) "I have never asked a single farthing of my gracious lord." (Tischr., p. 53—60.)

Page 44. col. 2. "*asking them nothing for all my labour.*"—"A lawful gain has God's blessing, as when one gains one farthing out of twenty, but a dishonest profit will be accursed. Thus it shall be with the printer of * * * who gains one farthing out of every two . . . on the books he has had to print for me. The printer, John Grunenberger, said to me conscientiously, 'Sir doctor, this brings me in too much; I cannot supply copies enough.' This was a man fearing God, and he has been blessed." (Tischr. p. 62, verso.)

"You know, my dear Amsdorf, that I alone cannot supply all the presses, and yet they all come to me for this food; there are here nearly six hundred printers." (April 11th, 1525.)

Page 46, col. 2. "*Wherefore should I be provoked with the papists?*" It seems, however, that they attempted to make away with him by poison. (See letters written by him in Jan. and Feb., 1525; Cochlæus, p. 25; Tischreden, p. 416, and p. 274, verso.)

Page 47, col 1. "*A clandestine but most dangerous persecution.*"—"To the christians of Holland, of Brabant, and of Flanders (on the occasion of the torture of two Austin friars, who were burnt to death at Brussels).

"Oh! how shocking a death have these two poor men suffered. But what glory are they now enjoying in God's presence! It is a small thing to be despised and killed by this world, when we know that, as the Psalmist says (cxvi. 15.), '*Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of his saints.*' And what is the world compared to God? . . . What joy, what delight must the angels have felt when they welcomed these two souls! God be praised and blessed to all eternity, who has permitted us, even us, to hear and to see true saints and real martyrs. We, who have aforetime honoured so many false saints!" (July, 1523.)

"The noble lady Argula von Staufen, passes her life in continual suffering and peril. She is filled with the spirit, the word, and the knowledge of Christ. She has attacked the academy of Ingolstad with her writings, because of their forcing a young man, named Arsacius, into a shameful revocation of his faith. Her husband, who is himself a tyrant, and who has just lost a post through her, is at a loss what to do. . . . As for her, though surrounded by so many dangers, she maintains a firm faith, athough, when writing to me, she confesses her courage is sometimes shaken. She is a precious instrument in the hands of Christ. I mention her to you, that you may see how God can confound by this *weak vessel* the mighty of this world, and those who glorify themselves in their wisdom." (A.D. 1524.)

Luther's translation of the Bible inspired a general itch of disputation. Even women challenged theologians, and averred that all the doctors were in darkness. Some of them were for mounting the pulpits, and teaching in the churches. Had not Luther declared that by baptism we are all teachers, preachers, bishops, popes, &c.? (Cochlæus, p. 51.)

Page 47, col. 1. "*and suffered to die of hunger.*"—One day, when some observations were made at Luther's table, on the little generosity shown to preachers, he said, "The world is incapable of giving anything with hearty will; it requires to be dealt with by clamour and importunity; and such impudence is brother Matthew's, who, by dint of begging, got the elector to promise that he would buy him a fur robe; but, as the prince's treasurer took no notice of it, brother Matthew called out in the middle of his sermon, as he was preaching before the elector, 'Where is my fur robe?' The order was repeated to the treasurer, but he again forgot it; so the preacher again referred to the gown in the elector's presence, saying this time, 'Alas! I have not yet seen my fur robe: where is it?' And upon this he finally obtained the promised boon." (Tischreden, p. 189, verso.)

Nevertheless, Luther constantly complains of the miserable state of the ministers generally. "Their salaries," he says, "are often grudged them; and those who formerly would squander millions of florins on a set of rogues and impostors, are unwilling in these days to spare one hundred to a preacher." (March 1st, 1531.)

"There is now established here (at Wittemberg) a consistorial court for questions relating to marriage, and to oblige the peasants to better discipline in regard to the payments of their pastors; a regulation which, perhaps, would be of equal benefit if observed towards some of the nobility and the magistracy." (January 12th, 1541.)

Page 47, col. 1. "*There is nothing certain with regard to the apparitions.*"—"Joachim writes me word, that a child has been born at Bamberg with a lion's head! but that it died almost instantly; and that there had also appeared the sign of the cross over the city; but the priests have taken care that these things should not be noised abroad." (January 22nd, 1525.) "Princes die in great numbers this year, which perhaps may ac-

count for this number of signs." (September 6th, 1525.)

Page 47, col. 1. "*when the Turks encamped.*"—Luther's first idea seemed to have been that the Turks were a succour sent him from God. "They are," says he, "the instruments of divine vengeance." A.D. 1526. (*Prœliari adversus Turcas est repugnare Deo visitanti iniquitates nostras per illos.*) He did not wish the Protestants to arm themselves against them in defence of Papists; for "these (he said) are no better than the Turks."

He says, in a preface which he prefixed to a book of doctor Jonas's, that the Turks equal the Papists, or rather surpass them, in those very things which the latter think so essential to salvation; such as alms-giving, fasts, macerations, pilgrimages, the monastic life, ceremonials, and all other external works; and that it is for this reason that the Papists are reserved touching the worship of the Mahomedans. He takes occasion from this to laud and elevate over these Mahomedan and Romanist practices, "that pure religion of the soul and spirit taught by the Holy Gospel."

Elsewhere he draws a parallel between the Turk and the pope, concluding thus: "If we must needs oppose the Turk, so must we in like manner oppose the pope." Nevertheless, when he found the Turks seriously menacing the independence and peace of Germany, he repeatedly recommended the maintenance of a permanent army upon the frontiers of Turkey, and often repeated that all who bore the name of Christians ought to be fervent in prayer to God for the success of the emperor's arms against the infidels.

Luther exhorted the elector, in a letter of the 29th of May, 1538, to take part in the war that was preparing against the Turks; and begged of him to forget the intestine quarrels of Germany, in order to turn all his forces against the common enemy.

A former ambassador in Turkey told Luther, one day, that the sultan had asked him, "Who is this Luther? and what is his age?" And that when he learnt he was forty-eight, he said, "I wish he was not so old; tell him, that in me he has a gracious lord." "May God preserve me from all such gracious lords!" said Luther, crossing himself. (Tischreden, p. 432, verso.)

Page 48, col. 1. "*the landgrave.... believing himself to be menaced.*"—Luther, in a letter to chancellor Brück, speaking of the landgrave's preparations for war, says, "A similar aggression on our part would be a great reproach to the Gospel. It would not be a revolt of the peasants, but a revolt of princes, which would bring the most fearful evils on Germany. It is what Satan desires above all things." (May, 1528.)

Page 48, col. 1. "*duke George of Saxony.*"—"Pray with me, that it may please the God of mercy to convert duke George to his Gospel, or that, if he be not worthy of it, he may be taken cut of the world." (March 27th, 1526.)

Luther writes to the elector, on the subject of his quarrels with duke George. (December 31st, 1528.) ...."I pray your grace to abandon me entirely to the decision of the judges, supposing that duke George should insist upon it; for it becomes my duty to expose my own life, rather than that your grace should incur the least detriment. Jesus Christ will, I feel sure, arm me with sufficient strength to resist Satan, singly."

Page 48, col. 1. "*this Moab, who exalts his pride.*"—Duke George was, after all, a good-tempered persecutor enough. Having expelled eighty-four Lutherans from Leipsic, he allowed them permission to retain their houses, to leave there their wives and children, and to visit them at the time of the yearly fair. In another instance, Luther having advised the Protestants of Leipsic to resist the orders of their duke, he (the duke) contented himself with praying the elector of Saxony to interdict all communication between Luther and his subjects. (Cochlæus, p. 230.)

Page 48, col. 2. "*the party of the Reformation broke out.*"—Luther still tried to restrain his favourers. On the 22nd of May, 1529, he wrote to the elector to dissuade him from entering into any league against the emperor, and to exhort him to put himself entirely in the hands of God.

Page 49, col. 2. "*the elector brought him as near as possible to Augsburg.*"—He left Torgau the 3rd of April, and arrived at Augsburg the 2nd of May. His suite was composed of one hundred and sixty horsemen. The theologians who accompanied him were Luther, Melanchthon, Jonas, Agricola, Spalatin, and Osiander. Luther, excommunicated and proscribed the empire, remained at Coburg.—(Ukert, t. i. p. 232.)

Page 50, col. 1. "*all the comfort he got was rough rebuke.*"—Sometimes, however, he sympathised with him in his trials:—"You have confessed Christ, made peace-offerings, obeyed Cæsar, suffered injuries, endured blasphemies; you have never rendered evil for evil; in fact, you have been a worthy labourer in the Lord's vineyard, as becometh the godly. Rejoice, then, and be comforted in the Saviour. Man of long-suffering, look up, and raise your drooping head, for your redemption draweth nigh. I will canonize you as a faithful member of Christ; what more of glory would you seek?"—(September 15th, 1530.)

Page 50, col. 2, last line but four. "*The Protestant profession of faith.*"—"At the diet of Augsburg, duke William of Bavaria, who was strongly opposed to the reformers, having said to Dr. Eck, 'Cannot we refute these opinions by the Holy Scriptures?' 'No,' said he, 'but by the Fathers.' The bishop of Mentz then said, 'Mark! how famously our theologians defend us! The Lutherans show us their belief in Scripture, and we ours out of Scripture.' The same bishop then added, 'The Lutherans have one article which we cannot confute, whatever may be the case with the rest,—the one on marriage.'"—(Tischred. p. 99.)

Page 51, col. 1. "*If the emperor chooses to publish an edict.*"—Luther, conscious of his power, says, "If I were killed by the Papists, my death would protect those I leave behind; and these wild beasts would perhaps be more cruelly punished for it than even I could wish. For there is One who will say some day, *Where is thy brother Abel?* And He shall mark them on the forehead, and they shall be wanderers on the face of the earth. . . . Our race is now under the protection of our Lord God, who has written, 'I will show mercy unto thousands in them that love me and keep my com-

mandments.' And I believe in these words!" (June 30th, 1530.)

"If I were to be killed in any disturbance of the Papists, I should bear off with me such numbers of bishops, priests, and monks, that all would say, 'Dr. Martin Luther is followed to the tomb by a grand procession indeed. He must have been a great doctor, learned and good, beyond all bishops, priests, and monks; therefore they must all be at his interment, and, like him, on their backs.' So we should take our last journey together." (A.D. 1531. Cochlæus, p. 211. Extract from the book of Luther, entitled, "Advice to the Germans.")

The Catholics, he was told, reproached him with many false interpretations in his translation of the Scriptures; he replied, "They have much too long ears! and their *hi-hau! hi-hau!* is too weak to be able to judge of a translation from Latin into German. . . . Tell them that it is Dr. Martin Luther's pleasure that an ass and a Papist should be one and the same thing."

"Sic volo, sic jubeo, sit pro ratione voluntas."

—(Passage cited by Cochlæus, 201, verso.)

Page 51, col. 1. "*Let them restore to us Leonard Keiser.*"—"Not only the title of king, but also that of emperor is due to him, since he has conquered him who has no equal upon earth. He is not a priest only,—but a sovereign pontiff, and a true pope, who has just offered up his own body as a sacrifice unto God. With good reason was he called *Leonhard*,—that is to say, 'the strength of a lion.' He was a lion for force and intrepidity." (October 22nd, 1527.)

"If we were to believe Cochlæus, Luther was a persecutor in his turn. In 1532, a Lutheran having recanted, Luther had him taken up and carried to Wittemberg, where he was imprisoned, and a process commenced against him. The charge against him being insufficient, he was released, but was ever after persecuted in an underhand way by the Lutherans." (Cochlæus, p. 218.)

Page 51, col. 2. "*They entered a protest . . . prepared for war.*"—Nevertheless, the issue of the struggle was so much feared on all hands, that, contrary to all expectation, peace was preserved. (June, 1531.)

The fear of a fresh rising of the peasants, greatly contributed to keep the princes in their pacific intentions. (July 19th, 1530.)

Page 51, col. 2. "*Luther was accused of having instigated the Protestants.*"—So far from it, he had ever since 1529 dissuaded the elector from entering into any league whatever against the emperor. . . . "We cannot approve of any such alliance. Should any evil result from it, say open war, all would fall upon our conscience; and we would prefer death a hundred times to the reproach of having shed blood for the Gospel's sake." (November 18th, 1529.)

Page 51, col. 2. "*I have not advised resistance to the emperor.*"—In the Book of the Table Talk (p. 397, verso), Luther speaks more explicitly. "There will be no fighting for religion's sake. The emperor has taken the bishoprics of Utrecht and of Liege, and has offered to allow the duke of Brunswick to seize that of Hildesheim. He hungers and thirsts for ecclesiastical property; he absolutely devours it. Our princes will not suffer this; they will want to eat with him; on this they will come to buffets." (A.D. 1530.)

"I have often been asked by my gracious master, what I should do were a highwayman or murderer to attack me? I should resist, out of loyalty to the prince whose subject and servant I am. I might slay the thief, even with the sword, and still afterwards receive the sacrament. But if it were for the word of God, and as a preacher, that I was attacked, I ought to suffer, and leave vengeance to God. I do not take a sword with me into the pulpit, only on the road. The Anabaptists are knaves in despair; they carry no arms, and boast of their patience." (1539.) Luther answers, on the question of right of resistance, "That according to public law, the law of nature and reason, resistance to unjust authority is permissible: there is no difficulty but upon the ground of religion."

"The question would not have been difficult to resolve in the time of the apostles, for then all the authorities were pagans, not Christians. But now that all the princes are Christians, or pretend to be such, it is difficult to decide; for a prince and a Christian are near of kin. Whether a Christian may resist the powers that be, is a question pregnant with matter. . . . In fine, it is from the pope I wrest the sword, not from the emperor."

He thus sums up himself the arguments he might have addressed to the Germans, if he had exhorted them to resistance.

"1. The emperor has neither the right nor the power to give such orders; certain it is, if he does so order, we ought not to obey him.

"2. It is not I who excite disturbance; I prevent it, I am opposed to it. Let them consider whether they are not the beginners, who command that which is contrary to God.

"3. Do not make a jest of the matter: if you will make the fool drunk (*narren Luprian*) take care that he does not spit in your face; besides he is thirsty enough, and only desires to drink his fill.

"4. Well, then, you will fight? bend your heads then for a blessing: success attend you! may God give you the victory! I, doctor Martin Luther, your apostle, I have spoken, I have warned you as was my duty." . . .

"To kill tyrants is a thing not permitted to any man who is not in some public capacity; for the fifth commandment says: 'Thou shalt not kill.' But if I surprise a man with my wife or my daughter, although he be not a tyrant, I am justified in killing him. So, if he were to take by force such a man's wife, another man's daughter, or another's goods and estates, his citizens and subjects, sick of his violence and tyranny, might assemble and slay him as they would any other murderer or highway robber." (Tischreden, p. 397, verso, sqq.)

"The good and truly noble lord, Gaspard von Kokritz, has desired me, my dear John, to write to thee my opinion, in the event of Cæsar's making war on our princes on account of the Gospel, whether it be lawful for us to resist and defend ourselves. I had already written my opinion on this subject in the lifetime of duke John. It is now a little late to ask my advice, since the princes have decided that they may and will both resist and defend themselves, and that they will not abide by what I shall say. . . . Do not strengthen the arms of the ungodly against our princes; leave all to the wrath and

judgment of God, which they have, up to this day, sought with fury, with laughter and riotous joy. Nevertheless moderate our side, by the example of the Maccabees who would not follow those that fought against Antiochus, but, in their simplicity of heart, chose death rather." (8th February, 1539.)

In his book *De Seculari Potestate*, dedicated to the duke of Saxony, he says: "In Misnia, in Bavaria, and other places, the tyrants have issued an edict, commanding all to deliver up the New Testament to the magistrates. If their subjects obey this edict, it is not a book which at the peril of their souls they deliver up; it is Christ himself whom they give into the hands of Herod. However, if they are taken away by violence, it must be endured. Princes are of this world, and this world is the enemy of God."

"We must not obey Cæsar if he makes war against our party. The Turk does not attack his Alcoran, neither must the emperor attack his Gospel." (Cochlæus, p. 210.)

Page 51, col. 2. "*My opinion, as a theologian, is* . . ."—The elector had asked Luther if he might resist the emperor sword in hand. Luther replied in the negative, only adding: "If, however, the emperor, not content with being the master of the states of princes, should go so far as to require of them to persecute, put to death, or banish their subjects on account of the Gospel, the princes, knowing that this would be acting in opposition to the will of God, ought to refuse obedience; otherwise, they would be doing violence to their faith, and rendering themselves the accomplices of crime. It is sufficient for them to suffer the emperor to take the matter into his own hands,—he will have to answer for it,—and to refrain from supporting their subjects against him." (March 6th, 1530.)

Page 52, col. 1. "*I care not about being accused of violence.*"—The elector had reprimanded Luther on account of two of his writings (*Warning to his beloved Germans*, and, *Glosses on the pretended Imperial Edict*), which he thought too violent. Luther replied to him (April 16th, 1531), "It was impossible for me to keep silence any longer in this affair, which concerns me more than any one else. If I were silent under such a public condemnation of my doctrine, would it not be equivalent to abandoning, to denying it? Rather than this, I would brave the anger of all the devils, and of the whole world, not to mention that of the imperial councillors."

Page 52, col. 2. "*Anabaptism was in the ascendant.*"—The Anabaptists had been for a long time spreading in Germany. "We have here a new kind of prophets, come from Antwerp, who pretend that the Holy Ghost is nothing more than the mind and natural reason." (March 27th, 1525.)

"There is nothing new, save that they say the Anabaptists are increasing and spreading in every direction." (December 28th, 1527.)

He writes to Link (May 12th, 1528): "Thou hast, I think, seen my *Antischwermerum* and my dissertation on the bigamy of the bishops. The courage of these Anabaptists, when they die, is like that of the Donatists, of whom Saint Augustin speaks, or the fury of the Jews in wasted Jerusalem. Holy martyrs, such as our Leonard Keiser, die in fear and humility, praying for their executioners. The obstinacy of these people, on the contrary, when they are borne to execution, seems to increase with the indignation of their enemies."

Page 56, col. 1. "*were executed in the same horrible manner.*"—Extract from an old book of hymns used by the Anabaptists. "The words of Algerius are miracles. 'Here,' he says, 'others groan and weep, but I am full of joy. In my prison the army of heaven appears to me; thousands of martyrs are with me daily. In all the joy, all the delight, all the ecstacy of grace, I am shown my Lord upon his throne.'

"But thy country, thy friends, thy relatives, thy profession, canst thou voluntarily abandon them? He answered those sent to him: 'No man can banish me from my country; my country lies at the foot of the celestial throne; there, my enemies shall be my friends, and shall join in the same song.'

"'Nor doctors, nor artists, nor workmen, can succeed here; he that has not strength from on high, has no strength.' The angry judges threatened him with the flames. 'In the might of the flames,' said Algerius, 'you shall acknowledge mine.'" (Wunderhorn, t. i.)

Page 56. Additions to Chapter 2. Book III.

The following extracts from Ruchart (History of the Reformation in Switzerland) will serve to show the singular enthusiasm of the Anabaptists:—"In the year 1529, nine Anabaptists were apprehended and thrown into prison at Bâle. They were brought before the senate, which summoned the ministers to confer with them. Œcolampadius first briefly explained to them the Apostles' Creed and St. Athanasius's Creed, and showed them that the belief therein expounded was the true and indisputable Christian faith (doctrine) which Jesus Christ and his apostles had preached. Then the burgomaster, Adelbert Meyer, told the Anabaptists that they had just heard a sound exposition of the Christian faith, and that, since they complained of the ministers, they ought to speak out frankly and freely, and boldly explain in what they felt aggrieved! But no one answered a word, and they stood looking at each other. Then the clerk of the chamber said to one of them, who was by trade a turner, 'How comes it that you do not speak now, after having prated so much elsewhere, in the streets, in the shops, and in prison?' As they still remained silent, Mark Hedelin, the head tribesman, addressed their leader, asking, 'What answer, my brother, dost thou make to this proposition?' The Anabaptist replied, 'I do not recognize you as my brother.' 'Why?' said this nobleman to him. 'Because you are not a Christian. Repent first, reform, and quit the magistracy.' 'In what, then, do you think I sin so heavily?' said Hedelin. 'You know well enough,' replied the Anabaptist.

"The burgomaster then took up the word, exhorted him to reply in a modest and becoming manner, and earnestly pressed him to speak to the question proposed. On this he replied, 'That no Christian could belong to a worldly magistracy, because he who fights with the sword will perish with the sword; that the baptism of children proceedeth from the devil, and is an invention of the pope's; adults ought to be baptized, and not infants, according to Jesus Christ's commands.'

"Œcolampadius undertook to refute him with all possible gentleness, and to show him that the passages which he had quoted bore a very different interpretation, as all the ancient doctors testified. 'My dear friends,' he said, 'you do not understand Holy Scripture, and you handle it in a rude and insufficient manner.' And as he was proceeding to show them the sense of these passages, one of them, a miller by trade, interrupted him, accusing him of being a tempter, and an empty talker, saying, that his arguments had nothing to do with the subject; that they had in their hands God's pure and very word, that they would not forsake it their life long, and that the Holy Ghost spoke at the present day through it. At the same time, he apologized for his want of eloquence, saying, that he had not studied, that he had not belonged to any university, and that from his youth he had hated human wisdom, which is full of deceit; and that he was well aware of the tricks of the scribes who were for ever seeking to throw dust in the eyes of the simple. Whereupon, he began crying and weeping, saying, that after he had heard the word of God, he had forsaken his irregular course of life; and that now that, through baptism, he had received pardon for his sins, he was persecuted of all, whereas, whilst he was sunk in vice of every kind, no one had rebuked or imprisoned him, as was now the case. He had been confined in the gaol, like a murderer; what was his crime? &c. The conference having lasted to the hour of dinner, the senate broke up.

"The senate meeting again after dinner, the ministers began to question the Anabaptists on the subject of the magistracy; and when one of them had given very fair and satisfactory answers, the rest evidenced their discontent, declaring that he was a waverer, and interrupted him. 'Leave us to speak,' said they to him; 'we who understand Scripture better than thou, and can reply better touching these articles than thou, who art still a novice, and incapable of defending our doctrine against foxes.' Then the turner, beginning an argument, maintained that St. Paul (Rom. xiii.), when speaking of the superior powers, does not refer to the magistracy, but to the higher ecclesiastical authorities. This Œcolampadius denied, and asked in what part of the Bible he found it. The other said, 'Turn over the leaves of your Old and New Testament, and you will find that you are entitled to a salary. You are better off than I, who have to support myself with the labour of my hands, so as to be a burthen to no one.' This sally made the bystanders laugh. Œcolampadius remarked to them, 'Gentlemen, this is not a time for laughing; if I receive from the Church my means of support and existence, I can prove the reasonablenes of this from Scripture. Language of the sort is seditious. Pray rather for the glory of the Lord that God may soften their hardened hearts, and illuminate their hearts with his grace.'

"After several other arguments, as the time of breaking up the sitting approached, one of them, who had said nothing the whole day, began howling and weeping. 'The last day is at hand,' he shouted forth; 'reform; the axe is already laid to the tree; do not, then, calumniate our doctrine on baptism. I pray you, for the love of Jesus Christ, persecute not honest folk. Of a verity, the just Judge will soon come, and will cause all the ungodly to perish.'

"The burgomaster interrupted him, to tell him there was no need of all this outcry, but that he should confine himself to reasoning on the points in question. Nevertheless, he attempted to persevere in the same strain, but was prevented. At last, the burgomaster undertook to justify the conduct of the senate towards the Anabaptists, and stated that they had been arrested, not on account of the Gospel, or on account of their good conduct, but on account of their irregularities, their perjuries, and their sedition; that one of them had committed murder, another had preached that tithes were unlawful, a third had excited disturbances, &c.; that it was for these crimes they had been arrested, until it had been settled what course should be pursued with them, &c.

"Hereupon, one of them began crying out, 'Brothers, resist not the ungodly; though the enemy should be at your gate, shut it not. Let them approach; they cannot harm us without the will of our Father, since the hairs of our head are numbered. More than this, I say, you must not even resist a robber in a wood. Think you not that God watches over you?' They forced him to desist from this outcry." (*Ruchart, Réforme Suisse*, p. 498.)

Another disputation.—"The Zwinglian ministers spoke to them amicably and gently, proving to them that if they taught the truth, they were in the wrong to separate from the Church, and to preach in the woods and other solitary places. Then he briefly expounded to them the doctrine of the Church. One of the Anabaptists interrupted him with, 'We have received the Holy Ghost by baptism; we have no need of instruction!' One of the lords deputies then said, 'We are commissioned to tell you that the magistrates are pleased to allow you to depart without further punishment, provided you quit the country, and promise never to return, except you are minded to alter your way of life!' One of the Anabaptists exclaimed, 'What orders are these? The magistrates are not masters of the land, to order us to quit it, or go elsewhere. God has said, Dwell in the land. I choose to obey this commandment, and to remain in the country where I was born, where I was brought up, and no one has a right to hinder me!' He was now, however, taught the contrary." (*Idem*, t. iii. p. 102.)

"At Bâle, an Anabaptist named *Conrad in Gassen* used to utter strange blasphemies; for instance, 'That Jesus Christ was not our Redeemer, that he was not God, and that he was not born of a virgin!' He made no account of prayer, and when it was pointed out to him that Jesus Christ had prayed on the Mount of Olives, he answered with brutal insolence, 'Who heard him?' Being found to be incorrigible, he was condemned to be beheaded. This impious fanatic reminds me of another of our own day, who persuaded certain of our neighbours, some years age, that it behoved to use neither bread nor wine. And when it was objected to him one day at Geneva, that Christ's first miracle was changing water into wine, he answered, 'That Jesus Christ was still young at that time; and that it was a venial fault, which ought to be forgiven him.'" (*Idem*, t. iii. p. 104.)

The Reformation, born in Saxony, soon gained the banks of the Rhine, and proceeded up that stream to mingle, in Switzerland, with the rationalism of

the Vaudois; it even dared to cross into Catholic Italy. Melanchthon, who kept up a correspondence with Bembo and Sadolet, both secretaries to the apostolic chamber, was at first better known than Luther to the Italian literati; and the glory of the first attacks on Rome was attributed to him. But Luther's reputation spreading with the importance of his reformation, the Italians soon learned to consider him the head of the Protestant party; and it is, as such, that Altieri addressed him, in 1542, in the name of the Protestant churches of the north-east of Italy (the churches of Venice, Vicenza, and Trevisa). . . . "Engage the most serene princes of Germany to intercede for us with the Venetian senate to relax the violent measures instituted against the Lord's flock, at the suggestion of the papal ministers. . . . You know the addition made here to your churches, and how wide is the gate open to the Gospel. . . . Aid, then, the common cause." (Seckendorf, c. iii. p. 401.)

Charles the Fifth himself contributed to spread the name and doctrines of Luther in the Italian peninsula, by constantly pouring into it from Germany new bands of *landsknechts*, among whom were many Protestants. It is well known that George Von Frundsberg, the leader of the Constable de Bourbon's German troops, swore that he would strangle the pope with the gold chain that hung round his neck. . . .

Luther himself was solemnly proclaimed: "A number of German soldiers assembled one day in the streets of Rome, mounted on horses and mules. One of them, named Grundwald, of remarkable stature, dressed himself up like the pope, placed a triple crown on his head, and mounted on a mule richly caparisioned. Others tricked themselves out as cardinals, with mitres on their heads, and in either scarlet or white robes, according to the personages they represented. They then set out in procession, with drums and fifes, followed by an immense crowd, and with all the pomp customary in pontifical processions. Whenever they passed a cardinal's house, Grundwald gave his benediction to the people. He at last alighted from his mule; and the soldiers, setting him in a chair, bore him on their shoulders. On reaching the castle of St. Angelo he takes a large cup, and drinks to Clement's health, and his comrades follow his example. He then tenders the oath to his cardinals, adding that he binds them to do homage to the emperor, as their lawful and only sovereign, and makes them promise that they will no more trouble the peace of the empire by their intrigues, but that, following the commands of Scripture, and the example of Jesus Christ and the apostles, they will be submissive to the civil power. After an harangue, in which he recapitulated the wars, parricides, and sacrileges of the popes, the mock pontiff volunteers a solemn promise to transfer, in form of a will, his powers and authority to Martin Luther, who alone, he said, could abolish all abuses of the kind, and repair the bark of St. Peter, so that it should no longer be the sport of winds and waves. Then raising his voice, he exclaimed: 'Let all who think with me lift up their hands.' The whole of the soldiery at once lifted up their hands, with shouts of 'Long live Pope Luther!' All this took place before the eyes of Clement VII." (Macree, Ref. in Italy, p. 66, 67.)

Zwingle's works, being written in Latin, had a wider circulation in Italy than those of the reformers of the north of Germany, who did not always use the universal and learned language. No doubt this is one of the reasons for the peculiar bias taken by the reformation in Italy, particularly in the academy of Vicenza—where Socinianism had its birth. On February 14th, 1519, the chief magistrate of that city writes to him:—"Blaise Salmonius, bookseller of Leipsic, has sent me some of your treatises. . . . I have had them printed, and have sent six hundred copies to France and Spain. . . . My friends assure me that even in the Sorbonne there are those who read and approve of them. The learned of this country have long desired to see theology treated in an independent spirit. Calvi, bookseller of Pavia, has undertaken to distribute great part of the edition through Italy. He also promises to collect and send all the epigrams composed in your honour by the learned of this country. Such is the favour your courage and zeal have won for you and for the cause of Christ."

On September 19th, 1520, Burchard Schenk writes from Venice to Spalatin:—"Luther has long been known to us by reputation; we say here, he must beware of the pope! Two months since, ten of his books were brought here and at once sold. . . . May God keep him in the path of truth and charity!" (Seckendorf, p. 115.)

Some of Luther's works found their way to Rome, and even into the Vatican, under the safeguard of some pious personage, whose name was substituted on the title-page for that of the heretical author. In this manner, many cardinals, to their great mortification, were entrapped into loud encomiums on the commentary *Upon the Epistle to the Romans*, and the *Treatise on Justification* of a certain cardinal Fregoso, who was no other than Luther.

Page 56, col. 2. "*The momentary union of the Catholics and Protestants against the Anabaptists.*"—To rebut the reproaches of the Catholics, who attributed the revol of the Anabaptists to the Protestant preachers, the reformers of all sects made an effort at amalgamation. A conference took place at Wittemberg (A.D. 1536), to which Bucer, Capito, and others repaired in the month of May, to confer with the Saxon theologians. The conference lasted from the 22nd to the 25th; on which day the *Formula of Concord*, which had been drawn up by Melanchthon, was agreed to and signed. Both Luther and Bucer preached, and proclaimed the union which had just been concluded between the parties. (Ukert, i. p. 307.)

Page 58, col. 1, top of the page. "*Given at Wittemberg.*"—We find in the Table-talk (p. 320), "The secret marriage of princes and of great lords is a true marriage before God; it is not without analogy to the concubineship of the patriarchs." (This may serve to explain the exception in favour of the landgrave.)

Page 58, col. 2. "*Our wine is poisoned.*"—In 1541, a citizen of Wittemberg, named Clémann Schober, followed Luther, harquebuss in hand, with the evident intention of killing him; he was arrested and punished. (Ukert, i. p. 323.)

Page 59, col. 1. "*Let us . . . seat ourselves at*

his table."—Here he was always surrounded by his children and his friends Melanchthon, Jonas, Aurifaber, &c., who had supported him under his labours. A place at this table was an enviable privilege. "I would willingly," he writes to Gaspard Müller, "have received Kégel as one of my boarders, for many reasons; but, young Porse von Jena being about to return soon, my table will be full, and I cannot well dismiss my old and faithful companions. If, however, a place shall become vacant, which may occur after Easter, I will comply with your request with pleasure, unless *my lord* Catherine, which I cannot think, should refuse us her consent." (January 19th, 1536.) He often calls his wife, *Dominus Ketha.* He begins a letter thus, which he wrote on the 26th July, 1540: "To the rich and noble lady of Zeilsdorf *, Madam, the *doctoress* Catherine Luther, residing at Wittemberg, sometimes taking her pleasure at Zeilsdorf, my well-beloved spouse" . . .

Page 59, col. 1. "*father of a family.*"—*To Mark Cordel.*—"As we have agreed upon, my dear Mark, I send you my son John, that you may employ him in teaching children grammar and music, and, at the same time, that you may watch over him, and improve his manners. If your care succeeds with this one, you shall have, if I live, two others. I am in travail with theologians. I would also bring into the world grammarians and musicians." (August 26th, 1542.)

Doctor Jonas remarked, one day, that the curse of God on disobedient children was accomplished in the family of Luther, the young man of whom he spoke being always ill and a constant sufferer. Doctor Luther added, "It is the punishment of his disobedience. He almost killed me at one time, ever since which my strength has utterly failed me. Thanks to him, I now comprehend the passage where St. Paul speaks of children who kill their parents, not by the sword, but by disobedience. They do not live long, and have no real happiness. . . . O my God! how wicked this world is, and in what times we live! They are the times of which Jesus Christ has spoken: 'When the Son of man comes, thinkest thou He will find faith and charity?' Happy are they who die before such times." (Tischreden, p. 48.)

Page 59, col. 1. "*From women proceed children.*"—"Woman is the most precious of all gifts; she is full of charms and virtues; she is the guardian of the faith.

"Our first love is violent; it intoxicates us, and deprives us of reason. The madness passed away, the good retain a sober love, the ungodly retain none.

"My gracious Lord, if it be thy holy will that I live without a wife, sustain me against temptations; if otherwise, grant me a good and pious maiden, with whom I may pass my life sweetly and calmly, whom I may love, and of whom I may be loved in return." (Tischreden, p. 329—331.)

Page 59, col. 2. "*Take another.*"—Lucas Cranach, the elder, had made a portrait of Luther's wife. When the picture was hung up, the doctor said, on seeing it, "I will have the portrait of a man painted. I will send both portraits to the council at Mantua, and ask the holy fathers whether they would not prefer the marriage state to the celibacy of the priests."

* Zeilsdorf, the name of a village near which Luther had a small property.

Page 60, col. 1. "*We find an image of marriage.*" "A marriage which the authorities approve of, and which is not against the word of God, is a good marriage, whatever may be the degree of consanguinity." (Tischreden, p. 321.)

He was loud in his blame of those lawyers who, "against their own consciences, against natural law, and the divine and imperial, maintained as valid secret promises of marriage. Every one ought to be left to settle the matter with his own conscience: one cannot force love.

"Questions of dowry, nuptial presents, property, inheritance, &c., belong to the civil power; and I will refer all such to it. . . . We are pastors of consciences, not of bodies and goods." (Tischreden, p. 315.)

Consulted in a case of adultery, he says, "You shall summon them, and then separate them. Such cases belong exclusively to the civil power, for marriage is a temporal affair; and the Church is interested no further than the conscience is concerned." (Tischreden, p. 322.)

Page 60, col. 2. "*Ah! how my heart sighed after mine own!*"—During the diet of Augsburg he wrote to his son John. . . . "I know a lovely garden, full of children with golden robes, who wander about, playing under the trees, having plenty of fine apples, pears, cherries, nuts, and plums. They sing, and frisk, and are all merriment. They have pretty little horses, with golden bridles and silver saddles. Passing before this garden, I asked the owner who those children were. He answered, 'Those who love to pray, to learn, and who are good.' Then I said, 'Dear friend, I, too, have a child, little John Luther. May not he come into this garden to eat these beautiful apples and pears, to ride these pretty little horses, and play with the other children?' The owner answered, 'If he is very good, and says his prayers, and attends to his lessons, he can come, and little Philip and little James with him. They will find here fifes, cymbals, and other fine instruments to play upon; and can dance, and shoot with little crossbows.' As he spake thus, the owner showed me, in the middle of the garden, a beautiful meadow for dancing, where were hung fifes, timbrels, and little crossbows. But as it was morning, and the children had not had their dinner, I could not wait to see the dancing. I then said to the owner, 'Dear sir, I shall write directly to my dear little John, to tell him to be good, to pray, and to learn, that he, too, may come into this garden; but he has an aunt Madeleine, whom he dearly loves, may he bring her with him?' The owner replied, 'Yes; they may come together.' Be, then, very good, my dear child, and tell Philip and James to be so, too, and you shall all come together to play in this fine garden.—I commend you to the care of God. Give my love and a kiss for me to aunt Madeleine. Your loving father, Martin Luther." (June 19th, 1530.)

Page 60, col. 2. "*It is touching to see how each thing that attracted his notice.*"—"Philip and I are overwhelmed with business and troubles. I, who

am old and *emeritus*, would prefer now to take an old man's pleasure in gardening, and in contemplating the wonders of God in trees, flowers, herbs, birds, &c.; and these pleasures, and this life of ease, would be mine, had I not deserved by my sins to be debarred them by these importunate and often useless matters." (April 8th, 1538.)

"Let us endure the difficulties which accompany our calling with equanimity, and hope for succour from Christ. See an emblem of our lot in these violets and daisies which you trample under foot, as you walk on your grassplots. We comfort the people (?) when we fill the church; here we find the robe of purple, the colour of afflictions, but in the background the golden flower recalls the faith which never fades.

"God knows all trades better than any one else. As tailor, he makes the deer a robe which lasts nine hundred years without tearing. As shoemaker, he gives him shoes which outlast himself. And is he not a skilful cook, who cooks and ripens everything by the fire of the sun? If our Lord were to sell the goods which he gives, he would turn a decent penny; but, because he gives them gratis, we set no store by them." (Tischr. p. 27.)

Page 61, col. 1. "*The decalogue is the doctrine of doctrines.*"—"I begin to understand that the decalogue is the logic of the Gospel, and the Gospel the rhetoric of the decalogue. Christ has all which is of Moses, but Moses has not all which is of Christ." (June 30th, 1530.)

Page 61, col. 2. "*There will be a new heaven and a new earth.*"—"The *gnashing of teeth*, spoken of in Scripture, is the last punishment which will fall on an evil conscience, the desolating certainty of being for ever cut off from God." (Tischr. p. 366.) Luther would thus seem to have entertained a more spiritual idea of hell than of paradise.

Page 61, col. 2. "*Men used to go on pilgrimages to the saints.*"—"The saints have often sinned and gone astray. What madness to be ever setting up their words and acts as infallible rules! Let these insensate sophists, ignorant pontiffs, impious priests, sacrilegious monks, and the pope with all his train know . . . that we were not baptized in the name of Augustin, of Bernard, of Gregory, of Peter, of Paul, nor in the name of the beneficent theological faculty of the Sodom (the Sorbonne) of Paris, nor in that of the Gomorrah of Louvain, but in the name of Jesus Christ, our master, alone." (*De Abrogandâ Missâ Privatâ*, Op. Lat. Lutheri, Witt. ii. p. 245.)

"The true saints are all authorities, all servants of the Church, all parents, all children who believe in Jesus Christ, who do no sin, and who fulfil, each in his way of life, the duties God requires of them." (Tischreden, 134, verso.)

"The legend of St. Christopher is a fine Christian poem. The Greeks, who were a learned, wise, and ingenious people, have wished to set forth by it what a Christian ought to be (*Christophoros*, he who bears Christ). So with the legend of St. George. That of St. Catherine is contrary to all Roman history, &c."

Page 61, col. 2. "*When we read attentively the prophets.*"—"I sweat blood and water to give the prophets in the vulgar tongue. Good God! what labour! how difficult to persuade these Jewish writers to speak German. They will not forsake their Hebrew for our barbarous tongue. It is as if Philomel, losing her gracious melody, was obliged ever to sing with the cuckoo one monotonous strain." (June 14th, 1528.) He says, elsewhere, that whilst translating the Bible, he would often devote several weeks to elucidating the sense of a single word. (Ukert, ii. p. 337.)

Page 62, col. 1. "*With something from the Psalms.*"—From his dedication of his translation of Psalm cxviii. to the abbot Frederick of Nuremberg. . . . "This is my psalm, my chosen psalm. I love them all; I love all holy Scripture, which is my consolation and my life. But this psalm is nearest my heart, and I have a peculiar right to call it mine. It has saved me from many a pressing danger, from which nor emperor, nor kings, nor sages, nor saints, could have saved me. It is my friend; dearer to me than all the honours and power of the earth. . . .

"But it may be objected, that this psalm is common to all; no one has a right to call it his own. Yes; but Christ is also common to all, and yet Christ is mine. I am not jealous of my property; I would divide it with the whole world. . . And would to God that all men would claim the psalm as especially theirs! It would be the most touching quarrel, the most agreeable to God—a quarrel of union and perfect charity." (Coburg, July 1st, 1530.)

Page 62, col. 2. "*Of the Fathers.*"—At the beginning of the year 1519, he wrote to Jerome Düngersheim a remarkable letter on the importance and authority of the fathers of the Church. "The bishop of Rome is above all the others in dignity. It is to him that we must address ourselves in all difficult cases and great needs: but I allow, nevertheless, that I cannot defend against the Greeks this supremacy that I accord to him. If I recognized the pope as the sole source of power in the Church, I must, as a consequence of this doctrine, treat as heretics, Jerome, Augustin, Athanasius, Cyprian, Gregory, and all the bishops of the east who were established neither by him nor under him. The Council of Nice was not called by his authority; he did not preside either in person or by a legate. What can I say of the decrees of this council? Is any one master of them? Can any one tell which among them to acknowledge? It is your custom and Eck's to believe any one's word, and to modify Scripture by the fathers, as if, of the two, they were to be preferred. For myself, I feel and act quite differently; like Saint Augustin and Saint Bernard, whilst respecting all authorities, I ascend from the rivulets to the river that gives them birth. (Here follow many examples of the errors into which some of the fathers had fallen. Luther criticises them philologically, showing that they had not understood the Hebrew text.) How many texts does not Jerome quote erroneously against Jovinian? and so Augustin against Pelagius? Thus Augustin says that the verse of Genesis: 'To make man in our own image,' is a proof of the Trinity, but there is in the Hebrew text, 'I will make man,' &c.—The *Magister Sententiarum* has set a fatal example by endeavouring to reconcile the opinions of the fathers. The consequence is, that we have become a laughing-stock to the heretics when we present ourselves before them with these obscure phrases

and double and doubtful meanings. Eck delights in being the champion of all these diverse and contrary opinions. And it is on this that our disputation will turn." (A.D. 1519.)

"I always marvel how, after the apostles, Jerome won the name of Doctor of the Church; and Origen, that of Master of the Churches. Their works would never make a single Christian. . . . So much are they led away by the pomp of works. Augustin himself would not have been a whit better, had not the Pelagians tried him and compelled him to defend the true faith." (August 26th, 1530.)

"He who dared to compare monkhood with baptism was completely mad, was more a stock than a brute. What! and would you believe Jerome when he speaks in so impious a way of God? when he actually lays it down, that, next to ourself, one's relatives should command our cares? Would you listen to Jerome, so often in error, so often sinful? Would you, in short, believe in man rather than in God himself? Go, then, and believe, if you will, with Jerome, that you ought to break your parent's hearts in order to fly to the desert." (Letter to Severinus, an Austrian monk, October 6th, 1527.)

Page 63, col. 1. "*but consider that the schoolmen in general.*"—"Gregory of Rimini has convicted the schoolmen of a worse doctrine than that of the Pelagians. . . . For although the Pelagians think we can do a good work without grace, they do not affirm that we can obtain heaven without grace. The schoolmen speak like Pelagius when they teach that without grace we can do a good work, and not a meritorious work. But they out-herod the Pelagians when they add, that man, by inspiration of natural reason, may subdue the will, whilst the Pelagians allow that man is aided by the law of God." (A.D. 1519.)

Page 65. col. 1. "*I regret not having more time to devote.*"—*To Wenceslaus Link of Nuremberg*:—"If it would not give you too much trouble, my dear Wenceslaus, I pray you to collect for me all the drawings, books, hymns, songs of the Meistersänger, and rhymes which have been written and printed in German this year in your town. Send me as many as you can collect; I am impatient to see them. Here, we can write works in Latin, but as to German books, we are but apprentices. Still, by dint of our earnest application, I hope we may soon succeed, so as to give you satisfaction." (March 20th, 1536.)

Page 65, col. 1. "*no better books than Æsop's fables.*"—In 1530, Luther translated a selection of Æsop's fables, and in the preface he says, that most likely there never was any man of that name, but that these fables were apparently collected from the mouths of the people. (Luth. Werke, ix. p. 455.)

Page 66, col. 1. "*Singing is the best exercise.*"—Heine, *Revue des deux Mondes*, March 1st, 1534:—"Not less curious or significant than Luther's prose writings, are his poems; those songs, which burst forth from him in his exigencies and difficulties—like the flower that struggles into existence from between the stones; a lunar ray shedding light on an angry ocean. Luther loved music passionately; he wrote a treatise on the art, and his own compositions are sweet and melodious. He obtained and merited the title of the swan of Eisleben. But he was any thing but a gentle swan in those songs of his in which he rouses the courage of his followers, and lashes himself into a savage ardour. The song with which (for instance) he entered Worms, followed by his companions, was a true war-song. The old cathedral shook again at the strange sounds, and the ravens were disturbed in their nests on the summit of the towers. This hymn, the Marseillaise of the Reformation, has preserved to this day its powerful energy and expression, and may some day again startle us with its sonorous and iron-girt words in similar contests.

"Our God is a fortress,
A sword and a good armour,
He will deliver us from all the dangers
Which now threaten us.
The old wicked serpent
Is bent on our ruin this day;
He is armed with power and craft;
He has not his like in the world.

"Your power will avail not,
You will soon see your ruin;
The man of truth fights for us,
God has himself chosen him.
Seek you his name?
'Tis Jesus Christ,
The Lord of Sabaoth;
There is no other God but He,
He will keep his ground, He will give the victory.

"Were the world full of devils
Longing to devour us,
Let us not trouble ourselves about them;
Our undertaking will succeed.
The prince of this world,
Although he grins at us,
Will do us no harm.
He is sentenced—
One word will o'erthrow him.

"They will leave us the word,
We shall not thank them therefore:
The word is amongst us,
With its spirit and its gifts.
Let them take our bodies,
Our goods, honour, our children.
Let them go on—
They will be no gainers:
The empire will remain ours."

Page 66, col. 1. "*Of Painting.*"—The doctor was one day speaking of the talent and skill of the Italian painters. "They understand," said he, "how to imitate nature so wonderfully, that, besides giving the colouring and form, they express the very attitudes and sentiments to such a degree as to make their pictures seem living things. The Flemish painters follow in the track of Italy. The natives of the Low Countries, and, above all, the Flemings, are intelligent, and have an aptitude for learning foreign languages. It is a proverb, that if a Fleming were carried to Italy or France in a sack, he would, nevertheless, learn the language of the country." (Tischreden, p. 424, verso.)

Page 67, col. 1. "*Of Banking.*"—He says in his treatise *de Usuris*,—"I call usurers, those who lend at five and six per cent. The Scriptures forbid lending on interest; we ought to lend money as willingly as we would a vase to our neighbours. Even civil law prohibits usury. It is not an act of charity to exchange with any one,

and to gain by the exchange, but thieving. A usurer, then, is a thief worthy of the gallows. At the present day, in Leipsic, the usual interest is forty per cent. Promises to usurers need not be kept. They are not to be allowed to communicate, or to be buried in holy ground. . . . The last advice that I have to give to usurers is this:—They want money! gold! Well, let them apply to Him who will not give them ten or twenty per cent, but a hundred for every ten! His treasures are inexhaustible; he can give without being impoverished." (Oper. Lat. Luth. Witt. i. 7, p. 419—447.)

Dr. Henning proposed this question to Luther, "If I had amassed money, and did not wish to part with it, and were asked to lend, could I then with a good conscience reply, I have no money?" "Yes," said Luther, "you might so do with a safe conscience, for it would be the same as saying, I have no money to spare. . . . Christ, when he bids us give, does not mean to the prodigal and dissipated. . . . In this town, I reckon the most needy to be the scholars. Their poverty is great, but alas! their laziness is greater still. . . . And must I take the bread from the mouths of my wife and children, to give to those whom no help benefits? Certainly not." (Tischreden, p. 64.)

Page 70, col. 1. "*The Roman, or imperial law only holds by a thread.*"—Still Luther preferred it to the Saxon law.

"Dr. Luther, speaking of the great barbarity and rudeness of the Saxon law, said that things would go on better, were the imperial law followed throughout the empire. But it is a settled belief at court that the change could not take place without great confusion and mischief." (Tischreden, p. 412.)

Page 70, col. 1. "*to let the old dog sleep.*"—In his last letter but one to Melanchthon, (February 6th, 1546,) he says, speaking of the legists, "O sycophants, O sophists, O pests of mankind! . . . I write to thee in wrath, but I know not that I could indite better, were I cool."

Page 70, col. 1, last line. "*Pious jurists.*"—He wishes that their condition could be bettered.

"Doctors at law gain too little, and are obliged to turn attorneys. In Italy, a jurist has four hundred ducats, or more, yearly, whilst in Germany their salary is only a hundred. They ought to be ensured honourable pensions, as ought good and pious pastors and preachers. For lack of this, in order to support their families, they are obliged to apply to agriculture and domestic cares." (Tischreden, p. 414.)

Page 71. Additions to Chapter 3. Book V.—Confidential discussion between Luther and Melanchthon. (A.D. 1536.)

Melanchthon inclined to the opinion of Saint Augustin, who held "that we are justified by faith and regeneration;" and who, under the name of regeneration, includes all the graces and virtues that we derive from God*. "What is your opinion?" he asked of Luther; "do you hold with Saint Augustin, that men are justified by regeneration?"

Luther replies, "I hold so, and am certain that the true meaning of the Gospel and of the Apostles is, that we are justified before God by faith *gratis*; *i. e.* only by God's mere mercy, wherewith, and by reason whereof, he imputeth righteousness to us in Christ."

Melanchthon then inquires, "But will you not allow me to say, Sir, that man is justified *principaliter* (principally) by faith, and *minus principaliter* (in the least measure) by works? yet in such manner that faith supplieth that which is wanting in the law?"

Luther.—"The mercy of God is our sole justification. The righteousness of works is but external, and can by no means deliver us from God's wrath, and sin, and death."

Melanchthon.—"I ask touching Saint Paul, after he was regenerated, how became he justified and rendered acceptable to God?"

Luther.—"Solely by reason of this same regeneration, by which he became justified by faith, and will remain so everlastingly."

Melanchthon.—"Was he justified by God's mercy only? or *principally* by the mercy, and *less principally* by his virtues and works?"

Luther.—"No. His virtues and works were only pleasing to God because they were Saint Paul's, who was justified; like as a work is pleasing or displeasing, good or evil, according to the person who performs it."

Melanchthon.—"Then it seems Saint Paul was not justified by mercy only. You yourself teach that the righteousness of works is necessary before God; and that Saint Paul, who had faith and who did good works, pleased God as he would not have done if he had not these good works, making our righteousness a little piece of the cause of our justification."

Luther.—"Not at all. Good works are necessary, but not out of compulsion by the law, but out of the necessity of a willing mind. The sun must needs shine—that is a necessity; but it is not by reason of any law that he shines, but by his nature, by a quality inherent and immutable. It was created to shine. Even so one that is justified and regenerate doeth good works not by any law or constraint, but by an unchangeable necessity. And Saint Paul saith, '*We are God's workmanship, created in Christ Jesus to good works,' &c.*"

Melanchthon.—"Sadolet accuses us of contradicting ourselves, in teaching that we are justified by faith—yet admitting the necessity of good works."

Luther.—"It is, because the false brethren and hypocrites make a show, as if they believed that we require of them works, to confound them in their knavery."

Melanchthon.—"You say Saint Paul was justified by God's mercy only; to which I reply, that if our obedience followeth not, then are we not saved, according to these words (1 Cor. ix.), '*Woe is unto me, if I preach not the Gospel.*'"

Luther.—"There is no want of any thing to add to faith. Faith is all-powerful, otherwise it is no faith. Therefore of what value soever the works are, the same they are through the power of faith, which undeniably is the sun or sunbeam of this shining."

Melanchthon.—"In Saint Augustin, works are directly excluded in the words *solâ fide.*"

Luther.—"Whether it be so or no, Saint Augustin plainly shows he is of our opinion when he

* Melanchthon observes, that Saint Augustin does not express this opinion in his controversial works.

saith, 'I am afraid, but I do not despair, for I think upon the wounds of our Saviour;' and elsewhere, in his *Confessions*, he saith: 'Woe be to the life of that human creature (be it ever so good and praiseworthy) that disregardeth God's mercy. . .'"

MELANCHTHON.—"Is it proper to say that righteousness of works is necessary to salvation?"

LUTHER.—"Not in the sense that works procure salvation, but that they are the inseparable companions of the faith which justifieth, as I, of necessity, must be present at my salvation. . . . 'I shall be there as well as you,' said the man they were taking to be hanged, and who saw the people running as hard as they could towards the gallows. . . . The faith, which is the gift of God, is the beginning of righteousness; after that, the works are required which are commanded by the law, and which must be done after and besides faith. The works are not righteousness themselves in the sight of God, although they adorn the person accidentally, who doeth them; but they justify not the person, for we are all justified one way, in and by Christ. To conclude, a faithful person is a new creature, a new tree. Therefore all these speeches used in the law are not belonging to this case, as to say, *a faithful person must do good works*, the sun *must shine, a good tree must bring forth good fruit*, three and seven *shall* be ten. For the sun shall not shine, but it doth shine, by nature unbidden; likewise a good tree bringeth forth good fruit without bidding. Three and seven are already ten, not shall be; there is no need to command what is already done."

The following passage is more to the purpose still, "I use to think in this manner, as if my heart were no quality or virtue at all, called faith or love (as the sophists do dream of), but I set all on Christ, and say *mea formalis justitia*, that is, my sure, constant, and complete righteousness (in which is no want nor failing, but is before God as it ought to be) is Christ my Lord and Saviour." (Tischreden, p. 133.)

This passage is one of those which most strongly shows the intimate connexion of Luther's doctrine with the system of absolute identification. It is plain how the German philosophy ended in that of Schelling and Hegel.

Page 71, col. 1. "*good and true divinity.*"—The Papists threw great ridicule on the four new Gospels: that of Luther, who condemned works; that of Kuntius, who rebaptized adults; that of Otho de Brunfels, who regarded the Scripture only as a purely cabalistic recitation, *surda sine spiritu narratio;* and finally, that of the Mystics. (Cochlæus, p. 165.) They might have added that of Dr. Paulus Ricius, a Jewish doctor, who published, during the diet at Ratisbon, a little book in which Moses and St. Paul demonstrated in a dialogue how all the religious opinions, which excited such disputes, might be reconciled.

Page 72, col. 1. "*I saw a small cloud of fire in the air.*"—"I incline to think from the comet, that some danger is threatening the emperor and Ferdinand. It turned its tail at first towards the north, then towards the south; thus pointing out the two brothers." (October, 1531.)

Page 72, col. 2. "*Michael Stiefel believes himself.*"—"Michael Stiefel, with his seventh trumpet, prophesies that the day of judgment will fall this year, about All Saints' Day." (August 26th, 1533.)

Page 77, col. 1. "*The devil, in truth, has not graduated.*"—"It is a wonderful thing," says Bossuet, "to hear how solemnly and earnestly he describes his waking with a sudden start in the middle of the night—manifestly the work of the devil come to dispute with him. The alarm which seized him; the sweats; the tremblings; the horrible beatings of the heart in this combat; the pressing arguments of the demon, leaving the mind not one instant of rest; the tones of his powerful voice; the overwhelming manner of the dispute, in which question and answer were heard at one and the same moment. 'I now understand,' says he, 'how sudden deaths so often happen towards morning; it is, that not only the devil can kill and strangle men, but that he has the power to set them so beside themselves with these disputes, as to leave them half-dead, as I have several times experienced.'" (De Abrogandâ Missâ Privatâ, t. vii. p. 222. Trad. de Bossuet, Variations, ii. p. 203.)

Page 80, col. 1. "*At dinner, after preaching at Smalkalde.*"—He wrote to his wife upon this illness, "I have been like to one dead. I recommended thee and our children to God and to our Saviour, believing that I should see you no more. I was much moved as I thought of you; I beheld myself in the tomb. The prayers and tears of pious people who love me, have found favour before God. This very night I have had a favourable crisis, and I feel a 'new man.'" (February 27th, 1537.)

Luther experienced a dangerous relapse at Wittemberg. Obliged to remain at Gotha, he thought himself dying, and dictated to Bugenhagen, who was with him, his last will. He declared that he had combated papacy according to his conscience, and asked pardon of Melanchthon, of Jonas, and of Creuziger, for the wrongs he might have done them. (Ukert, t. i. 325.)

Page 80, col. 1. "*I believe my true malady.*"—Luther suffered early in life from stone; and was a martyr to it. He was operated upon the 27th of February, 1537. "By God's grace, I am getting convalescent, and have begun to eat and drink, though my legs, knees, and joints tremble so that I can with difficulty support myself. I am only, not to speak of infirmities and old age, a walking skeleton, cold and torpid." (December 6th, 1537.)

Page 82, col. 2. "*his last days were painfully employed.*"—He had tried in vain to reconcile the counts of Mansfeld. "If," says he, "you would bring into your house a tree that has been cut down, you must not take it by the top, or the branches will stick in the doorway; take it by the root, and the branches will yield to the entrance." (Tischreden, p. 355.)

Page 84.—We here throw together several particulars relative to Luther.

Erasmus says of him: "His morals are unanimously praised; it is the highest testimony man can have, that his enemies even can find no flaw in them for calumny." (Ukert, t. ii. p. 5.)

Luther was fond of simple pleasures. He loved music, and would often bear his share in a friendly concert, or play a game of skittles with his friends. Melanchthon says of him, "Whoever has known him, and seen him often and familiarly, will allow

that he was a most excellent man, gentle and agreeable in society, not in the least obstinate or given to disputation, yet with all the gravity becoming his character. If he showed any great severity in combating the enemies of the true doctrine, it was from no malignity of nature, but from ardour and enthusiasm for the truth." (Ukert, t. ii. p. 12.)

"Although he was neither of small frame nor weak constitution, he was extremely temperate in eating and drinking. I have seen him, when in full health, pass four days together without taking any food, and often go a whole day with only a little bread and a herring." (*Life of Luther*, by Melanchthon.)

Melanchthon says, in his posthumous works: "I have myself often found him shedding bitter tears, and praying earnestly to God for the welfare of the Church. He devoted part of each day to reading the Psalms, and to invoking God with all the fervour of his soul." (Ukert, t. ii. p. 7.)

Luther says of himself: "If I were as eloquent and gifted as Erasmus, as good a Greek scholar as Joachim Camerarius, as learned in Hebrew as Forscher, and a little younger into the bargain, ah! what I would accomplish!" (Tischreden, p. 447.)

"Amsdorf, the licentiate, is a theologist by nature; doctors Creuziger and Jonas are so from study and reflection. But doctor Pomer and myself seldom lay ourselves open in argument." (Tischreden, p. 425.)

To Antoine Unruche, judge at Torgau. . . . "I thank you with all my heart, dear Anthony, for having taken in hand the cause of Margaret Dorst, and for not having suffered those insolent country squires to take from the poor woman the little she has. Doctor Martin is, you know, not only theologian and defender of the faith, but also the supporter of the poor in their rights, who come to him from all quarters, for his counsel, and intervention with the authorities; he willingly aids the poor, as you do yourself, and all who resemble you. You are truly pious, you fear God, and love his word; therefore Jesus Christ will not forget you." . . . (June 22nd, 1538.)

Luther writes to his wife on the subject of an old servant who was about to quit their house: "Our old John must be honourably discharged; thou knowest that he has always served us faithfully, with zeal, and as became a Christian servant. How much have we not squandered on worthless people and ungrateful students, who have made a bad use of our money! We must not, therefore, be niggardly on this occasion, towards so honest a servant, on whom whatever we lay out will be laid out in a way pleasing to God. I well know we are not rich; I would willingly give him ten florins if I had them; in any case he must not have less than five, for he is not well clothed. Whatever more you can do for him, do it, I beg of you. It is true that he ought also to have something out of the city chest for the various offices he has filled in the Church; let them do as they will. Consider then how thou mayst raise this money; we have a silver goblet to place in pawn. God will not abandon us I feel sure. Adieu." (February 17th, 1532.)

"The prince has given me a gold ring; but in order that I may well understand that I was not born to wear gold, the ring has already fallen off my finger (for it is a little too large). I said, 'Thou art but a worm of the earth, and no man: this gold would better have become Faber or Eck; for thee, lead, or a cord for thy neck, would suit thee better.'" (September 15th, 1530.)

The elector on levying a tax for the war against the Turks, had exempted Luther from it. The latter said he accepted this mark of favour for his two houses, one of which (the ancient convent) it had cost him much to keep up without bringing him in any thing; and for the other he had not yet paid. "But," continues he, "I pray your electoral grace, in all submission, to allow me to defray the assessment on my other possessions. I have a garden estimated to be worth five hundred florins, some land valued at ninety florins, and a small garden worth twenty. I prefer doing as the rest, fighting the Turks with my farthings, and not to be excluded from the army which is to save us. There are enough already who do not give willingly; I would not be a cause of jealousy. It is better to give no occasion for complaint, so that they cannot but say, 'Dr. Martin is also obliged to pay.'" (March 26th, 1542.)

To the Elector John. "Grace and peace in Jesus Christ. Most serene highness, I have long delayed to thank your grace for the robes you have been pleased to send me; I do so now with my whole heart. Nevertheless, I humbly pray your grace, not to believe those who represent me as in utter destitution. I am but too rich, as my conscience tells me; it does not behove me as a preacher to be in affluence; I neither desire, nor ask it. The repeated favours of your grace truly begin to alarm me. I should not wish to be of those to whom the Saviour says, 'Woe to you, ye rich, for you have received your consolation!' Neither would I be a burden upon your grace, whose purse must be in constant requisition for so many importunate objects. Already had your grace amply provided me by sending me the brown suit; but, not to appear ungrateful, I will also wear in honour of your grace the black suit, although too rich for me; if it had not been a present from your electoral grace, I should never have put on such a dress.

"I therefore pray your grace will have the goodness to wait until I take the liberty of asking for something. This kindness on your grace's part will deprive me of courage to intercede for others, who may be far more worthy of favour. That Jesus Christ may recompense your generous soul, is the prayer that I offer up with my whole heart. Amen." (August 17th, 1529.)

John the Constant made a present to Luther of the ancient convent of the Augustins at Wittemberg. The elector Augustus bought it back of his heirs in 1564, to give it to the university. (Ukert, t. i. p. 347.)

Places inhabited by Luther, and objects kept in veneration of his memory.—The house in which Luther was born, no longer exists; it was burnt in 1689. At Wartburg, they still show a stain of ink on the wall made by Luther in throwing his inkstand at the devil's head. The cell which he occupied at the convent of Wittemberg, has also been preserved with the different articles of furniture belonging to him. The walls of this cell are covered with the names of visitors: Peter the Great's name is to be seen written on the door.

At Coburg they show the room which he occupied during the diet of Augsburg (A. D. 1530).

Luther used to wear a gold ring, with a small death's head in enamel, and these words, *Mori sæpe cogita* (Think oft of death): round the setting was engraved, *O mors, ero mors tua* (Death, I will be thy death). This ring is preserved at Dresden, with the medal of silver-gilt worn by Luther's wife. On this medal is represented a serpent raising itself on the bodies of the Israelites, with these words: *Serpens exaltatus typus Christi crucifixi* (The serpent exalted typifies Christ crucified). The reverse represents Jesus Christ on the cross, with this motto: *Christus mortuus est pro peccatis nostris* (Christ died for our sins). On the one side one reads, *D. Mart. Luter. Caterinæ suæ dono D. H. F.* (A present from Dr. Martin Luther to his wife). And on the other, *Quæ nata est anno* 1499, 29 *Januarii* (Who was born Jan. 29th, 1499).

He had also a seal, which he has himself described to in a letter to Lazarus Spengler:—"Grace and peace in Jesus Christ. Dear Sir and friend,—You tell me I shall please you by explaining the meaning of what you see engraved upon my seal. I proceed, therefore, to acquaint you with what I have had engraved on it, as a symbol of my faith. First, there is a black cross, with a heart in the centre. This cross is to remind me that faith in the Crucified is our salvation. Whosoever believes in him with all his soul, is justified. The cross is black, to signify mortification, the troubles through which the Christian must pass. The heart, however, preserves its natural colour, for the cross neither changes nature nor kills it; the cross gives life. *Justus fide vivit sed fide Crucifixi.* The heart is placed on a white rose, to indicate that faith gives consolation, joy, and peace; the rose is white, not red, because it is not the joy and peace of this world, but that of the angelic spirits. White is the colour of spirits and of angels. The rose is in an azure field, to show that this joy of the spirit and the faith is a beginning of that celestial happiness which awaits us, of which we already have the foretaste in the hope which we enjoy of it, but the consummation of which is yet to come. In the azure field you see a circle of pure gold, to indicate that the felicity of heaven is everlasting, and as superior to every other joy, all other good, as gold is to all other metals. May Jesus Christ, our Lord, be with you unto eternal life. Amen. From my desert at Coburg, July 8th, 1530."

At Altenburg they preserved for a long time the drinking-glass which was used by Luther the last time he visited his friend Spalatin. (Ukert, t. i. p. 245, et seqq.)

THE END.

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JESUITS AND JESUITISM.

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The popularity attained by the present work is almost without precedent. It passed through seven editions in the course of eight months; and has been translated in almost every country in Europe.

Peculiar circumstances precipitated its publication.

Its authors, M. Michelet and M. Quinet, both professors in the *Collège de France*, and who are doubly united by the ties of friendship and by conformity of opinions, had begun a course of lectures in the spring of 1843, on the spirit and influence of the Religious Orders. They had concluded a course on the Order of Knights Templars, and had commenced one on the Society of Jesus, in which they proceeded to treat of its constitution, its origin, of the part it has played in the past and that it is still playing in the world, when they were subjected to a system of violent interruption and illiberal opposition in the view of compelling them to silence, over which their firmness obtained a complete triumph. They felt their right to speak as their conscience dictated, and spoke accordingly.

The present volume is the substance of the lectures, which have excited so fierce a polemical contest. It is not published offensively, but defensively; and if it has had the happy fortune to be welcomed by men of nearly all parties, the secret of its success has been that the cause of public morality and good faith was at stake.

Certain members of the clergy have, unhappily, sought to identify the cause of the Church with that of Jesuitism, amongst others, the archbishop of Paris; and the question has been revived by the passing of the bill relative to Public Instruction. The most aspiring doctrines have been promulgated under the mask of liberty; but the sound tenets advanced by MM. Michelet and Quinet, supported as they have been by the most eminent members of the Chamber of Deputies, by the most distinguished professors of the Sorbonne, and by the most influential members of the bench and of the bar, must, beyond a doubt, ultimately triumph.

In the short space of two years, upwards of two hundred volumes have appeared, attacking or defending the present work. To MM. Michelet and Quinet belongs the honour of having been the first to unveil the new pretensions of the Jesuits, and the base hopes of this ever insatiable order. This work of theirs has been the subject-matter of the important discussions which have alike agitated our senate and our universities; and has been followed up by the publication of M. Quinet's work on "*Ultra-montanism*," and of M. Michelet's celebrated "*Priests, Women, and Families.*"

CONTENTS.

M. MICHELET'S LECTURES.

M. QUINET'S LECTURES.

JESUITS AND JESUITISM

MONS. MICHELET'S LECTURES.

INTRODUCTION.

WHAT the future has in store for us, God only knows! . . . My sole prayer is, that if He think fit again to visit us, it will be with the sword. . . .

The wounds inflicted by the sword are clean, frank wounds; they bleed and heal. But what is to be done with those disgraceful wounds one feels loth to disclose, which grow inveterate, and are constantly spreading?

Of wounds of this kind, the one most to be feared is the introduction of the spirit of police into religious matters—the spirit of pious intrigue, of saintly approvership, the spirit of the Jesuits.

May God be pleased to lay upon us ten times the amount of political tyranny, of military tyranny, of all the tyrannies, in short, we have ever suffered, rather than this France of ours be ever defiled by a clerical police! . . . There is, indeed, this good in tyranny, that it will often awaken the dormant national feeling; and then it either crushes or is crushed. But this feeling extinct, and gangrene once established in your flesh and your bones, how be rid of it?

Tyranny is satisfied with the outward man, with the control of his acts. A clerical police would attach his very thoughts.

And, by the gradual change such a police would effect in the habits of thought, the soul, vitiated in her essential properties, would at length degenerate into another nature.

A lying, flattering soul, a crouching, sorry soul,* which despises itself—can we call such a thing a soul? Change worse than death itself. . . . . Death kills the body only; but the soul gone, what remains?

When death ends you, you survive in your sons. But when this spiritual death overtakes you, children and future are alike lost.

Jesuitism, the spirit of police and of approvership, the mean baseness of the spy pupil, once transferred from school, college, and convent into the community at large—how hideous the spectacle! . . . A whole nation living like a Jesuit seminary; that is to say, the whole community acting the spy upon one another—treachery at your very fireside, the wife the spy on the husband, the child on the mother. . . . no other sound heard than a sad murmur and rustling of human beings confessing the sins of others, and absorbed in mutual harassings and backbitings.

This is no mere sketch of the fancy. I have before my eyes a whole people whom the Jesuits are daily plunging a step lower in this hell of everlasting corruption.

"But do you not betray France by pretending to think that she fears such a danger? Can you possibly conceive that a poor thousand of Jesuits, —for they number no more *." . . . .

In twelve years' time only, those thousand men have worked a miracle. Struck down in 1830, crushed and prostrate, they have recovered their ground beyond all expectation. Not only have they recovered it; but whilst men were asking one another, "Are there any Jesuits now?" they have taken away from us, and that easily, our thirty or forty thousand priests, have converted them into their own followers, and are leading them God knows whither!

"Are there any Jesuits now?" Many a man asks this question, whose wife is already theirs, through a confessor in their interests—wife, house,

* The authors of these lectures were led by circumstances, and without the slightest knowledge of each other's intention, to treat of the same subject. When they found this to be the case, they made a division of the principal branches into which it naturally distributed itself, and the result of this friendly partnership is the present volume. As their respective lectures are parts of one whole, as they are the complement of each other and dictated by the same spirit, it seems desirable to unite them under the same title; and, besides, this union of their hearts and thoughts is too precious to the writers to have allowed them to forbear from attempting to give it a durable record.

* According to an apparently accurate estimate there are at this moment (1843) upwards of nine hundred and sixty Jesuits in France. At the epoch of the Three Days, there were only four hundred and twenty-three, and they were then concentrated in a few houses, whilst they are now scattered over every diocese. They are busied in every direction. Three have just gone to Algiers; several to Russia; and they have got Mexico and New Grenada to petition the pope to send thither some members of the society of Jesuits. Masters of the Valais, they have just contrived to get possession of Lucerne as well, and of the smaller cantons, &c.

table, fireside, bed . . . . and, in a trice, his child will be theirs *.

And where, then, are the clergy of France?

Where are all those parties which were the life of our Gallican church at the Restoration? Extinct, dead, annihilated.

What has become of the small Jansenist party, small, but full of energy? I look around, and see only the grave of Lanjuinais.

Where is M. de Montlosier? Where are our loyal Gallicans who desired a cordial agreement between church and state? They have disappeared. They have most likely thought it needful to desert the state, which was deserting them. Who would dare now-a-days in France to call himself Gallican, or protest in the name of the church of France?

The timid Sulpician opposition (hardly Gallican, however, and which held the Four Articles but cheap) died with M. Frayssinous.

St. Sulpice has confined herself to education for the priesthood, and to her scholastic duties, leaving the world to the Jesuits. Indeed, this seminary seems to have been created for their special delight. So long as the priest is brought up there, they have nothing to fear. What can they desire more than a school which neither teaches nor will suffer to be taught †? The Jesuits and St. Sulpice are on most excellent terms; the compact has been silently struck between death and the void.

One can know little more of what is done in these seminaries, hedged in as they are against interference from the authorities, than from the nothingness of their results. Their text-books, indeed, are patent; superannuated works, considered by all the rest of the world as rubbish, and which are still forced down our unhappy young priests ‡. How can one be surprised, then, at their quitting the seminary as ignorant of science and letters as of the world? The first step they take in it, they feel that they are utterly without the helps they need, and the most prudent keep their mouths shut. Whenever an opportunity offers, the Jesuit or the Jesuit's missionary presents himself, and mounts the pulpit; the priest keeps in the background.

And yet he is neither deficient in natural talent nor in heart. . . . The fault is not theirs. All is against them.

Of this they are but too conscious; and the very consciousness contributes to depress and sink them below themselves. Disliked by the world, ill-treated by his own order, the parish priest (look at him walking in the street) creeps sadly along, with a more than modest, with a timid air, and ever giving the wall!

But would you see a man? Look at that Jesuit. A man, do I say? many men in one! His voice is low, but his step firm. His very gait says, without his putting it in words, "I am *legion.*" Courage is easy for him who feels a whole army at his back; who knows that he can turn for support to the great body of Jesuits, and to a whole world of titled folk and of beauteous ladies, who, if need be, will move heaven and earth for him.

He has taken a vow of obedience—to reign, to be pope with the pope, to have his share in the grand kingdom of the Jesuits, diffused over all kingdoms, and whose interests he follows up by a close and active correspondence, from Belgium into Italy, and from Bavaria into Savoy. The Jesuit's home is Europe. Yesterday at Fribourg, he will be to-morrow at Paris. The priest's home is his parish, and the small dark street running along the church wall. He may be but too well compared to the poor sickly gillyflower which he rears on his window-sill.

Let us look at these two men at their work. . . . And, first, let us watch which way that female, who seems engrossed by thought and care, who is just entering the square in front, and who seems altogether undecided, will turn. . . . The left hand will take her to the priest's, the right to the Jesuit seminary.

On the one hand, what will she find? An honest man; and, under that stiff, ungainly form, a man of heart, perhaps, who has been labouring his whole life to stifle his passions; in other words, to acquire complete ignorance of the very matters on which he will be sure to be consulted. The Jesuit, on the contrary, is well prepared on all such subjects; can adduce precedents; easily point out the venial and extenuating side; and can arrange the whole God-ward, and, sometimes, *world-ward.*

The priest brings with him the Law and the Decalogue, like a weight of lead. He is slow, full of objections and difficulties. You tell him of your scruples, and his own mind suggests more. You think yourself in a bad state, and he finds you to be in a worse. Here is a dilemma; but 'tis your own fault. Why do you not go to that Italian chapel, tricked out, and all-alluring as it is? Though it be dimly lighted, fear not; go in, and you will soon be reassured and comforted. . . . Your case of conscience is a very simple matter; you will find a clear-headed man there, who will prove this to you beyond a shadow of doubt. What was it you said about the Law? The Law may be the rule in the parish church, but here reigns Grace; here is the *Sacré Cœur* * of Jesus and of Mary. . . . The kind Virgin is so kind †!

* Once for all, I beg it to be understood, notwithstanding the reiterated charges of the Jesuits, charges which they know to be false, that the question of liberty of instruction, and of what they call the university monopoly, is altogether foreign from the present subject, and that not a word relative to it will be found in this volume. I have some very dear friends in the university; but, since 1838, I have ceased to belong to it.

† The archbishop of Paris has solicited the teachers of St. Sulpice, but without effect, to allow their pupils to attend the course of lectures given by the faculty of theology.

‡ To the great danger of their morality. My wonder is that these young priests, trained in such a casuistical fashion, preserve any decent and upright feelings. "But don't you see," said a bishop, "that it is a medical work?" . . . Yes, but there are medical works which, under pretence of treating of such or such a disease, now unknown (or even imaginary and physically impossible), defile both patient and physician. The cynical assurance with which all this is defended, shows the necessity of throwing open these seminaries, now hermetically closed, and where no one knows what goes on, to public supervision. Nay, some convents have been absolutely converted into houses of correction.

* (The "Sacred Heart;" the representation of a heart on a cross, commemorative of the Atonement, which, blessed by the priest, is a common ornament of churches and of private houses in Catholic countries.)—Translator.

† The Jesuit is not confessor only, he is *director,* (spiritual director?) and, in this capacity, is consulted on all matters.

There is another grand distinction betwixt these two men. The priest is tied down, in many respects, by his church, by the local authorities; he is *under control*,—a minor, as it were. The priest stands in awe of the rector (*curé*), and the rector of the bishop. The Jesuit stands in awe of no one. All his order asks from him, is the advancement of his order. The bishop has no authority over him. And, indeed, what bishop would, now-a-days, be bold enough to doubt the Jesuit's being himself the rule and the law?

So far from being in the way, the bishop is a great help. He gives the hold on the priests. His staff is stretched out over them; and, managed by a young vicar-general, who aspires to be bishop, that staff becomes a rod of iron. . . .

Beware, then, priest! Woe to thee if thou budgest. . . . Preach s ldom; write not at all. Shouldst thou write a line! . . . Suspension, interdict, would follow, without inquiry or explanation. Have the imprudence to ask to be allowed to explain, and the answer will be, " 'Tis a question of morals. . . .* " As well would it be for the priest to be drowned, a stone round his neck!

It is said that there are no longer any serfs in France. . . . Why, there are forty thousand. . . I advise them to be silent, to swallow their tears, and to try to smile.

Many would only be too glad to be silent, and to vegetate in a corner. . . . But they are not allowed to escape so. They must speak, and bite; and, from their pulpit, must damn Bossuet.

I have known some compelled to get off by rote and fulminate a sermon against a living author whom they had never read. . . . Set on, as dogs are set on at the astonished passer by, who is all at a loss for the cause. . . .

Wretched, anti-Christian, anti-human position! . . . They who force them into it, laugh. But they whom they attack and believe to be their enemies, can only weep.

Stop at random any one in the street, and ask him, " What are the Jesuits?" He will reply at once, and unhesitatingly, " *The counter-Revolution*."

This is the firm belief of the people, from which they have never varied, and which you cannot change.

If any have been surprised when they heard this term used in the *Collége de France*, the reason may be that we have lost its true sense in our superabundance of intellect.

Ye great intellects, who would blush to attend to the voice of the people, list to that of knowledge—search, study—and, after you have spent ten years in studying the history and writings of the Jesuits, I will take upon me to say that you will attach but one meaning to the whole—*The Death of Liberty*.

In this capacity, too, he by no means conceives himself bound to secresy; so that twenty directors who live together can bring into one common stock, examine, compare, and combine the thousands of souls which are laid open to them, and through which they look as if transparent, *from one side to the other* (*de part en part*). . . . In conclaves of this kind, marriages, wills, and all the affairs of their penitents of both sexes, can be discussed and arranged.

* (That is, the priest will be told that he is suspended, not because he has published, but on account of immoralities which have come to his superior's knowledge.)—TRANSLATOR.

The day that this expression was first uttered, the whole press (a harmony unknown before) welcomed it without a dissentient voice; and, wherever the press reached, it found an echo, down to the humblest ranks of the community.

For answer, they bethought themselves of the strange reply, " We do not exist." . . . They made a boast of their numbers in April; and, in June, would fain hide themselves.

And what is the good of denial? No one will be taken in by words. Call out *Liberty!* as you list, give yourself out as of this or that party; 'tis no matter to us. If your heart be Jesuit, go on; that is the road to Fribourg. If you are frank and above-board, hither; this is France!

Looking at the decay of parties and the approximation, from motives more or less disinterested, now taking place between many men who entertain opposite opinions, it would seem as if there would presently be only two parties left, as there are only two spirits—*The spirit of Life and the spirit of Death.*

This is a far graver and more dangerous situation than any in which the country has stood of late years, notwithstanding immediate shocks are less to be apprehended from it. Though what if the spirit of death, having triumphed over religion, should spread to politics, literature, and art, should seize on all that there is of life in the body politic?

Be it our hope that the progress of the men of death will be stayed. . . . Light has pierced into the sepulchre. . . . We know, and shall soon know better still, how these spectres have walked in the night. . . .

How, whilst we slept, they stole with wolf-like prowl, and surprised the defenceless, surprised priests, and women, and nunneries.

The number of worthy, excellent people, meek brothers, charitable sisters, who have been thus cozened, is beyond all conception. . . . How many convents have opened their doors to them, deceived by their hypocritical whine; where, now, they speak in authoritative tone, and whose inmates, in their fear, smile, whilst they tremble, and do whatever they are ordered.

Show me, if you can, any wealthy charity (*une œuvre riche*) where they do not possess the chief influence, where they do not have everything given as they wish, and to whom they wish. And, as a corollary, every poor corporation (missionary, picpus, Lazarists, Benedictines even) have gone to take the word of command from them: so that now the whole forms, as it were, a great army, which the Jesuits are bravely leading on to the conquest of the world.

Astonishing, that in so short a space of time such a body of forces should have been got together! However great our belief in the ability of the Jesuits, that is not enough to account for so great a result. A mysterious hand has plainly been at work . . . the hand which, skilfully guided, has, from the first day the world ever saw, pliantly worked the miracles of cunning, weak, but resistless—woman's hand. The Jesuits have employed the instrument of which St. Jerome speaks —" Poor little women, all covered with sins!"

We show an apple to a child to entice him to come over to us. Well; our women have been

shown graceful little acts of feminine devotion, holy playthings invented yesterday—a little world of idol worship has been got up for them. . . How would St. Louis cross and bless himself, could he return and see! He would not stay two days. He would prefer going back to his captivity among the Saracens.

These new fashions were essential to the gaining over of the women. Whoever wishes to catch them must fall in with their little weaknesses, their little manœuvres, and often, too, with their passion for stratagem. What made the fortune of the Jesuits with some of them, especially at the beginning, was nothing more nor less than the necessity for deceit and mystery—the feigned name, the half-known abode, the clandestine visits, the piquant call on the brain for fresh excuses and pretexts as to where they had been, when they returned home. . . . .

A woman who has felt much, and who at last comes to find the world one dreary blank, will gladly welcome a stimulus in the contrast of the most opposite ideas. I remember seeing a picture at Venice, representing on a rich but sombre piece of tapestry a beautiful rose, drooping close to a human skull in which wreathed and sported a spotted snake.

This is the exception. The simple and natural plan, and which is usually successful, is to catch the wild birds by means of tame ones. I allude to the Jesuitesses*, insinuating, gentle, subtle, and fascinating, who, pouring oil and honey as they go, smooth the road for the Jesuits; and who ravish the hearts of women by becoming their sisters, friends, taking any shape they require, especially adopting the maternal one, and so touching that sensitive point, the mother's heart. . . .

For friendship's sake, they will take charge of the daughter; and the mother, who, otherwise, would never have parted with her, freely entrusts her to such gentle hands. . . . . And she soon finds herself released from a restraint; for, after all, the dear child was sometimes embarrassingly in the way; especially when the mother, feeling herself daily less young, might be painfully reminded of the fact by seeing blooming by her side the dear, adored, but too dazzling flower.

All this has been done with exquisite tact and promptitude, and with admirable secresy and discretion. The Jesuits are not far from having in the houses of their sisters the daughters of all the most influential families in the country; a circumstance pregnant with results. . . . . Only, they should have learnt the art of waiting. In a few years, these little girls will be women, mothers. . . Whoever secures the women, will be sure in the long run to have the men.

One generation would have sufficed. Those mothers would have given their sons. The Jesuits have not had patience. Their heads have been turned with a few triumphs in the pulpit and in the fashionable circles; and they have forgotten those prudent means of approach which were the secret of their success. The skilful miners who worked so well under ground, have taken to working in the face of day. The mole has quitted its subterranean track to affront the sun.

So difficult is it to stand aloof from the bustle of the day, that the very men who had most to fear from making a noise, have themselves begun to raise their voices.

Ha! you are there . . . thanks, endless thanks for having awakened us! . . . But, what do you want?

"We have your daughters, we want your sons; in the name of liberty, give up your children." . . .

Liberty! so dearly did they love her, that in their zeal they wanted to begin by stifling her voice in the higher departments of instruction. . . . A happy presage of what their conduct would be in the more elementary! . . . Early in the year 1842, they commissioned their young saints to disturb the courses of lectures that were being given in the *Collège de France.*

We bore these attacks with patience; but what we could not so easily resign ourselves to was the bold attacks made before our very eyes to corrupt the schools.

Here, they no longer observed precaution or mystery, but worked in the open day, and began tampering in the very streets. Excessive competition and the uneasiness attendant upon it* afforded them an easy game. . . . This or that sudden advent to fortune spoke with trumpet-tongue; miracles of the new Church, powerful to touch the heart. . . . And some, even of the firmest, began to reflect; they saw how silly poverty looked, and hung their heads. . . .

Once shaken, no breathing-time was allowed. The game was played briskly, and more openly every day. The gradual stages heretofore observed were by degrees disused. The neo-catholic probationary stage was rapidly abridged. The Jesuits only asked a day for a complete conversion. Adepts were no longer required to plod through the ancient preliminaries †; but the goal was boldly shown at once. . . . This seemingly imprudent haste admits, however, of explanation. These young folks are not so young as to allow of the risk of waiting. They have one foot on the threshold of manly life, and are either already their own masters or about to become so. There is no time to be lost; the result is close at hand. Gained over to-day, tomorrow they will deliver up the whole community; as physicians can betray the secrets of families, attorneys those of fortunes, and as the bench the rights of justice.

Few have succumbed. . . Our schools have held out; the national good sense and honour have saved them. We congratulate them therefore. . . Young men, may you remain true to yourselves, and repulse corruption as you have hitherto done, when religious intrigue called it in as an auxiliary,

* The ladies of the order of the *Sacré-Cœur* are not only directed and governed by the Jesuits, but, since 1823, have had the same rules; and the pecuniary interests of these two branches of the Society of Jesus must be in common up to a certain point, since, when the Jesuits returned after the Revolution of July, they received assistance from the funds of the order of the *Sacré-Cœur.* Loyola's rule, that the Jesuits were to have nothing to do with the direction of female orders, has been expressly revoked.

* The depression of spirits, consequent upon such repeated political disappointments, would have brought about a serious return to religious ideas, had not the speculators in religion been too eager to take advantage of this position of affairs.

† As Christian art, Catholic demagogy, &c.

and assailed you even on those benches, with the seducing array of worldly temptations.

No danger greater—he who runs blindly after the world and its pleasures, through youthful passion, will come back to himself through disgust and lassitude: . . . but he who coolly, and in order to take the world by surprise, has once made his God a subject of speculation, who has calculated how much God will bring in, has died the death from which no one has ever returned to life.

There was no upright man but felt saddened at seeing capitulations of the kind, and the hope of his country thus compromised. How much more acutely then did they feel this, who live surrounded by these young men, and who consider themselves their parents as well as teachers.

And, among their teachers, he who cannot but have been the most sensitive on the point, if I may be allowed to make so frank a declaration, was myself.

Why? Because I had thrown into my teaching what no man living had ever displayed in a similar degree. I speak not of talent or of eloquence, when, were either in question, the names of friends of mine, my fellow-professors, would start to every lip. I cannot allude to learning, when within the same college is that oracle from whom the East comes to seek her forgotten tongues.

I refer to one only thing, imprudent, perhaps, but of which I never can repent—my unlimited confidence in my youthful pupils, my faith in the unknown friends I am sure to find there. . . It is this imprudence, and nothing else, which has been the life-blood of my teaching, and which renders it more fertile as regards the future than that of others, however superior.

Though installed in this chair, at a somewhat late period, and after having been long before the public, I, nevertheless, went on studying along with you all. Others taught the brilliant results at which they had arrived; I taught my studies themselves, my method and means. I walked in front of all, so that they could follow me, and see both my goal and the humble road along which I had made my way.

We pursued our inquiries in common. I made them my partners, frankly and unreservedly, in the great business of my existence; and we all followed it up with that eager interest which is felt in matters personal to oneself. . . . No vain glorification, nothing for paltry display; 'twas too serious a business. We were inquiring *for life*, as much as for knowledge; *for the remedy of the soul*, to use the expression of the middle age. And this remedy we sought from philosophy, and from history, from the voice of the heart and the voice of the world.

The form, the occasionally poetic form in which these researches were cast, might arrest the weak; but the strong easily detected the critical under the poetic—not that criticism which destroys, but that which produces*, that living criticism which asks from everything the secret of its birth, its creative idea, its cause and its reason of being; the which being discovered, science can re-create the whole. . . This is the height of true science, to be art and creation, to be ever re-creating, to disbelieve in death, never to abandon what has once had life, but to reconstruct and replace it in that life which does not pass away.

What is needed for this? Above all, to love; to throw one's heart and life into one's pursuit.

I loved the object of my studies. I loved that past, which I called again to life; and the present too, these companions of my studies, this throng of youth, who, long accustomed to hear me speak, comprehended, divined, and often, indeed, gave me new lights by the rapidity with which they would outstrip my train of reasoning.

I wanted no other society, for long years, than this sympathetic auditory; and, it may surprise many, perhaps, to hear that I sought solace there in those grave moments when men feel the need of seeking a friend. I have gone and seated myself amongst them on the most mournful days of my life.

Great and rare confidence; but still, not blind instinct! It was founded in reason. I had a right to believe that there could not be a single man of sense among my hearers my enemy. The friend of the past and of the present, I felt within myself the two principles, by no means opposites, which divide the world, and I made each lend the other life. Born of the Revolution, of liberty, which is my faith, I have, nevertheless, yearned tenderly over the middle age. The most filial sentiments which were, perhaps, ever uttered of our aged mother Church, have fallen from my lips. . . Compare them with the unfeeling tone of her showy defenders. . . Whence did I draw these living waters? From those springs common to all, where the middle age drank, and where the modern age slakes its thirst—from the springs of free thought.

To give in a few words my notion of the connexion between the two principles:—"History (I laid down this definition in 1830, and I abide by it) is the progressive victory of liberty. This progression must be effected, not by obstruction, but by interpretation. Interpretation supposes the *tradition* which is interpreted, and the *liberty* which interprets. . . . Let others choose between the two; for my own part, I must have both; I want each. . . . How can they be otherwise than dear to me? Tradition is my mother; liberty is myself."

No teaching has been more vivified than my own, by the freedom of Christian thought which constituted the life of the middle age. Wholly busied with causes, and seeking these in the soul only (the soul, divine and human), it was spiritualised in the highest degree, the teaching of the mind.

Hence the wings which bore it up and enabled it to surmount many a rock, against which others had been wrecked.

To instance one subject only—Gothic art.

The first who paid attention to it, and who was not Christian, and who could see nothing Christian in it, the great worshipper of nature (*naturaliste*), Goethe, admired in those endless repetitions of the same forms, a lifeless imitation of nature, "a colossal crystallisation."

One of our own countrymen, a mighty poet, imbued with a less noble perception, but more instinct with life, felt these stones to be living, only he betook himself to the grotesque and

* I need hardly say that I allude to the tendency and the method of my teaching rather than to the results obtained.

fanciful; that is to say, in God's house, the first thing he saw was the devil *.

Both looked at the external rather than the internal, at the effect rather than the cause.

I started from the cause, mastered it, and, endowing it with life, marked the result. I did not look at the church as a subject of contemplation, but as a work to be wrought; I did not take it as it stood built before me, but I rebuilt it. . . . . Of what? Of the very element of which it was first built—of man's blood and heart, of the free movements of the soul which piled up those stones; and, beneath those masses whose authority bears most imperiously upon us, I pointed out a something more ancient and more living still, which created authority herself, I mean liberty.

This word, liberty, is the great and the true *right* of the middle age; and, be it remembered, that to discover and to prove this right of hers, was making her peace with modern times.

I have introduced the same course of research, have brought the same absorbing appreciation of moral causes, of the free genius of the human mind (*du libre génie humain*) into the study of literature, of law, of all the forms of active life. The deeper I dug by study, by erudition, by chronicles and charters, the more I recognized in the depth of things, as their first organic principle—feeling and idea, the heart of man, my heart.

So invincible has this spiritualizing tendency been in me, that I have remained faithful to it in the history of those material epochs which materialized a considerable number of our contemporaries. I allude to the troubled and sensual epochs which terminate the middle age, and form the commencement of modern times.

In the fourteenth century, what is it that I have analyzed, developed, and brought into full relief, at the expense of all the rest? The grand religious question, that of the Temple.

In the fifteenth, in Charles VIth's time, the grand moral question:—"How, from ignorance to error, from false ideas to bad passions, from drunkenness to phrenzy, man loses his nature as man †." . . . . Then, having shown how France was lost by a madman, I show how she was saved by the heroic and holy madness of the Maid of Orleans ‡.

The appreciation of moral life, which alone can reveal causes, enabled me in my publications and my lectures, to throw a steady light upon the times of the Revival (*Renaissance*). The vertigo of those times did not turn my head; their phantasmagoria did not dazzle me; the fitful but brilliant fairy could not change me as she did so many others, and all in vain did she dance before my eyes her many-coloured iris. . . . . Others saw there costumes, blazons, banners, curious weapons, armorial bearings, coffers, vases. . . . I saw only the soul.

I thus equally steered clear of our picturesque historians, with their vain exhibition of waxen figures, which they cannot put in motion; and of those restless drama-mongers who, seizing a limb here and a limb there, confound and galvanize the whole to the great alarm of the spectators. . . . . All this is external: 'tis death, or pretended life.

What is true historic life? and how can the sincere man, who compares the world and his heart, find it, and re-create it? This was the high and difficult question which I laid down for examination in my later courses of lectures *; and the successive efforts of those to come after me will gradually throw more light upon it.

The fruit of my toil, the reward of a laborious life, would be to have established the true nature of the problem, and so, perhaps, to have prepared the way for its solution. Every one must see the immensity of the speculative and the gravity of the practical results that would follow, both in politics and education.

Never have I been impressed with a more profound religious sentiment of my mission, than during my teaching these two last years; never have I more thoroughly comprehended the priesthood, the pontificate of history. I bore the whole past as reverentially as I would have borne the ashes of my father or of my son.

'Twas in the midst of this religious labour that insult came to single me out. . . . †

The first attack took place a year since (April 7th, 1842), after an important lecture, in which I maintained, in opposition to the sophists, the moral unity of mankind.

Word was given to assail me, and interrupt my lectures. But the indignation of the public alarmed these valiant men. Hardly organized as yet, they thought it better to wait for the irresistible effect sure to be produced by the libel which the Jesuit D. wrote from the notes of his brothers, and to which M. Desgarets, canon of Lyons, put his name, although disavowing the authorship.

I am not fond of disputation. For a whole year I fell back upon the darling subject of my thoughts, upon my solitary toil, upon my dream of the olden time. . . . My adversaries, who did not sleep, took heart, and believed they could steal behind the dreamer and stab him with impunity.

It happened, however, that the natural order of my lectures led me to them. Occupied previously in explaining and analyzing life, I had to show its opposite, counterfeit life; with the living organism I had to contrast sterile *machinism*.

And though I might have explained life without exhibiting death, I considered it my duty, as professor of moral philosophy, not to avoid the question which rose in my path.

Our preachers of the day have handled everything; no question, social, political, historical, literary, medical, has come amiss. One has treated of anatomy, another of Waterloo. Then, as their

* (See p. 275, ch. 9, book iv., on "the Passion, as the Principle of Art in the Middle-age," in Michelet's History of France, published in Whittaker's Popular Library.)—TRANSLATOR.

† Michelet's History of France, vol. ii. p. 3, in Whittaker's Popular Library.

‡ When treating of Charles VI., I am considered a materialist; when treating of the Pucelle, they consider me a spiritualist. Poor critics, who judge by the nature of the subject, not by the method of treatment, which is the same in both cases.

* And to which I intend to devote a specific work.

† No interruption had been attempted to the lectures of any other professor. The disturbances at the Sorbonne did not take place till a month or two afterwards.

courage grew, they have begun to preach, as in the days of the League, against this or that individual. And the novelty has been relished.

Who cares for individuals? . . . And, as regards social questions, no doubt it has been taken for granted, that in this lethargic time there was no great danger from their being discussed in the pulpit.

Of a certainty, I am not the man to contradict this, and I accept the transfer. The Church busies herself with the world, and teaches us our business. Wel, we will teach her God!

May God deign to shed his light on knowledge. How has her "ample page" done so long without? . . . Return to us, O Lord, unworthy as we are. . . . Ah! how joyfully should we hail thy presence.

Art thou not our lawful inheritance? As long as knowledge was estranged from thee, could she be termed knowledge? . . . This has been a happy means of her drawing nigh unto thee, and, at the same time, of re-discovering her perfect accord with the good sense of the people, from whom she ought never to have wandered.

June 26th, 1843.

LECTURE THE FIRST*.

MODERN MACHINISM†.—ON MORAL MACHINISM.

In this first lecture, I laid down an important fact,—namely, that since 1834, whilst there has been an immense increase in material productiveness, intellectual productiveness has seriously diminished.

This fact, which has almost escaped notice amongst ourselves, is well known to our foreign imitators, who complain that we give them hardly anything to imitate.

From 1824 to 1834, they were liberally supplied by France. In this period, she produced those literary monuments of her's which are her glory in the eyes of Europe; not isolated monuments merely, but grand connected works, whole cycles of histories, dramas, romances, &c.

In the ten following years, the press has been equally active, or more so; but the works published have been unimportant. And even works of some extent have made their first appearance in a fragmentary form, cut up into articles and *feuilletons* ‡; ingenious and brilliant, indeed, but still fragmentary, and presenting little continuity of thought, and few of the characteristics of a grand whole.

The greater number of the works published within this period have been reprints, manuscripts, and other historical documents, and cheap illustrated works—a sort of daguerrotypes which reflect in pale images all that is put before them.

The singular rapidity with which all these things are issued, one succeeding the other so as to leave hardly a trace, does not allow us to remark, that of these thousand passing objects the form is but little varied.

An attentive observer, curious in comparing his recollections, would find that these pretended novelties come round periodically; and he would have little trouble in referring them to a small number of types and formulas which are employed, turn by turn. To these formulas our rapid *improvisatori* are, in their hurry, obliged to have recourse; they form, as it were, a large instrument on which our writers play with a light touch.

The mechanical genius which has enlarged and simplified modern life in material respects, cannot be applied to mental things otherwise than injuriously. I see, in all pursuits, intellectual machines which relieve us from the necessity of study and meditation*; dictionaries which enable us to skim every science, apart from its congeners, and from the corresponding sciences which serve to throw light upon it; encyclopedias, in which every science, labelled in small packets, is so much barren dust; summaries, which give you the result of that which you have not learnt, trick you into fancying yourself master of the subject, and bar the door against knowledge.

Antiquated methods, these, and far inferior to the notion of Raymond Lully. At the close of the middle age, he found the schoolmen exhausting themselves in drawing consequences from established theorems. "If," he said, "the theorem be fully made out, if philosophy, religion, science, be grounded on a firm basis, all that we want is to systematize: from principles to consequences the deductions will follow of themselves. My system shall resemble a tree; you shall trace from the roots to the branches, from the branches to the leaves, proceeding from the general to the species, to the individual, and thence, inversely, you shall trace back to the deep roots of general principles." . . . He wrought out his plan; and with this convenient tree of his, there was no longer any need of exploring; all became easy. . . . Only, the tree was *a withered tree*, and never bore fruit or flowers.

Another, and a bolder attempt at *Machinism*, was essayed in the sixteenth century. The world was

* Delivered April 27th, 1843. These lectures are substantially the notes from which I lectured; and I give them as they were jotted down, or nearly so, day by day. I was obliged to write them in this hurried manner, according to the change of circumstances and the different aspect the question assumed through the interference of the public press, or otherwise, up to the last day of the course.

I may reasonably expect some indulgence for an argument carried on through the pelting of the storm, and which, notwithstanding the modifications rendered hourly necessary by the alternations of the dispute, proceeded straight to the end laid down from the first.

† (A word introduced by M. Michelet, and a very expressive one.)

‡ (The *feuilleton* is that part of a French newspaper devoted to tales, essays, or novels, which are published piecemeal from day to day, or week to week.)—Translator.

* The objection is to works of this kind in general, and not to specific works of similar form, in which the writers have displayed profound and original genius.

in arms for religion. A brave man, Ignatius Loyola, looked upon religion itself as a warlike machine, and on morality as capable of mechanical regulation. His celebrated *Exercises* constitute a manual of religious tactics, by which the monastic militia are drilled into certain movements. He sets down material means of producing those impulses of the heart, which had ever been left to unfettered inspiration. In such an hour you pray, then meditate, then weep, &c.

Admirable mechanism, in which man is reduced to a piece of clockwork that can be wound up at will! Only, ask nothing from him more than a machine can produce. The reverse of animated organism, a machine imparts action, but yields no living production ; whereas the first not only imparts action, but produces animated and organic nature, resembling itself. The mechanism of the Jesuits has been active and powerful, but has produced no living thing : it has failed to elicit that which, in all communities, is the highest proof of life; it can show no great man. . . . In three hundred years, not one man !

What is the Jesuit's nature ? He has none. He is equally ready for all things. He is a machine, a mere instrument to be put in motion, without any individual will.

The machine has its law—fatality; just as liberty is the law of the soul. How then can the Jesuits speak of liberty ? What have they to do with her ?

Observe the equivocating language they now hold. In the morning, they are for liberty ; in the evening, for authority.

In their newspapers, which they distribute among the people, they speak only of liberty, and seek to persuade them that political liberty can exist with religious tyranny. . . . This is hard to believe, and difficult to make those believe who, in order to expel them, but yesterday expelled a dynasty* (*cheers and disapprobation*) —and who, if needs be, will expel ten dynasties.

Many alter their tone in the higher circles, and to the noble ladies whose spiritual directors they are. Here, they become all at once the lovers of the past, the true children of the middle-age.

I, too, I can boldly tell them, am in some sort of the middle-age, for in it I have lived long years, and I distinctly recognise the four words of Christian art which our friends have just taught you. . . but, allow me to look you in the face ; if you be truly the children of that day, you will resemble it.

That day was fecund ; and, albeit in its humility, it believed itself to be inactive and powerless, still it created. Numberless are the poems, legends, churches, systems which it has produced, as in a dream. . . How does it happen that, if you belong to it, you produce nothing ?

The middle-age, which you are ever ready to show to us, as if fixed in idiot immobility, was, for fifteen hundred years, one continuous series of action and of fecund transformation. *(I retrench a long digression into which I entered here.)* The free vegetation peculiar to it, has nothing in common with the dry, hard action of machines †. Had it had no other action, it would have produced no living thing, it would have been barren—and as such, you would indeed resemble it.

No ; you belong not to the past ! No ; you belong not to the present !

Do you exist ? No ; you give no sign of existence. . . You are a pure accident, a simple phenomenon, not a living formation. That which really *exists*, produces.

If you come, you who are not, who produce nothing, who will produce nothing, to exhort us to be like unto you, to renounce our living energies, to confide ourselves to you, to nothingness; we answer, " The world must not die yet ; that death will come, we know : but this is no reason why we should want all to die with us."

If you insist, if you will be accounted something, I will grant that you are an old engine of war *, a fireship of Philip the Second's, part of the *invincible Armada*. . . . Whoso embarks in it will perish ; Philip II. and Charles X., and all who shall follow their example.

Offspring of war, you remain faithful to the law of your birth. Your works are disputes, scholastic and polemic arguments, that is, negations. . . We work, you fight ; which of these two means is the Christian one ?

Soldiers ('tis your name), sheathe your swords. " *Blessed are the peacemakers.*"

Do as we did before you began to trouble us—work in peace. Then only will you learn to understand Christianity and the middle-age, of which you have so little idea.

To whom do I address this advice, which is not that of an enemy ? To the Society (of Jesus) ? No. Its boast is that it never changes, never improves † ! . . . I speak to those unfortunate members of the Society, whom I can now picture to myself as conscious, too late perhaps, of having plunged into the path from which there is no returning, and secretly mourning their espousal of death.

(The latter part of this lecture was reprinted, without my privity, in the *Patrie* of the same

* (Alluding to the three days, 1830.)

† The living symbolism of the middle age, which was constantly changing, under an apparently immoveable form, resembled in this respect all living things ; for instance, plants, which change so gradually as to tempt one to think there has been no change. It is impossible for any thing to be more opposed to the artificial, planned, premeditated system, which makes enthusiasm a matter of forecast, and reduces faith to a mechanical process.

* Three years after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, Gregory XIII., who had returned thanks to God for that happy event, granted the Jesuits all the privileges which the pope had or ever would grant (*concessis et concedendis*) to any of the clergy, secular or regular. Hence, their pretensions to represent the whole church, in conformity with their ambitious title—The Society of Jesus. They are, in point of fact, a dangerous counterfeit of the church. They boldly plunder all previous rules, and copy St. Benedict, St. Dominic, and St. Francis. Look at the originals, and you will find the borrowed texts bear quite a different sense, political and religious, from that into which they are strained, and have nothing in common with the *police* of the Jesuits . . . producing quite as ridiculous an effect as if in the preamble of a law, passed for the regulation of our civil police, it should be set forth that the law was grounded on such or such axioms of the *Divina Commedia*.

† The well-known saying of the general of the order,— " *Sint ut sunt, aut non sint.*" (Let them be as they are, or not be at all.)

evening, and, on the following day, April 28th, in the *Siècle*. I did not foresee the active part which the press would take in this struggle.

I did not know either, and, strange as it may seem, it is not less true, that my friend, M. Quinet, having brought down his lectures to the middle of the sixteenth century, was about to treat of the literature of the Jesuits. . . . What may seem more surprising still is the fact, that *I had not read a single line of all that had been written against me.*)

LECTURE THE SECOND *.

REACTIONS OF THE PAST.—REVISITATIONS †: "PERINDE AC CADAVER ‡."

He is standing on the defensive, is what one says of me: He is assuming the offensive, says another. I am doing neither. . . I am teaching.

The professor of history and of moral philosophy has a right to inquire into the gravest question belonging to the domain of philosophy and of history; namely, what are *organism* and *mechanism*, and in what living organism differs from barren mechanism?

A grave question, and especially so at this moment when life seems waxing weaker, when we are becoming more and more barren, when Europe, heretofore fully occupied with imitating France, with counterfeiting or translating France, marvels at seeing our diminishing productiveness.

I have instanced a signal example of mechanism, powerful for action, powerless for production—the order of the Jesuits, which, during three centuries of existence, has been unable to produce one single man, one single work of genius

The Jesuits, quite as much as the *Templars*, are amenable to the verdict of history. It is both my right and my duty to make you acquainted with the spirit of these great associations. I began with the Templars, and am now come to the Jesuits.

Two days ago, they stated in their paper, that I *was attacking the clergy*. It is exactly the reverse. Exposing the *tyrants of the clergy*, that is, the Jesuits, is rendering the clergy the greatest possible service, and paving the way for their deliverance. We are in no danger of confounding the victims with the tyrants. Let not the latter hope that they can shelter themselves behind that great body which they are compromising by urging it into violence when it only seeks peace.

As I have observed, the Jesuits are a formidable engine of war, devised in the heat of the struggle of the sixteenth century, and used as a desperate resource, full of danger to those who employ it. . . There is one spot where this is thoroughly known —Rome; and hence the cardinals have always said, and will ever say, in the conclave, when a Jesuit is proposed for pope, "*Dignus, sed Jesuita* §." They know that the order, at bottom, worships itself. . . . And so did the Templars.

Christianity has only been able to amend the world, by mixing with the world; and from that moment, it has had to submit to the world's sad necessities, and, saddest of all, to war. Christianity, which is peace, has, at various periods, turned warrior; that is, at these periods, it has become anti-Christian.

The engines of war which have thus, by a strange miracle, been the work of the religion of peace, being in flagrant contradiction with their principle, have, from the first, exhibited a singularly repulsive and lying aspect. And how much more repulsive and lying must they appear, as the progress of time removes us further from the circumstances which occasioned, and the exigences which might have accounted for their invention! Becoming more and more at variance with existing manners and institutions, their origin forgotten, and their repulsiveness only the more apparent, they inspired an instinctive repugnance, and society shrank from them it knew not why.

A similar repugnance is inspired by every phantom which returns from the troubled and violent world of past ages, to visit this modern world of ours. The eldest born of the ooze, who erst had this globe, covered with water and with mist, alone to themselves, and who now knead with their equivocal limbs the tepid slime of the Nile, seem sent forth as a claim from chaos, longing once more to engulph us.*

God, who is beauty, has not created absolute ugliness. Ugliness is an inharmonious passage, an imperfect state of transition.†

There is one ugliness of one kind, another of another; the one seeks to be less ugly, to harmonize, adjust itself, follow a progressive course, follow God. . . . The other seeks to be more ugly, and, in proportion as the world acquires the symmetry of order, pants for ancient chaos.

And so, in history and in art, we sympathize with those foul and repulsive forms which pant to be changed: "*Expecto, Domine, donec veniat immuta-*

* Delivered May 4th, 1843.

† M. Michelet's term is "*Revenants*," literally, "*Ghosts, Spirits.*"

‡ "Even as a dead body."

§ "A fit person, but a Jesuit." This was said of cardinal Bellarmine.

* The serpent of the antique age presents himself full of beauty, shining, scaled, and winged: "See my beautiful scales and wings; mount my back; let us fly together unto the light!" "What! undertake to fly with that reptile's belly! You, bat as you are, take me to the sun! . . . . Avaunt, chimerical monsters! avaunt, living liars! . . . . . Sacred light, come to my aid against the phantoms of chaos and the reign of ancient night!"

† The text is:—"Dieu, qui est la beauté, n'a pas créé de laideur absolue. La laideur est un passage inharmonique."

tatio mea *." Look in our cathedrals, at those unhappy, bowed down figures which, bent under the weight of some enormous pillar, strive, nevertheless, to lift the head, the outward sign of the aspirations of the unhappy people of that day ; and whom you find to have been in the fifteenth century, foul and grotesquely distorted in feature, but intelligent and thoughtful †: athwart their repulsive visage gleams the harmony of modern times.

The odious, incurable foulness, that which shocks the eyes, and still more the heart, is that which convicts the will of stagnation, and of not allowing any amelioration at the hands of the great Artist who is ever amending his own work.

Thus, when Christianity becomes conqueror, the Pagan gods prefer flight. They plunge into the recesses of the woods, live wildly there, and become more and more uncouth, and old wives cabal for them on Macbeth's "blasted heath." This obstinate tendency towards the past, this attempt to go backward, when God leads forward, is regarded by the middle age as the ill of ills, and is called the Devil.

Precisely the same horror is felt of the *Albigeois*, when the latter, who styled themselves Christians, revived the Persian and Manichean duality. It seemed as if Ahriman had returned, in the very face of Christianity, and taken his seat by God.

Less gross, but not less impious, seems to have been the mystery of the *Temple*.

A strange religion this of soldier-monks, who, out of their contempt for priests, seem to have blended the superstitions of the ancient Gnostics and Mussulmans, desiring no more of God than the Holy Ghost, whom they enclose in the penetralia of the Temple, and keep to themselves. "The order itself, it would seem, became their God. They worshipped the Temple, and the Templars, their chiefs, as living temples ; and they symbolized by the filthiest and most disgusting ceremonies their blind devotion and complete abandonment of will. The order closing itself in on this wise sunk into a fierce worship of itself, into a Satanic egotism. The most eminently diabolical feature of the devil, is his worshipping himself ‡."

Thus, this engine of war, which the Church had invented for the service of the Crusades, was so well handled by her, that when she thought she was thorough mistress of it, she found its point at her own breast ! Still, her danger was the less, inasmuch as this bastard creation of the monk-soldier had little vitality out of the Crusades, that is, independently of the cause which called it into being.

The contest waged in the sixteenth century, called a much more dangerous soldiery into existence. At the crisis when Rome was attacked in Rome itself, by the writings of Luther and the arms of Frundsberg, there comes from Spain a valiant soldier who vows himself to her service, an enthusiastic and a politic-minded man. The sword, thus held out to her in her hour of danger, she clutches so eagerly and so confidently, that she casts away the sheath. She invests the general of the Jesuits with full power, precluding herself from ever allowing them, even at their own instance, privileges contrary to their original foundation. (*Nullius momenti habenda sunt, etiamsi à Sede Apostolicâ sint concessa* *.) The pope is to introduce no change. The general, in conjunction with the assembly of the order, will change whatever he sees proper, according to fitness of place and time.

What constituted the strength and legitimate influence, the order, as soon as instituted, was that it maintained, in opposition to the Protestants who exaggerated the divine control, the freedom of man's will.

And what use does he proceed to make of this freedom ? He submits it to the Jesuits ; he employs it to obey ; and whatever he is commanded, he *will believe to be just* †. In the hands of his superiors, he will be like a staff in the hands of an old man, who does what he likes with it, and will suffer himself to be pushed this way or that *as unresistingly as a corpse :—Perinde ac cadaver.*

To prop up this doctrine of obedience and of tyranny, the *spy-system* is authorized by the founder of the order himself.

His successors draw up the great moral scholastic or *casuistry*, which provides for all things a *distinguo*, a *nisi*. . . . ‡ The chief power of their society was derived from this art of juggling with morality, which constituted the all-powerful attraction of their confessional. Their preaching was severe ; their spiritual direction indulgent. Strange bargains were struck between the alarmed consciences of the great of this world, and the all-politic direction of the society.

The most efficacious means of conversion, which the Jesuits have the honour of devising and of putting in practice, was *kidnapping the children*, in order to force the parents to turn convertites. New and most ingenious means, which had escaped the researches of Nero and of Diocletian !

One fact will serve. About 1650, a lady of high rank in Piedmont, a worldly liver and the prey of her passions, found her end approaching. Her confessors were Jesuits, and yet they gave her but little comfort. At this awful moment, she bethought herself of her husband, from whom she had been long estranged, and sent for him. "I have been a great sinner," she said, "and, perchance, towards you. I have much to expiate, and believe my soul to be in danger. Aid me, and swear that you will employ all means, even fire and sword, to convert the Vaudois." The husband, a brave soldier, swore to fulfil her wishes, and spared no military recourse to accomplish them; but without success. The Jesuits, more crafty, bethought themselves of seizing upon the children, feeling sure that the mothers would follow. . . .§

The same means, and by the same hands, was

* "I wait, O Lord, my expected change."

† See the statue of Jean Bureau's daughter, at Versailles, (For some account of Jean Bureau, see Michelet's History of France, vol. ii. p. 165, in Whittaker's "Popular Library.")

‡ Michelet's History of France, vol. i. p. 316, in Whittaker's "Popular Library."

* "Such privileges to be of no weight, albeit granted by the holy see."

† . . "Obedientia, tum in executione, tum in voluntate, tum in intellectu, sit in nobis semper ex omni parte perfecta . . . *omnia justa esse nobis persuadendo.*" Constit. p. 123, in 12mo, Romæ, in Collegio Societatis, 1583.

‡ "I take a distinction"—"I observe an exception."

§ The edict of Turin, passed in 1655, proves the horrible fact by the very amelioration it introduces :—"Prohibition against seizing boys *under twelve years of age*, girls *under ten*."

had large recourse to on the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Louis XIV. felt repugnant to it; but Madame de Maintenon, who had "no little ones," persuaded him that no happier or more efficacious expedient could be devised. . . . The cries of the mothers have mounted to the skies!

It is nothing surprising, therefore, that we, too, should feel a repugnance to entrusting our children into the hands of those who first counselled this abduction of children. The mechanical education imparted by the Jesuits, may cultivate the intellect, perhaps, but it crushes the soul. One may know much, and none the less be without a living soul:—*Perinde ac cadaver.*

There is one thing, besides, which ought to inspire distrust. Who can say what the Jesuits now are, and what they are doing? . . . Their existence is more mysterious than ever.

We are justified in saying to them, It is no fair match between you and us. We publish our every thought, and live in the open day. Who is there to hinder you from saying *Yes* in the morning, and in the evening *No?*

All know what we are doing, and see us at work, whether for good or ill. Here we come day by day, bearing with us our whole life, our very heart, for our enemies to feed upon.

And for long years (simple as we stand here, and hard-working) have we nourished them with our substance. We may say to them, as the wounded man to the vulture in the Greek poem, "Eat, bird, 'tis the flesh of a brave man; thy beak will grow a cubit longer."

See yourselves, now; what is it on which you live, wretchedly poor as you are?

The very tongue in your mouth, with which your advocates attack J. J. Rousseau, is, to the best of their ability, Rousseau's tongue. . . . It is rhetoric and reasoning, but with little power of observing facts.

Who, twenty years back, revived Christian spirituality—you? Dare you say it was you?

Who excited in the public mind a fervour for the middle-age—you? Dare you say it was you?

We have lauded the past, have lauded St. Louis, St. Thomas, even Ignatius Loyola. . . . And you have stepped forward and said, I am Loyola. No; you are not Loyola. A man of genius could not use the same means at the present day which he employed centuries back. . . .

This very church in which you preach has stood for ages, and you saw it not. We have been obliged to show it to you, to help you to discover the towers of Notre-Dame; and then you have slipped into it whether Notre-Dame liked or not, have turned it into an arsenal, and mounted your batteries on the towers of this house of peace. . . .

Well! let this same house judge betwixt you and us, which of the two are the true successors of the men who built it?

You say that all is complete; you want no addition. You think the towers high enough—and so they are, to erect your engines upon.

We, on the contrary, say that we must be ever building, adding work to work, and these, living works; that as God is ever creating, we ought to imitate him as we best may, and to create likewise.

You would have all stop, and we have kept going on. Despite you, we, in the seventeenth century, discovered heaven (as we did the earth in the fifteenth), and you have been indignant therefore; yet have you been compelled to acknowledge the immense addition to religion.—Was Christianity itself realized antecedently to the law of nations which introduced peace even into war, and antecedently to civil equality?—Who has opened up these grand highways? these modern times which you accuse? And civil equality, which you begin to know by name so as to employ it against us, is another addition to the grand edifice we are rearing, which we claim as ours. . . . We are masons, workmen. Suffer us to go on building, to go on prosecuting from age to age the work common to all, and, without ever growing weary, to go on raising higher and higher the everlasting Church of God*!

[This lecture was interrupted by various marks of insolent disapprobation, which were so offensive to the rest of the auditory, that the offending individuals were hooted as soon as they got into the street.

The following Wednesday, M. Quinet lectured, and established on undeniable grounds the rights and freedom of the professorial chair. The papers declared one after the other for us (the *National* and *Constitutionnel*, on May 5th; the *Débats*, on the 13th; the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, on the 15th; the *Courrier*, on the 17th; the *Revue Indépendante*, on the 25th). The *Siècle* reported both M. Quinet's lectures and mine.

A new review (*Journal de la Liberté Religieuse*, edited by M. Goubault), the first number of which appeared on May 15th, gave extracts from them; and large extracts were also published in various provincial and also foreign papers, as the *Journal de Rouen*, *Echo de Vésone*, *Courrier de Lyon*, *Espérance*, *Helvétie*, *Courrier Suisse*, *&c.*

On Thursday, May 11th, it being my turn to lecture, many of my colleagues and of the most illustrious of my friends, foreigners as well as French, were pleased to protest, as it were, by their presence, against these unworthy attacks, and to honour me by surrounding my chair.]

* (Many of the allusions and turns of thought in this lecture will only be understood by those who are acquainted with M. Michelet's *History of France*, and with his peculiar views and phraseology as an historian.—TRANSLATOR.)

LECTURE THE THIRD *.

EDUCATION, DIVINE AND HUMAN.—THE EDUCATION WHICH IS CONTRARY TO NATURE.

FAR advanced in life as I am, and devoted to solitary and laborious studies, I experience, on glancing back at the past, a most sweet and soothing compensation for all that I may have missed.

And this is, that it has been granted to me, as much as to any man of this age, to envisage in history a mystery which is truly divine.

I speak not of the spectacle of those great dramatic crises which seem God's strokes of state-policy (*les coups d'état de Dieu*). . . . I speak of the gentle, patient, often almost imperceptible action, by which Providence prepares, awakens, and develops life, tends, nurses, and gradually strengthens it. (*Clamour, interruption.*)

I call upon my illustrious friends, historians, either of humanity or of nature, whom I see present, to declare whether they have not considered the contemplation of what may be called the maternity of Providence, the highest recompense of their toils, their best consolation in the vicissitudes of life?

God is a mother. . . . This is plain to all who can see the tender care with which He brings the vastest powers within reach of the feeblest beings. . . . For whom or what this stupendous fabric, this concourse of elements, these waters exhaled from distant seas, this light which travels thirty millions of leagues? What is this favourite of God's whom nature hastes to serve, and for whom she moderates her energies and holds her breath? . . . 'Tis a simple blade of grass!

Looking at these cautious, delicate cares, this ear of hurting, this desire of preserving, this tender consideration for all existence, who can mistake the mother's hand?

The great mother, the great nurse, is like all mothers—she fears to force. She surrounds, but does not press; she influences, but does not compel; she is ever giving, but gradually and little at a time . . . so that the nursling, whatever it be, may not long remain passive, may aid itself, and may finally act according to its kind.

The constant miracle of the world is, that infinite strength, far from crushing weakness, wishes weakness to grow into strength. Omnipotence seems to make divine felicity exist in creating, encouraging life, action, liberty. (*Clamour, violent altercation, long interruption.*)

The sole aim of education should be to imitate this conduct of Providence in the culture of man. Its object should be the development of a free creature, so that it may, in its turn, act and create.

In the disinterested and tender education which they give their child, parents want nothing for themselves, but all for him; they want his faculties and the fulness of his powers to grow and ripen harmoniously, so that he may gradually become strong, be a man, and fill their place.

Above all, they want their child to develop all the activity of his nature, though they be the sufferers. . . If the father fence with him, he yields him the advantage in order to embolden him; retreats, suffers himself to be hit, never thinks that he hits hard enough. . .

The sole thought of parents, the end of their cares for so many years, is that their child may at last be able to do without them. Even the mother resigns herself to this, sees him depart, launches him into dangerous careers, into the navy, the army! In what view? That he may return a man, embrowned with the sun of Africa, distinguished and admired; that then he may marry, and love another more than his mother.

Such is the disinterestedness of family nature: all that is asked for is to produce a free and strong man, able, when the occasion calls, to detach himself and be his own support.

The artificial families, or fraternities of the middle age, were imbued, in their origin, with a portion of this divine character of the natural family, of harmonious development into freedom. The large monastic families, at their outset, had a shadow of it; and it was then that they produced the great men who are their representatives in the sight of history. They were only fecund, so long as they allowed some latitude to free development.

The Jesuits alone, instituted for specific violent action, political and warlike, have undertaken to absorb the whole man in this action. They want to appropriate him to themselves without reservation, and to employ and to keep him from his cradle to the grave. They take possession of him by *education*; before the reason, awakened, can stand in its defence, they obtain the mastery over him by *preaching*; and they guide him, even in his most trivial doings, by becoming his *spiritual directors*.

What is this education of theirs? Their apologist, the Jesuit Cerutti, explains it in a manner that there is no mistaking: "Just as one swaddles the baby's limbs in the cradle, *to insure their just proportion*, it is necessary, from earliest youth, *to swaddle*, if I may so speak, *the will*, to insure it all throughout life a happy and salutary suppleness." (*Apologie*, p. 330.)

If one could for a moment admit that a *swaddled* faculty could ever become a free agent, the admission must be retracted when we bring side by side with this simpering word the franker expression which they have not feared to inscribe in their rule, and which indicates both the precise kind of obedience they require and what man must become in their hands—"*Like a stick, like a corpse.*"

But they may urge—"If the will only be annihilated, may there not be a compensation in what the other faculties will proportionally gain?"

Prove that they have gained. Prove that a man's mind and intellect can live, and his will be dead. . . Where are the great men you have produced these last three hundred years? . . .

* Delivered May 11th, 1843.

And though one side of a man might be the gainer by the weakening of the other side, who gives you a right to practise operations of the kind? Who, for instance, authorizes you to pluck out the left eye under pretence of strengthening the right?

I know that the English breeders have found out the art of making strange specialties—sheep which are nothing but tallow, oxen which are nothing but meat, elegant skeletons of horses to win prizes with; and, to ride these horses, dwarfs: wretched beings, who are forbidden to grow!

Is it not impious to apply to the soul this shocking art of making monsters, and to say to it: "Thou shalt sacrifice this faculty, retain that; we will leave thee memory, discrimination in unimportant matters, habits of business and of craft; but we will deprive thee of that which constitutes thy essence, which is thyself, of will, of liberty!... so that, thus lopped, thou mayest still live on as an instrument, but no longer belong to thyself." . . .

To make these monstrosities, a monstrous art is required.

The art of keeping men *together*, and yet *isolated*, united for action, disunited in heart, contributing to one same end, whilst making war on each other.

To bring about this state of isolation in conjunction with a state of society, the first step must be to leave the inferior members in perfect ignorance of what is to be revealed to them when they reach the superior ranks, (Reg. comm. xxvii.) so that they may proceed blindly from one stage to the other as if climbing by night *.

This is the first point to be secured. The second must be, to create a mutual distrust of one another by the fear of mutual betrayals, by the spy-system. (Reg. comm. xx.)

The third, the complement of this artificial system, is to arrange a set of educational works which shall show them the world in a false point of view, so that, deprived of all means of self-control and instruction, they may be for ever imprisoned, walled in, as it were, in falsehood.

I will instance only one of these works—their Abridgment of the History of France (edit. of 1843 †); a work, millions of copies of which have, during the last five-and-twenty years, been circulated in France, in Belgium, in Savoy, Piedmont, and Switzerland; a work so thoroughly their own, that they introduce changes in it year by year ‡, expunging the follies which had made the name of its author notorious, but leaving all his calumnies and blasphemies against France . . . in every page the English spirit and the glories of Wellington *. Why, the very English have shown themselves less English, and have refuted with contempt the calumnies invented or renewed by the Jesuits of our slain at Waterloo; and, above all, that paragraph in which, speaking of the refusal of the imperial guard to surrender, the Jesuit historian adds,—"These *madmen were seen firing upon and slaying each other* in face of the English, who stood transfixed with horror at the sight."

Wretched man how little do you know of the heroic generation that you are thus recklessly calumniating! They who have been honoured with the intimacy of those heroes, will say whether their calm courage could ever be sullied by impotent rage. . . . More than one have I known, as gentle as an infant. . . . Ah! the powerful were mild, indeed †.

If you have a grain of prudence, never speak of those men or of those times; pass the whole over in silence. . . . You will be at once detected for what you are—for the enemies of France. . . . She herself will say to you, "Touch not my dead; beware, they are not as dead as you suppose!"

[The hand that directed the disturbance throughout this lecture, was easily recognized; and the

* To justify their prohibiting their servants from learning to read, they boldly quote St. Francis of Assisi (*Reg. comment. Nigronus*, p. 303), who, owing to his implicit belief in divine illumination, dispenses his followers from studying. . . . . I seem to see Machiavel turning to his own political purposes, the saying which he heard fall from a child's lips! It is the same with many other points, the letter of which the Jesuits have borrowed from the older rules, to use in quite an opposite sense from their original meaning; and which remain as so many witnesses to the difference of their spirit from that of the middle age.

† *Histoire de France*, for the use of youth, t. ii. p. 342, in 12mo: a new edition, revised and corrected, 1843, and published at Lyons, by Louis Lesne, late Rusand. This book, and all others by the same hand, is marked in the catalogues with the sign, A. M. G. D. (*Ad majorem gloriam Dei*, To the greater glory of God); or with the letters L. N. N. (*Lucet, non nocet*, Shining, but hurting not.)

‡ And from month to month. In an edition published in June, they suppressed a passage which I quoted in my Lectures from an edition published in the January or February preceding, and which lies before me as I write this note, June 24th.

* It is worth while to look at the absurd speeches they put in his mouth, full of insult to us (ii. 312), and the silly but sanguinary effusions they attribute to Napoleon (ii. 324),—the drivelling of idiot hate. On the 20th of March (1802—1814?) they make the people mingle with the cries of "Long live the Emperor!" shouts of "Long live Hell!" "Down with Paradise!" (p. 337.) What can one think of their filling two whole pages of this small work with a dissertation on perukes (ii 168, 169)? The whole work, in fact, is of the same character; every where the same worldly and bigot spirit, and the gravest things alluded to with a lamentable levity, which shows the death of the heart within. Here is the manner in which the author mentions the massacre of St. Bartholomew.—"The marriage was celebrated; and the joy of the festival would have been perfect but for the bloody catastrophe which brought it to a close" (ii. 294). But exceeding all is the following impudent eulogium passed by the Jesuits on the Jesuits: "By a distinction, honourable to this order, *all the enemies of religion were considered to be its enemies*" (ii. 103)!

† How many proofs could I not cite! Here is one which deserves to be saved from oblivion. At the battle of Wagram, one of the batteries of the imperial guard took up its station for a moment on a spot covered with the wounded of the enemy. One of these, who was suffering agony from his wound, as well as from thirst and the heat, called out to the French to put an end to him. Maddened at not being understood, (he was an Hungarian,) he dragged himself to a loaded musket, and endeavoured to fire it at the cannoneers. The French officer in command took the musket from him, and hung some coats on a stack of muskets to screen him from the heat. This officer was M. Fourcy-Gauduin, an artillery captain of the guard, the excellent historian of the Polytechnic-school, and the writer of many charming poems, composed during the tremendous wars of the empire, and on every battle-field of Europe. He lies in our *Cimetière du Midi*, with this simple epitaph on his tomb, *Hinc Surrecturus* (About to rise hence), and beneath, *Stylo et Gladio Meruit* (Distinguished both by his pen and his sword). The two first words, so noble and so christian, are those which he had himself inscribed on the tomb of his mother—*Hinc Surrectura!*

means employed were altogether conformable with the description I had been drawing of the method pursued by the Jesuits, consisting in drowning the voice of the lecturer, not by hisses, *but by bravos!* . . . This manœuvre was executed by some dozen individuals who had never attended the course, and who had been beaten up as recruits that same morning, in a large public establishment.

So *un-French* a manœuvre disgusted the students; and the more so that the disturbers of the lecture, in their inexperience, broke out at random, and, as it happened, at the most religious passages. They were in danger from the indignation of the students, especially one of their number, whom I had the pleasure of seeing a friend of mine protect by the interposition of his own person.

On the evening of May the 16th, a deputation of the students waited upon me with a letter, couched in the most becoming terms, in which they expressed both their sympathy with the professor, and their indignation at the unworthy attacks to which he had been exposed. Two hundred and fifty-eight signatures were appended to this letter in a moment.

The papers, as I have already said, had declared for us; and, on the 15th, I addressed the following letter to the editor of the *Journal des Débats:*

"Sir,—In an obliging article, in which you undertake to establish the justice of our cause, you state that we are employing the right of *self-defence*, an expression which might lead some to infer that we have postponed the subject-matter of our teaching, and the syllabus of our lectures, (made out long beforehand,) in order to meet the attacks on our reputation.

"No, Sir, we are not defending ourselves. The garbled, disfigured extracts quoted by our opponents, are their own defence the moment they are read in conjunction with the context. As to the commentaries with which they are garnished, who would dare to read them in public? The impurity of the monastic imagination displayed in some would have made Aretine recoil! (See the *Monopole Universitaire*, p. 441.)

"In the very first lecture delivered by me this year, I stated my subject; it was the loftiest question in the philosophy of history—

"The distinction betwixt living *organism* and mechanism, or formalism and vain scholastics.

"I. In the first part of my course, I proved that this sterile spirit was not, as has been supposed, the dominant principle of the middle age; and I inquired into the mystery of its fecund vitality.

"II. In the second part of my course, I proceeded to show what judgment should be passed on the *false middle age* which has been imposed upon us. I have characterized it, externally, by its impotence and the sterility of its results; and am now penetrating into the heart of its mystery, the perfidiousness of its principle—which is, to take possession of man by surprise; to muffle him up before he is of age to defend himself; to *swaddle the will*, to borrow the phrase from the Apology for the Jesuits.

"Such was, such is, sir, the plan of my course. Polemics only enter it to the support of theories; and I have cited the order of the Jesuits as a case in point, just as I had occasion to do that of the Templars.

"I am no brawler. The greater part of my life has been spent in silence. I was advanced in years when I began to publish; and ever since, I have studiously avoided controversy. For twelve years I have been absorbed in an immense undertaking, which will occupy the whole of my life. Yesterday, I was writing the History of France; and I shall be writing it to-morrow, and every day as long as God will allow. All I ask of Him is to preserve me, as he has heretofore done, in a state of equanimity, and master of my own heart and judgment, so that the mountain of lies and calumnies which has long been amassing to overwhelm me with at one blow, may not disturb a hair's breadth the impartial balance which he placed in my hand. I am, Sir, &c."

"*Monday, May 15th*, 1843."

On the 18th, our opponents perceived, by the attitude of the silent crowd which filled all the avenues of the *Collége de France*, that any further attempt on the patience of the public would be dangerous. The Lecture went off without the slightest interruption. A person suspected, perhaps wrongfully, of an attempt at interruption, was handed over the benches from one to another, and in a moment expelled the room.

From that day the peace has been unbroken.]

LECTURE THE FOURTH *.

LIBERTY, FECUNDITY.—STERILITY OF THE JESUITS.

The liberty of the press has preserved liberty of speech.

The instant a free thought, a free voice is raised, there is no stifling it; it pierces through walls and barred doors. How hinder six hundred persons from hearing what will be read to-morrow by six hundred thousand?

Liberty is man. Even to subject oneself, one must be free; to give oneself away, one must be one's own. He who could renounce his birthright by anticipation would no longer be man, but thing —God would own it not!

Liberty is so essentiallly the fundamental of the modern world, that her enemies have no other weapon to combat her but herself. How was Europe enabled to make head against the Revolution? By giving, or by promising, liberty—communal liberties, civil liberties (as in Prussia, Hungary, Gallicia, &c.).

The violent adversaries of the liberty of thought have derived all their power from this very liberty. Curious, to see M. de Maistre, in the briskness of his attack, momentarily escaping from the yoke which he seeks to impose—here, more mystical than the mystics condemned by the Church; there,

* Delivered May 18th, 1843.

quite as revolutionary as the Revolution which he combats.

Marvellous virtue of liberty! The freest of ages, our own, is also the most harmonious. It has developed itself, no longer by servile schools, but by cycles or great families of independent men, who, without holding one of the other, yet go on eventually joining hands; in Germany the cycle of philosophers, of great composers; in France, the cycle of historians and of poets, &c.*

Thus it has happened that precisely at the moment association ceased to be, and that religious orders and schools had passed away, there began, for the first time, that grand concert, in which each nation within itself, and all nations between themselves, without any previous understanding, have chimed in in accordant harmony.

The middle age, less free, could not originate this noble harmony; but enjoyed, at least, the hope of it, as it were, its prophetic shadow, in those great associations which, albeit dependent, were nevertheless so many liberties in comparison with preceding ages. St. Dominick and St. Francis, drawing the monk out of his seclusion, sent him to all parts of the world as preacher and as pilgrim. This newly-born liberty diffused life by torrents. St. Dominick, notwithstanding his fatal share in the Inquisition, gave birth in crowds to profound theologians, orators, painters, bold thinkers, until he burned himself with his own hands, no more to come to life, on the same stake with Bruno.

And so the middle age was not an artificial and mechanical system, but a living being, which enjoyed liberty, and through liberty, fecundity; which truly lived, for it worked and produced. And now that it rests, it has earned its rest like any other good workman. We, who work to-day, shall readily go and lie down by it to-morrow.

But first, both it and we shall be summoned to answer for our deeds. Ages, like men, are accountable. We moderns shall appear with the men of the middle age, bearing our works in our hands, and presenting our great workmen. We shall point to Leibnitz and Kant; it, to St. Thomas: we, to Ampère or Lavoisier; it, to Roger Bacon: it, to the composer of the *Dies Iræ*, of the *Stabat Mater;* we, to Beethoven and Mozart.

Yes, this antique age hath wherewithal to answer. St. Benedict, St. Francis, St. Dominic, will present themselves bearing great works, which, scholastic as they may appear, were nevertheless works of life.

Whom or what have the Jesuits to produce?

It is wholly irrelative, when we point to these two imposing galaxies of the geniuses of the middle and of the modern ages, to produce men of learning, of cultivated mind, agreeable Latin versifiers, a good preacher—Bourdaloue, an ingenious philosopher—Buffier†: all they can show is little as regards literature, and nothing, or worse than nothing, as regards art. See their influence upon that meretricious school of painting, which, like some antiquated and affected coquette, has been on the wane ever since Mignard's day*.

No; those are no works for you to show; but you have others.

And, first, your histories†, often learned, always to be read with suspicion, always biassed by party interest. Your Daniels and Marianas could not have spoken the truth, had they wished it. Your writers lack one thing, that which you labour the hardest to destroy, that which a great man has pronounced to be the quality essential to the historian: "A lion's heart, to speak the truth always!"

In reality, you have but one work you can claim as your own—a code.

I mean the rules and constitutions by which you are governed; add the dangerous chicanery in which you train your confessors for the government of souls.

In going over that great work, *The Constitutions of the Jesuits*, one stands aghast at the immensity of the details, at the infinitely minute foresight which it exhibits. It is rather a great, than a grand‡ construction, and fatigues the eye, because it no where offers the simplicity of life; because we observe, with alarm, that the living powers figure there as stones. One would fancy one saw a huge church, not like that of the middle age in its simple vegetation; no—a church whose walls present only the heads and faces of men who look and listen, but no body nor limb; the limbs and bodies being for ever blocked up, alas! in the immoveable stone.

The whole edifice reared on the one principle—mutual superintendence, mutual denunciation, a perfect contempt for human nature—(perhaps, a natural contempt at the fearful epoch when the order was instituted).

* The same development is observable in science since the commencement of the century. You find the chemists of France and mechanicians of England, during the great struggle between the two countries, labouring face to face, and, nevertheless, labouring in perfect harmony, all drawing from the bosom of nature those marvellous powers, which, though sought after under the inspiration of war, yet still remain in everlasting and peaceful perpetuity to mankind.

† See the list in the Jesuit Cerutti's Apology (p. 292. 310):—*Historians,* Bougeant, Duhalde, Strada, Charlevoix, Maimbourg, &c. *Men of deep learning,* Petau, Sirmond, Bollandus, Gaubil, Parennin, &c. *Men of letters,* Bouhours, Rapin, La Rue, Jouvency, Vanière, Sanadon, &c. Many scientific and able men they have to show, but not one man of genius. Their best argument would be, that having started into being in time of warfare, and having generally led a life of action, they have acted rather than created, and that we should examine what they did, rather than what they may have left behind. In answer, we inquire whether their action upon life has been really productive; and the result, even as regards their missions, is a decided negative. See a Lecture of M. Quinet's, further on.

* Poussin loved neither the Jesuits nor their painting. He drily answered their objection, that he represented Jesus Christ under too austere a figure, "That our Lord was not a sleek parson (*un père douillet*)."

† The entire order is an historian, an indefatigable biographer, a laborious keeper of records (*archiviste*); for it relates, day by day, to its general, all that takes place in the world.

‡ All that is borrowed in this work from the middle age is invested with a modern character, frequently the opposite of the ancient spirit. Its prevailing genius is that of the scribe; an endless mania for regulating, a superintending curiosity, which never stops, and which strains to see and to sound a bottom beyond the bottom. Hence the strange refinements of their casuistry, and the melancholy hardihood which leads them to stir up and decompose filth, at the risk of sinking deeper into it. To sum up, the work displays a petty, subtle, captious spirit, a spurious mixture of bureaucracy and scholasticism, a spirit of police rather than of policy.

The superior is begirt by his *councillors*; the members, the novices, and the pupils, by their brethren or comrades, ready to denounce them. And shameful are the precautions taken even against the most dignified and longest tried members*.

Gloomy society, how much I pity thee! . . . But must not man, so ill at ease within its bosom, be so much the more active when partially released from its trammels, and filled with a dangerous restlessness? The only means of slightly lessening the pressure of this fearful spirit of police is for the sufferer himself to carry it into every thing.

Is not the introducing a police of the sort into education an impiety? What! you lay your hand on this poor soul, which has but a day's existence between two eternities, but one day to become worthy of everlasting beatitude, in order to convert the child into the betrayer, that is to say, to make him resemble the devil, who, we learn in the book of Genesis, was the first betrayer the world saw!

All the services which the Jesuits have had it in their power to render†, cannot efface this one foul blot. Even their method of teaching, and of education, in many respects judicious, is, nevertheless, impressed with a mechanical and automaton-like character. It has none of the spirit of life. It regulates the exterior, and the interior may follow as it can. Among other points of regulation, the pupils are instructed *to carry their heads properly, always to cast down their eyes a little lower than those of the person whom they address, and to take care to keep the nose from curling, and the forehead from wrinkling**, the too visible signs of duplicity and cunning. These hapless players do not know that serenity, the air of candour, and moral grace and dignity, proceed from within, and mount from the heart to the face; that they are inimitable.

* There is a police and a counter-police. *The penitent is even set as a spy on her confessor*, and, at times, deputed to try him with insidious questions! A woman made to act the spy, by turns, on two men jealous the one of the other; a hell beneath hell! Where is the Dante who could have imagined this? The reality is much vaster and more terrible than all fancy or imagination! . . . . Espial of this sort is not specified in the rule, but it is observed *in practice*.

† And indisputably they have rendered services, as regards the transition stage of study between the education of the schoolmen and that of modern times. Nevertheless, their plan of instruction is spoiled, even in what is most judicious in it, by a petty spirit, and by a needlessly minute subdivision of times and studies. All this is pitifully fragmentary—a quarter of an hour for four lines of Cicero; another quarter of an hour for Virgil, &c. And, together with this, we must reprobate their mania for arranging authors, and blending their own style with theirs, for dressing up the ancients as Jesuits, &c.

* *Institutum Soc. Jes.* ii. 114, ed. Prag. in folio. Not a single change has been introduced into the educational system of the Jesuits. All the details described in the work entitled, *L'Intérieur de Saint-Acheul, par un de ses élèves*, have been confirmed to me by youths brought up at Brugelete, Brieg, and Fribourg.

Such, gentlemen, are the enemies with whom we have to do. Religious liberty, on which they sought to lay hands, is guarantee for all the rest—for political liberty, for that of the press, for that of speech, which I beg to thank you for having maintained. Guard well this grand inheritance. You are the more bound to keep it untouched and unscathed, inasmuch, young men, as you have received it from your fathers, and not won it for yourselves. It is the prize of their efforts, the fruit of their blood. Desert it! As well might you shatter their very tombs!

Ever bear in mind the saying of a venerable man of a former day, of the man with the white beard, as he calls himself, of the Chancellor L'Hôpital: "Lose one's liberty! Gracious God, what is there left one to lose after that?"

LECTURE THE FIFTH *.

FREE ASSOCIATION, FECUNDITY.—STERILITY OF THE CHURCH IN BONDAGE.

The base and violent attacks made upon me since our last meeting, compel me to say a word of myself.

One word; the first, and it will be the last.

Gentlemen, our acquaintance is now of long date. Most of you have been brought up, if not by me personally, at least by my books, and by pupils of mine. All present know the line I have followed.

That line has been at once liberal and religious. It begins with the year 1827. In that year, I published two works; one was the translation of a book which makes Providence the foundation on which to build the philosophy of history; the other was an Abridgment of Modern History, in which I denounced, more strongly than I have ever since done, fanaticism and intolerance*.

From that date I was known both by my books and by my lessons at the Normal School; lessons carried by pupils of my own forming into every corner of France. Not one word has been uttered or taught by me since, at variance with the principles on which I started.

Mine has not been a favoured career. One by one I have advanced from stage to stage, without having been spared a single gradation. Examina-

* Delivered May 26th, 1843.

* See, in particular, my observations on the massacre of St. Bartholomew, *Précis de l'Histoire Moderne*, p. 141 (ed. 1827).

tion, election, seniority have formed the ladder by which I have risen.

I have had my humble origin cast in my teeth —why, 'tis my glory! (*Applause.*)

I have been accused of *place-hunting**; will they tell me when? He, who for so many years, and without respite, has been daily occupied with the double labours of professor and of writer, has had but little time to spare for prosecuting any personal views or interests.

For years upon years have I led the life of those Benedictines of our age, of Sismondi and of Daunou. The latter resided in a distant suburb, inhabited by market-gardeners. Of a morning, as soon as they saw the lamp in his window, they would rise to their daily work. "It is four o'clock," they would say.

When a man begins an immense work, like the history of our native country, a work immeasurably disproportionate to the brief span of human life, he condemns himself to the life of a recluse; a life, not unattended with danger; for at length one grows so absorbed in it as to be dead to all that is going on abroad, and to awaken only when the enemy is forcing the door or when he has burst into the house.

But yesterday, I confess, I was wholly wrapped up in my work, shut in with Louis XI. and Charles the Rash, and busily trying to make them agree; when aroused by hearing at my windows that great flight of bats, I put out my head to see what was going on.

What did I see? Nothingness taking possession of the world; and the world making no effort, the world floating about as if on the raft of the *Medusa*, and, choosing no longer to row, breaking up, destroying the raft, and making signals . . . to the future? . . . to a saving soul? . . . No! . . . to the abyss, the void. . . .

The abyss gently murmurs,—Come to me, what fear you? See you not that *I am nothing*.

'Tis precisely because *thou art nothing*, that I fear thee. 'Tis thy nothingness which I fear. I have no fear of that which *is*; what truly *is*, is of God.

The middle age has said in its last work, the *Imitation*—"God speaks, and the doctors are silent." We cannot affirm this—for our doctors have not a word to say.

Do theology, philosophy, those two mistresses of the world from whom the Spirit ought to descend, do they still speak?

Philosophy is dwindled down to history, to erudition; she translates, or she reprints, but teaches no more.

Theology teaches no more. She criticizes, rails, lives on the names of individuals, on the writings and reputation of Mr. So and So, whom she attacks. But what is Mr. So and So to us? Speak to us of God!

It is high time, if we wish to live, for each, leaving these doctors to dispute as they list, to seek life in himself, to appeal to the voice within, to the persevering labours of *solitude*, to the succour of free *association*.

* I applied for nothing under the Restoration, as I have been accused of doing; but I was myself applied to. At what moment? In 1828, during the Martignac ministry, and through the mediation of an illustrious friend of mine on whom that minister bestowed a professorship, with the applause and approbation of the whole kingdom.

At the present day we no longer know what solitude and association mean; still less do we know how solitary labour and free inter-communication can reciprocally aid and quicken each other.

Yet, here also is salvation! In my mind's eye I see a whole people drooping and suffering, without association, and without real solitude, however isolated such people may be. Here, I see a whole people of students, apart from their families (this mountain of schools* is after all filled with exiles), there, a whole people of priests scattered over the country, an unfortunate swarm, hampered on the one hand by the ill-will of the world, on the other by the tyranny of their superiors, without a voice to complain withal, and who, for half a century, have dared only to sigh †.

All these men, now isolated, or forcibly associated so that they curse association, were grouped, in the middle age, in free confraternities, in colleges, where liberty had her share even under the dominion of authority; for many of these colleges were self-governed, and nominated their own heads and masters. And not only was their administration free, but, in certain points, their studies. For instance, in the great school of Navarre, in conjunction with the course of reading obligatory on all, the students enjoyed the right of choosing some book which they could study, elucidate, and master among themselves. This liberty was fecund in results. The school of Navarre sent forth a crowd of eminent men, orators, critics—Clemengis and Launoy, Gerson and Bossuet, among the number ‡.

The liberties enjoyed by the schools of the middle age disappeared in succeeding times.

In these schools (too hastily condemned) little,

* (An allusion to the *Pays Latin*, as it is called, the quarter of Paris in which the Collége de France and other public seminaries are situated.)—TRANSLATOR.

† See the work entitled *De l'Etat actuel du Clergé, et en particulier des Curés Ruraux appelés Desservants*, par MM. Allignol, Prêtres Desservants, 1839.

‡ See the fecundity of free development in those pleasing associations of the great painters, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century!

Whilst the master allows his pupils to work upon his paintings, his vigorous impulse, nevertheless, goes on throughout all this variety of handling. And they who seem to immolate themselves to him, to be absorbed in him, to be lost in his glory, gain the more, the more they forget themselves. Free and light, above interest and selfish pride, grace grows under their pencil, without their knowing how or whence. . . See that youth: he was yesterday grinding colours; he is now himself the head and founder of a school.

The truly divine feature of free association is this: that whilst it proposes as its object such or such a given work, it develops that which is above any work—the power which can produce all works—union, *brotherhood*. In that picture of Rubens's where you trace the hand of Vandyke, there is a something greater than the picture, greater than art—their previous friendship!

The more thoroughly the virtue of free association shall be understood, the more delight we shall take in witnessing new powers bursting into life, the more gladly shall we reach out our hand to the new-comer. Every man of a genius and a pursuit different from our own, brings with him an element that we ought to welcome. He comes to render us more perfect. Before him, the great lyre which we form amongst ourselves, was not yet harmonic; each string acquires its value from its neighbour strings. If an additional one be discovered let us rejoice; the lyre will be the more harmonious.

indeed, was taught, but the faculties were largely exercised. With the sixteenth century, the aim is changed, and *knowledge* is the imperative want. All at once antiquity is rediscovered, and adds all her stores to the science and learning already extant. By what mechanism can this mass of words and things be stored up in the memory?

The inharmonious mass had produced only doubt; all was uncertain, both ideas and manners. To extricate the human mind from this state of fluctuation the strong machine of the Society of Jesus was invented; once submitted to which and firmly riveted down, there would be no possibility of wavering for a moment.

What was the result? This barbarous idea of holding life palpitating in an iron vice, missed securing its object. When they fancied it had firm hold, it held nothing. They found that they had only grasped death.

And death spread. A spirit of distrust and inactivity took possession of the Church. Talent inspired suspicion. The deserving were those who held their peace; they resigned themselves to silence, until it became easy to simulate death. And when the imitation is so easy, the fact is that death has taken place.

In our own time, the leading champions of the clergy do not belong to their body (as the Bonalds, the De Maistres). One priest has put himself forward, only one*. . . Is he still a priest?

Profound sterility, which only too clearly explains the silence that now prevails. . .

"What!" it may, perhaps, be objected, "is it not sufficient to repeat and reiterate an everlasting doctrine?"

Why, precisely because it is eternal, because it is divine, Christ, in his mighty awakenings, has never been without a new robe, without the raiment of youth. . . From age to age has his vesture been renewed—by St. Bernard, and by St. Francis, and by Gerson, and by Bossuet! . . .

Extenuate not your impotence. If your churches are crowded, attempt not to make us believe that it is to hear your sifting of old controversies. Before we have done with you, we will analyze the different motives that have brought you your hearers; but, to-day, one question only—"Do these crowds go to church in the view of quitting the world, or of getting more quickly on in it?" In these days of competition more than one has imitated the hurried man of business who, to escape the jostling throng, takes advantage of some open church, and, making a short cut through it, steals a march on the simple ones, who are still elbowing their way as they can.

Keeping the clergy sterile, forcing upon them the dry, withering education of the sixteenth century, imposing upon them the study of works which only witness to the hideous state of the morals of that age, is doing what their most deadly enemies would shrink from doing.

What! to enervate, to paralyze this great living body! to hold it inert, immovable! to bar it everything, except slander!

* The illustrious M. de la Mennais.

Why slander, why criticism, if you will, is still only criticism; that is, a negation. To become more and more negative, is to lose more and more of life.

We, whom they regard as their enemies, want them to act, to live. And their superiors, or, to speak plainly, their masters, will not suffer them to give a sign of life. Which, I pray you, of the two mothers in the judgment of Solomon, which is the true, the loving mother? *She who would have her child live.*

Poor Church! They must be thy adversaries, then, who beseech thee to recognize thyself, to share with them the task of interpretation, to call to mind thy liberties and the grand prophetic voices that have issued from thy bosom?

Forgettest thou, then, O Church, the everlasting words which one of thy prophets, Joachim de Flores, listened to with respect by popes and emperors, dictated in the year 1200, at the foot of Etna? His disciple tells us: "He dictated three days and nights, without sleeping, eating, or drinking; I wrote . . . And he was pale as the leaves of the forest:

"'There have been three ages, three kinds of persons amongst believers; the first called to the task of fulfilling the Law, the second to the work of the Passion, the third elected unto the liberty of Contemplation. This is what the Scriptures testify, where it is written, There where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.—The first age was an age of slaves, the second of free men, the third of friends; the first an age of aged men, the second of men, the third of children; in the first nettles, in the second roses, in the third lilies.—The mystery of the kingdom of God appeared at first as if in deepest night; then it came to dawn like the morning; one day it will shine in highest noon. . . For, with each age of the world knowledge grows and becomes manifold. It is written, Many will pass away, and knowledge shall go on increasing.'"

Thus, from the depth of the thirteenth century, the prophet saw the light of the modern world, progress, liberty; which the churchmen of this day cannot recognize. You can descry Mont Blanc at thirty leagues' distance, and yet cannot see it when you live within its shadow.

It is liberty, that liberty announced by the prophets, which now beseeches the Church, in their name, not to die, not to allow herself to be strangled by this heavy cope of lead, but rather to raise up and free herself by clasping the young and powerful hand liberty holds forth to her aid.

These prophets, and we, their children (under a different form, but that matters not), have felt God alike, as the living and free Spirit which desires the world freely to imitate him.

Throw down, then, your useless arms; abjure the mad war you are driven to wage contrary to your inclinations. Would you have us stay here like idle workmen, spending the whole day at the corners of the streets, doing nothing but quarrel?

Why not, rather, come, you and the rest, to work with us whilst there are yet left a few hours of the day, so that, by joining works and hearts, we may all grow more and more—to use the expression of the middle age—brothers in the free spirit.

LECTURE THE SIXTH *.

THE SPIRIT OF LIFE. THE SPIRIT OF DEATH.

WHATEVER the pressure of worldly affairs, or intoxication of the passions, there is no man who does not find at some moment of his life—the time to muse on a higher life.

There is no man but has asked himself, when sitting alone at his fireside after the fatigue of the day, or refreshed by the night's rest, in the calm morning hour, whether he was always to remain in this world of pettinesses, whether he was never to take wing!

At such serious moments, seldom to return, what manner of man is it we meet?

We meet two men, two languages, two minds.

One tells you to live a life eternal, no more to disperse your powers, but to concentrate them within yourself; to embrace your destiny, your particular study or art, with an heroic *will;* to receive nothing, whether knowledge or belief, as a dead lesson, but as a living thing—as a life starting into life, which you are bound to quicken, nurse, vivify; creating, according to the measure of your strength, in imitation of Him who is ever creating. This is the grand road; and, though that of fecundating movement, does not take you out of the path of sanctity. Have we not seen the eldest born of God, to whom he granted to follow him in his path of creation,—the Newtons, Virgils, and Corneilles, —walking in simpleness, remaining pure, and dying children?

So speaks the spirit of life. What says the spirit of death? That if we live, we should live little, from less to less; and, above all, create nothing.

"Beware," it exclaims, "from developing your inward strength; question not yourself; believe not the voice within; search out of yourself, never in yourself. What good is it to wear yourself out in the prosecution of your life, your study? Behold all studies ready to your hand, short and easy; you have but to learn. A fool is he who seeks to soar. 'Tis safer to creep, and you reach the goal quicker.

"Let alone your Bible and your Dante. Take up the *Fleur des Saints* (the "Flower of the Saints"), the *Petit Traité des Petites Vertus* (the "*Little Tract on the Little Virtues*"). Pass this amulet round your neck, perform the "Hundred Mortifications" (*Cent Mortifications*); and then, over and above, this little hymn to a fashionable tune. Choose a good seat in church, where you may be conspicuous and recognized as a pious person; you will be taken by the hand, introduced to a rich wife; your fortune, in short, will be made.

"But all this is on one condition—you must be reasonable; that is, you must extinguish your reason. You are not yet completely corrected; you still presume occasionally to think for yourself. This is naught. Look at yonder automaton; there is a model. You would say it was a man, and it speaks and writes; but never anything of itself—always what it has learnt; if it stirs, it is because a spring has been touched.

"Did men only know how superior machinery is to life, they would no longer live, and all would go on the better. How advantageous would it not be for you to replace this feverish circulation of the blood, this variable play of muscles and of fibres, by those beautiful machines of steel and brass, the regular play of whose wheels and pistons it is so delightful to look upon."

Many are doing their utmost to approach this beau-ideal. Could they attain it, and the metamorphosis be complete, it is plain what life would become.

And what would become of science, of literature?

In the first place, there would be some sciences that would be branded as suspected; and others, considered less to be suspected, would be retained as secret instruments. The mathematical and physical sciences would find grace as the means of machinery and of thaumaturgy; grace for a time. For after all, they are sciences, and would eventually be denounced. Astronomy, condemned long since with Galileo, would be defenceless. The Anti-Copernicus, sold after sermon at the doors of the church, would kill Copernicus. The four rules, perhaps, might be retained! And what more?

A little Latin must be kept for divine service; but no Latin literature, except in editions arranged by the Jesuits. Modern literature and philosophy are heresies, to be banished utterly and altogether; and how much the more that East which is now presenting itself to Christianity as a brother, and under Christian forms. Haste to bury deep such a science, and let its name never be breathed more.

No more science; a little art may be spared,—a devout art. Which, and of what epoch? . . . That of the middle age is too severe; Raphael is too pagan; Poussin is a philosopher; Champagne is a Jansenist. Ha! there is Mignard, and in his train a host of charming artists, who paint you in the most gallant spirit allegories, emblems, delightfully coquettish devotional pieces, of the newest invention. . . . With such a groundwork, form is a secondary matter. Your strolling artists, who decorate with their sign-post paintings the little chapels of Bavaria and the Tyrol, are all that is required.

But why waste your breath speaking of art, painting, sculpture? There is a far different art, which is not contented with the surface, but which sinks within; an art which takes the soft clay, a softened, spoiled, corrupted soul, and which, instead of fortifying, handles, kneads it, takes from it the little elasticity that was left, and works the clay into mud. Marvellous art, which renders penance so sweet to sick souls that they must be ever confessing—for confessing thus is sinning still.

This charming casuistry, were it not for its squint, might be taken for jurisprudence, whose bastard-sister she is; but, on the other hand, how infinitely more winning! How much would scowling jurisprudence be improved would she only take pattern by the gentle arts of the other!

* Delivered June 1st, 1843.

Who but would love a Papinian, refined by an Escobar? So tender would the heart of Justice at length become, that she would loathe her sword, and yield it up to these peaceful hands. Happy change, from law to grace! Law judges according to merits. Grace selects, distinguishes, favours. There would be the strict letter for some, grace for others. In other words, law would be reversed.

Here, at length, we are freed from law, as we have been from art and science. What is there left, Religion?

Alas! she died the first of all! Had she lived, all might have been renewed, or, rather, nothing would have perished. What is left is a machine which simulates religion, which counterfeits worship, just as in certain eastern countries the devout have instruments which pray in their stead, imitating by monotonous sounds the murmurings of prayers.

How low are we sunk now, how deep in death! Thick clouds and dark, are around. . . .

Where, then, in this all-encircling night, where is she who promised still to hold the torch for us across the ruins of empires and of religion? where is philosophy? Pale light, without heat, her lamp has gone out on the icy summit of abstraction. Yet, she fancies she still lives, and, voiceless as she is, asks pardon for living of theology, which is no more alive than she.

Let us awake. Thanks to God, all this has been but a dream!

I look on the world again; it lives. The genius of the modern age is true to itself. Checked, perhaps, for a moment, it is not the less living, powerful, immense. 'Tis its colossal height which has till now hindered it from heeding or knowing the clamour of the crawling things at its feet.

It had something else to do when, with one hand, it was exhuming twenty religions, and, with the other, measuring the heavens; when day by day, newly invented arts sprang into being from its brow, like so many sparks cast off. . . . Yea, it was thinking of something else, and is to be excused for not having understood that these mites were constructing some box or other to shut up the giant in.

The wisdom of the antique East, profound under its infantile form, tells us that an unhappy Jin was forced into a brazen jar; rapid, vast being, he who with a wave of his wing could reach the pole, was imprisoned in this jar, sealed down with a seal of lead, and the jar sunk to the bottom of the sea.

In the first century of his captivity, the prisoner swore that he would gift his deliverer with empire —In the second he swore that he would bestow on him all the treasures within the bowels of the earth —In the third, he swore that if ever he were set free he would issue forth in flames and consume all before him.

Who, then, are you; to suppose that you can seal the jar, to imagine that you can hold captive the living genius of France? Are you master, as in the eastern tale, of the great seal of Solomon? That seal had virtue in it; it was inscribed with an unspeakable name, which you will never learn.

There is no hand powerful enough to compress, I do not say for three centuries, but for a single moment, the terrible elasticity of a spirit which influences all. Find me a rock heavy enough, a mass of lead, of brass, . . . heap on it the whole globe, 'twill be as a feather's weight. And, were the globe heavy enough, and had you narrowly searched for and closed every means of escape, by some vent, undiscovered by you, the flame would blaze up to heaven.

Here, let us conclude. We have reached the term of this course. We have studied first of all, the living organism of the true middle age, next, the sterile *machinism* of the spurious middle age, which seeks to palm itself upon us; and lastly, we have characterized, and specifically described the *spirit of death* and the *spirit of life.*

Had the professor of moral philosophy and history the right to handle the loftiest question belonging to the domain of history and of moral philosophy?

It was not his right only, but his duty. If any one doubt it, it must be from ignorance, that here where studies are completed, and instruction mounts its last and highest stage, knowledge is, not the knowledge of this or that, but, in brief, absolute *knowledge*; complete living knowledge, directing the interests of life, rejecting its passions, but borrowing its lights. To it every light belongs.

"Are not the questions of the present day to be excepted?" What is the present day? Is it so easy to isolate the past from it? No time is out of the sphere of knowledge. Even the future belongs to it in those sciences which are advanced enough to allow of our predicting the return of phenomena, as in the physical sciences, and as one day we shall be enabled (conjecturally) in the historical.

This right, which the pulpit has claimed for itself, with such violence as to make it a pretext for personal attacks, the lay pulpit, the professorial chair, will exercise here, peaceably, and with the measure required by the differences of circumstances and of times.

If there be in the world one chair more than another that has this right, it is the one which I now occupy. That right is its birthright, and they who know the price paid for it, will never dispute its title.

In the tremendous convulsions of the sixteenth century, when liberty ventured to set foot into the world, and, bruised and bleeding stranger as she was, seemed hardly able to live, our kings, maugre all that was said against her, sheltered her here.

But the storm blew from the four quarters of the heavens. Scholasticism asserted her claims; ignorance waxed furious; falsehood spoke from the seat of truth; and soon, fanaticism, in arms, laid siege to these doors: no doubt thinking, raging madman, that it could slaughter thought, poniard the mind!

Ramus was teacher here. The king, that king Charles IX. too, felt for once a noble impulse, and sent him word that he would find an asylum in the Louvre. Ramus persevered. The only free spot in France was this small floor, these six square feet occupied by this chair. . . enough for chair and for tomb!

He made good this chair and this right, and so was the salvation of the future. Here he spent his blood, his life, his free heart. . . so that this chair, transformed, might never be stone nor wood, but a living thing.

Be not surprised, then, that the enemies of liberty cannot face this chair; that they are troubled

as they look at it, are involuntarily agitated, and betray themselves by inarticulate cries, by savage sounds, which have nothing human in them.

They know that this chair has kept one gift beyond their reach; that were they in the ascendant, and every voice hushed, it would speak of itself. No terror of what was threatened from without silenced it, either in 1572, or in 1793. And even recently, its voice was heard whilst tumult was raging, and it prosecuted its firm and peaceful mission, whilst volleys of musketry were pealing round.

How, then, could this chair of moral philosophy be silent, when the gravest question of all public morality came hither in living guise, and forced, if I may so speak, the gates of this school?

Unworthy should I have been ever again to breathe a word from this spot, had I been mute, when my friends were threatened in every quarter of France, and were upbraided with my teaching and friendship. Though I quitted the University when I accepted this chair, I do not the less remain in her in heart. I live in her through my labours as teacher of philosophy and history, and through the many arduous years I spent in her with my pupils—cherished remembrances for ever, both for them and for me.

In this common danger, I was bound to let them hear a voice they knew, and to tell them that, whatever may happen, there will ever go forth, from this chair, a claim for the independence of history, which is the judge of time, and for that grandest of the liberties of the human mind, philosophy.

I know that there are, who, caring neither for philosophy, nor for liberty, give us scant thanks for having broken silence . . . peaceful folk, friends of order, who find no fault with those who are having their throats cut, but with those who cry out. When the cry of "help" is raised, they protest from their windows at such a noise at unseemly hours, and at quiet people having their rest disturbed.

These systematic sleepers, in their search for a powerful narcotic, have done religion the honour to believe that she was the opiate wished for, and they have seized on her, who, if the world were dead, could awaken the dead to life, as a means of going to sleep.

Skilful in other matters are they, and may well be excused their ignorance of religion, as they find none in their heart. And so there have not been wanting those who have rushed to them, saying, "We are Religion!"

Religion! How fortunate that you are living here. . . . But who are you, good people; whence come you? how did you get in? The sentry of France kept not good watch that night on the frontier, for you certainly were not seen.

From the countries which make books, there have come to us books; foreign literatures, foreign philosophies, which we have accepted. The countries which do not make books, anxious not to remain in the rear, have sent us men; the invaders have crept in, one by one.

Good people, who travel by night, I had happened to see you by day-time. I remember you but too well, as I do those who brought you. It was in 1815. Your name is—*the foreigner*.

You took good care, luckily, to prove your title to the name at once. Instead of restraining yourselves and whispering, as one commonly does when one enters by stealth, you made a great noise, insulted, threatened. And, meeting with no reply, you lifted the hand; on whom, wretched men?—on the law!

How could you think that this law, buffeted by you, could go on pretending not to see you?

The alarm was given; who dares say that it was too soon?

Was it too soon when, reviving what had not been seen for three hundred years, the pulpit was desecrated by defamatory attacks on individuals, and calumnies uttered from the altar?

Was it too soon, when, in that province of ours which contains the largest number of Protestants, you interfered with the Protestant dead?

Was it too soon, when immense associations were forming, one of which alone in Paris numbers fifty thousand persons?

Do you speak of liberty? Speak next of equality! Can there be equality between you and us? you are the leaders of formidable associations; we are solitary men.

You have forty thousand pulpits to speak for you, willingly or unwillingly. You have a hundred thousand confessionals, from which you move and influence all family life. You hold in your hand that which is the basis of the family, (and of the world,) you hold the MOTHER; the child is only an accessary. Ah! what can the father do when she comes home from church or confessional as one lost, throws herself into his arms, and exclaims—"I am damned!" You may be sure that to pacify her alarmed imagination, he will consent the next day to give you up his son.—Twenty thousand children in your little seminaries; two hundred thousand, presently, in the schools under your influence! Millions of women who only breathe as you direct!

And we, what are we opposed to these vast forces? A voice, no more . . . a voice to call out to France. She is now warned, and must take her own course. She sees and feels, however, the net in which they thought to enmesh her in her sleep.

To all sound hearts, one last word! To all, laymen or priests (and may a free voice reach them in the depths of their bondage!)—may they all aid us by courageous words or by silent sympathy, and may all bless from their hearts and their altars, the holy crusade we have begun for God and liberty!

[From the day this lecture was delivered, the situation of affairs changed. The Jesuits published at Lyons their second pamphlet *; to explain the drift of which, we must go back a little.

* This time, it is no longer a canon, but a *curé*, who affixes his name to it. The appeal made by the press to the inferior clergy had given great alarm, and in this new pamphlet the strongest desire is visible to come to terms with them. Of the two demands made by the working clergy (*les curés desservants*), namely, the suspension of the power of removal (*l'inamovibilité*) and appeal to law, they admit the first, as it isolates the *curés* from the bishop, but dread the last; since appeal to law, whilst limiting the bishop's authority, would yet strengthen it, and alter the bishopric into a regular system of administration, instead of leaving it, as it is, a weak, violent tyranny, hateful to the clergy, and therefore obliged to throw itself for support on the Jesuits and on Rome. See the *Simple Coup-d'-Œil*, p. 170—178. The hand of the Jesuits is visible throughout the pamphlet. No one can mistake it; and I could instance, if need were, proof upon proof. We have just seen how easily they make their peace with the *curés* at the expense of the bishop, agreeing that, after all, "The bishop is a mortal," &c. The pamphlet speaks of all the states of Europe,

A whole work might be written on their manœuvres for the last few months, on their tactics in Switzerland and in France.

Their starting point is their great success during the winter, when they carried so quickly the small cantons, seized Lucerne, and occupied St. Gothard, as they have long done the Valais and the Simplon.

Great military positions; but, beware of vertigo. France, seen from those Alpine summits, must have seemed small to them; smaller, apparently, than the lake of the Four cantons.

The signals have been transmitted from the Alps to Fourvières, and from Fourvières (Lyons), to Paris. The moment seemed propitious. Our good France slept, or seemed to sleep. They wrote to each other (as did formerly the Jews from Portugal:) "Come quickly! the land is good; the people simple; all will be ours."

For a year they were tampering with us, and found no limits to our patience. They attacked individuals, railed at the government; but nothing stirred. They struck; not a word followed. They went on seeking out for some sensitive point on the hardened cuticle.

And then, and then, they were fired with extraordinary courage. They threw aside the staff, took to the sword, the huge two-handed sword, and, with this gothic weapon, aimed a heavy blow, the great blow of the *Monopoly* (charging the University with a monopoly of education).

The dignity of the University not allowing her to reply, others faced the attack, and, with the press to aid, and crossed against true steel, the famous two-handed sword turned out to be a wooden sword after all.

Great was the alarm on this, brisk the retreat, and out came the naïve ejaculation of fear:—"Alas! how can you kill us? We no longer exist!"

But, if you no longer exist, who wrote that huge libel of yours?—"Ah! sir! *it was the police* played us that trick . . . no, no, no, we mistake, *it was the University*, which, in order to ruin us, infamously defamed herself*."

Recovering, however, from their first fright, feeling that they were not killed, and, looking back, they saw that no one was following them. . . . Hereupon they halted, stood firm, and again unsheathed the sword. . . .

Forthwith a new libel, but quite different from the first, and full of strange confessions such as no one ever expected. It may be summed up as follows:—

"Learn to know us, and, first of all, learn that in our previous work we lied. We spoke of *liberty of teaching;* which means that the clergy ought to be the only teachers *. We spoke of the *liberty of the press;* meaning for us alone; it is a lever which the priest ought to avail himself of †. As to *manufacturing and commercial liberty*, to get possession of trade of all kinds is one of the duties of the Church ‡. *Liberty of worship;* not a word on't. 'Tis an invention of the Apostate, Julian. . . . Mixed marriages we will no longer suffer; such marriages were contracted at the court of Catharine de Medicis on the eve of St. Bartholomew §.

"Beware, beware; we are the stronger. We advance a surprising but unanswerable proof of this, namely, that all the powers of Europe are against us ‖. Save and except two or three petty states, the whole world reprobates us."

Strange, that confessions of the kind should have escaped them! We had said nothing near so strong. In the first pamphlet, we had noticed signs of a wandering mind; but to hear such confessions, such a lie given by themselves to-day to their words of yesterday! This is a terrible judgment from God. . . . Let us humble ourselves.

Such is the fate of having taken the holy name of liberty in vain. You supposed that it was a word to be pronounced with impunity, though not felt at heart. . . You made furious efforts to force this word up from your chest, and it has happened to you as to the false prophet, Balaam, who cursed, when he thought to bless; you would still lie, would still exclaim *Liberty!* as in your first pamphlet, and you cry, *Death to Liberty!* All that you have denied, you are now crying out at the top of your lungs to the passers by.]

except those under the influence of the Jesuits, which are either hardly named, or not at all. We find (p. 85) the auther betraying himself by saying, "The name of Jesuit, so *honourable* everywhere, &c.!" No one in France, not even a Jesuit, would have written this. The pamphlet must have been composed in Savoy or at Fribourg.

* It is certain (strange as it may seem) that they committed all kind of follies on their first alarm—it was an old woman, a beadle, a carrier of holy water, who had whispered this about.

* Teaching belongs to the clergy by right divine . . . the University has usurped the functions. . . . Either the University or Catholicism must give way, &c. p. 104.

† *To avail themselves of the press* does not mean *making use of* the press merely, since the writers of the pamphlet acknowledge their efforts *to hinder* the sale of Protestant works. See note, p. 81.

‡ *Ibidem*, p. 191. If we would know the fate of all industry under such influences, we have but to turn our eyes to the misery of the greater number of the countries where it prevails; the one where it reigns without rival—the Papal states—is a desert.

§ The Jesuit who wrote page 82 to page 85, inclusive, and, above all, the note to page 83, is one who will be heard of again; he is still young and ignorant, that is plain enough; but he has a touch both of Jacques Clement and of Marat within him.

These pages, more violent than all that has been condemned in the most violent political pamphlets, seem got together to exasperate the fanaticism of our peasants of the south. Indeed, the work was destined for the south alone, not a single copy having been sent to Paris. In the note alluded to, the bellicose Jesuit passes his forces in review, and ends with this sinister phrase: "HUGUENOT MARRIAGES WERE CONTRACTED IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, TOO, AT THE COURT OF CATHERINE DE MEDICIS . . . and they ended in civil war."—*Simple Coup-d'œil*, &c. p. 83.

‖ A good third of the pamphlet is taken up with proving this.

M. QUINET'S LECTURES.

INTRODUCTION.

The emotion caused by a mere philosophical discussion cannot be ascribed to any person in particular. The impression produced has been deep only because it has made manifest, along with a new phasis of the public mind, a danger, in the existence of which otherwise it would have been difficult to believe. Who does not perceive that in future these discussions are destined to enlarge their sphere? They will emerge from the schools, and enter into the political world. Nothing is useless which can serve to affix to them from the outset their true character.

I have been impelled into this discussion by two reasons: first, by the provocation of reiterated violence; secondly, by the persuasion that the question at issue was, though nominally the University, the right of thought, religious and philosophical liberty; that is to say, the very principle of modern science and society.

After having had recourse to violence as long as they were able, the adversaries of the freedom of thought appear now in the character of martyrs; they publicly offer up prayers in the church for the persecuted Jesuits; but we cannot suffer them to remain behind this mask. Why were they not content with calumniating? Never, for my part, would I have dreamt of disturbing their repose. But they were not satisfied; they courted the combat. And now that they have met the enemy, they complain of having been injured. During several days we beheld, at the foot of our chairs, our modern leaguers shouting, hissing, vociferating; and the worst of it is, that all this was done in the name of liberty. For the sake of maintaining the independence of opinion, they began by stifling the examination of opinion.

Little by little, instruction and science were placed in a state of siege; we waited until assailed by outrage, in order to prove that it was necessary to carry the war into the country of the assailants. From the day when we began the struggle, we made up our minds to accept battle under whatever form it might be offered.

One thing has facilitated this task for me—the knowledge, namely, that such a situation was not personal. For a long time, in fact, we had seen an artificial fanaticism turning to its own account the beliefs of the sincere; religious liberty denounced as an *impious doctrine;* Protestantism driven to madness by unheard-of outrages; the pastors of Alsace obliged to calm, by a collective declaration, their communes, astonished by so many savage insults; an incredible decree, obtained by surprise, which took away one half of the country churches from their legitimate proprietors; a priest, assisted by his parishioners, casting to the winds the bones of the Protestants, and this impiety left insolently unpunished *; the bust of Luther, with many shameful circumstances, torn from a Lutheran town; latent war, organized in this quiet province, and the tribune silent concerning these strange doings: on the other hand, the Jesuits twice as numerous under the Revolution as they were under the Restoration, and reviving, along with themselves, the maxims of the society, indescribable infamies, which Pascal even would not have dared to describe in order to combat, and which are claimed as the proper food of all the seminaries and confessors of France; the bishops, one by one, turning against the authority by which they were appointed; and in spite of so many treacheries, a singular facility of procuring fresh ones; the inferior clergy in absolute servitude, a new *proletariat* beginning to take courage to utter complaints; and in the midst of all these things, when wisdom should have suggested a defensive attitude, a morbid ardour of provocation, a fever of calumny sanctified by the Cross—such was the general situation.

The ground, moreover, was well prepared; society had been worked upon for many years in its heights and in its depths, in the workshop, in the schools, through the heart and through the head. Opinion seemed to succumb on all occasions. Accustomed to retire, why should it not take another backward step? From the outset, Jesuitism found itself naturally allied with Carlism, in the same spirit of intrigue and of painted decrepitude. What St. Simon calls *that froth of nobility,* could not fail to mingle with this leaven. As to one portion of the bourgeoisie, in

* The Consistory of Paris, in alluding to the same fact, in a solemn Inauguration speech, pronounced in the presence of the minister of public worship, makes use of the same expression that I do, "*the unpunished profanation of our tombs.*" See *Inauguration de l'Eglise Evangélique de la Rédemption,* printed by order of the consistory, p. 19.

Some neo-Catholic writers have thought fit, in spite of this, to bring my words under the notice of the law. These words were written under the impression produced by a summary judgment which declared the conduct of the accused ecclesiastic blameable. A subsequent decision has fully acquitted him. According to his defenders, he did not scatter the bones of the Reformed to the winds; he only looked upon the dust in the bottom of the tombs, and pushed back a little the Protestant communion-table. I respect the decision of those courts, but think at the same time that they are not judges of the piety or impiety of actions. Since when has it been sufficient for a priest to be in exact conformity with the requirements of the correctional police? Without disobeying them is it not possible to wound that which is most sacred in the religious conscience? It is not the correctional tribunal which *punishes impiety,* but ecclesiastical authority. Our adversaries always confound police and religion.

its solicitude to mimic a factitious remnant of aristocracy, it was quite prepared to consider as a mark of good taste, the imitation of religious, literary, and social dotage.

The time accordingly seemed good for surprising those who were thought to slumber. It was strongly felt, that after so much declamation, it would be a decisive blow if in the College of France the liberty of speech and of instruction could be crushed. If this result could be obtained by a *coup de main*, it might be represented as the effect of a sudden manifestation of public opinion; such a triumph was worth the trouble of emerging from the catacombs, and appearing before the public. Appear, accordingly, they did, and repented as soon as they appeared; for we understood the full purport of the meditated act of violence and the critical nature of the time; we depended, for our defence, not on the power of our eloquence, but on our determination to concede nothing, and on the enlightened conscience of our audience. All that a phrensy, sincere or simulated, was able to effect, was to smother for a time our voices, and thus to give to public opinion an opportunity of declaring itself; after which these new missionaries of religious liberty retreated, with fury in their hearts, and full of shame for having exposed themselves in the full glare of day, and ready to deny themselves; as, in fact, they did deny themselves the very next day.

This defeat was entirely owing to the power of opinion and of the press, to the upright feelings of the new generation, which does not understand such artifices. If the same follies are repeated, we shall receive the same support. The question, in some respects, concerns us no longer; it remains to be seen how the state will treat it when it falls in its way. It would certainly be very convenient to sit down between the two camps, to attack Ultra-montanism with one hand and to flatter it with the other; but such a situation would be full of peril. A decision on one side or the other must be come to. It is not for me to deny the power of Jesuitism and of the interests connected with it, a power only beginning to be felt; and which regains silently in the darkness what it loses in open day. The idea of an alliance with it therefore may present itself; the attempt may be made to rest at least one foot of the throne on this ground. If the coalition be sincere, it will be powerful. But it must be avowed; otherwise it may happen that the consequence of over-cunning may be the opposition both of the Ultramontanists and of their antagonists.

It is strange that such questions as these should have taken society by surprise, and that no warning voice was raised in the tribune. Under the Restoration this was the watch-tower from which the sign of coming storms was descried afar off, and whence the country was forewarned of approaching dangers long before they were imminent. Why has the tribune lost this privilege? I begin to fear that those four hundred statesmen conceal one from the other the country they inhabit.

This is a more serious matter than some may imagine. It concerns a throne and a dynasty. I know of men who go about daily saying—"There are no Jesuits. Where are the Jesuits?" By dissembling the question, they only prove how horoughly they comprehend its bearing.

The religious re-action which is attempted to be turned to the advantage of a sect is not, in fact, without an answering voice in society. What man is there who has not been, as it were, wantonly disgusted with political interests and hopes? Having seen during twelve years, what are called the heads of parties employing all their talents in mutually aiding each other to deceive the public, who has not for a time been disgusted with this corruption that has at last become a matter of habit, and turned his mind towards Him who alone intrigues not, deceives not, lies not? This religious disposition is inevitable. It will be fruitful and salutary. Unhappily, every body begins already to trade upon this revulsion; some even avow that this restored Divinity may be an excellent *instrument* in the hands of the powers that be. What a piece of good fortune would it, indeed, prove for many a statesmen, if proud, warlike, revolutionary, philosophical France, weary at length with all things, even with herself, were at length to consent, abandoning all her political fervour, to tell her beads in the dust by the side of Italy, Spain, and South America!

We are told, you attack Jesuitism as a precautionary measure. Why do you separate it from the rest of the clergy? I separate that only which desires to be separated. I develop the maxims of that order, which represents the combinations of political religion. Those who, without bearing the name of the order, govern themselves by the same maxims, will easily apportion to themselves their share of what I say; as for the others, an opportunity is afforded them of denying the ambitious, of regaining the misled, of condemning the calumniators.

It is high time that we should know, whether the spirit of the French revolution is nothing more than a hackneyed word, which may publicly and officially be despised. Does Catholicism, by placing itself under the banner of Jesuitism, desire to recommence a war which has already been so fatal to it? Will it be the friend or the enemy of France?

The worst thing that could happen to it would be to persist in showing that its profession of faith is not only different from, but inimical to the profession of faith of the state. In the institutions she has founded on the equality of all existing creeds, France professes, teaches the unity of Christianity under the dogmas of particular churches. This is her confession, as it is written in the sovereign law;—every Frenchman belongs legally to the same church under different names; we henceforth recognize here no schismatics, no heretics, but those who, denying every other church but their own, all authority but their own, desire to impose it on all the others, to reject all the others, without discussion, and who dare to say: Out of my church, there is no salvation; whereas the state says precisely the contrary. It was not from caprice that the law abolished a state religion. France could not adopt as its representative this Ultra-montanism, which, by its principle of exclusion, is diametrically opposed to that social creed and that religious universality which are inscribed in the constitution as the result not only of the Revolution, but of the whole of modern history. From which it follows that, in order that things should be otherwise, one of two

things must happen, either that France should renounce her political and social communion, or that Catholicism should, in truth, be universal, and should comprehend what it now contents itself with accursing.

Some, who, it would appear, see further than their neighbours, entertain, it must be confessed, a singular hope; they observe what is going on among the dissenting persuasions, and by dwelling on the intestine agitations of the Anglican and Greek churches, and of Protestantism in Germany, they persuade themselves that England, Prussia, Germany, and even Russia, are secretly inclining towards them, and will some day, with their eyes shut, pass over to Catholicism as they understand it. Nothing, however, can be more puerile than such a belief. To believe that schism is nothing but a fancy of ninety millions of men, which can be put an end to by a new fancy of orthodoxy, is a sort of madness common with those who appear to be alone in the confidence of Providence in its government of history. If Protestantism is accommodating itself to certain points of the Catholic doctrine, does any one really persuade himself that it is simply in order to deny itself, and to give itself up without reciprocal conditions? It assimilates to itself, it is true, divers portions of the primeval tradition; but, by this labour of conciliation, it is bringing about absolutely the contrary of what those among us desire, who are dreaming only of excluding, interdicting, anathematizing. It expands itself in proportion as those on our side narrow their position; and if ever such a conversion takes place, I predict that our Ultramontanists will be more embarrassed with their converts than they are now with the schismatics.

They ask for liberty in order to destroy liberty. Grant them this weapon; I do not wish to see them deprived of it; it will recoil upon themselves. Throw open for them, if you will, every barrier; it is the way to bring the question to an issue, and a way which I do not dislike. Let them be everywhere; let them invade every department; and ten years will not elapse before they are driven away, for the fortieth time, along with the government, which has been or seemed to be their accomplice; it is for you to decide if this is what you want to accomplish.

In this struggle which is attempted to be excited between Ultra-montanism and the French Revolution, wherefore is the first always and necessarlly vanquished? Because the French Revolution, in its principle, is more truly Christian than Ultramontanism; because the sentiment of universal religion pervades France rather than Rome. The law evolved from the French Revolution is comprehensive enough to assimilate the lives of those whom religious sects kept separated exteriorly. It has conciliated in spirit and in truth those whom Ultra-montanism desired eternally to separate; it has made brothers of those whom she made sectarians; it has raised what she condemns; it has consecrated what she proscribes; it has substituted an evangelical alliance where she would have nothing but the anathema of the old law; it has destroyed the names of Huguenots and Papists, and allowed only that of Christian to remain; it has pleaded the cause of the people, of the humble, when she spoke only for the princes and the powerful of the earth. That is to say, the political law, however imperfect it may be, has been found to be more in conformity with the Gospel than those doctors who affect alone to speak in the name of the Gospel. By drawing together, blending, uniting in the state the various members of the family of Christ, it has displayed more intelligence, more love, more Christian feeling, than those who, for three centuries, have been content to say *Raca* to half Christendom.

As long as political France preserves this position in the world, she will be inexpugnable to all the efforts of Ultra-montanism, because, religiously speaking, she is the superior; she is more Christian, because nearer to the promised unity; more Catholic, because her expanded principle includes the Greek and the Latin churches, the Lutheran and the Calvinistic, the Protestant and the Roman within the same law, the same name, the same life, the same city of alliance. France has been the first to plant her banner, without the limits of any sect, in the living idea of Christianity. This constitutes the greatness of the Revolution; she will fall only if, unfaithful to this universal dogma, she enters, as some persons invite her to do, into the sectarian policy of Ultra-montanism.

To support so much pride, show me a single point of the earth where a strictly Catholic policy is not combated and overthrown by facts. In Europe, in the East, in the two Americas, it is sufficient to raise this banner to introduce immediately both moral and physical decay. When France, in the beginning of this century, governed the world; was it in the name of Ultra-montanism? Was it Ultramontanism that conquered the world? Even Austria does not adopt this flag; she lets her Church loose only at a distance from herself, to complete the prostration of her conquered provinces. Italy, Spain, Portugal, Paraguay, Poland, Ireland, Bohemia, all these people victims of the same policy—is it their fate that you envy? Let us speak plainly. Here are holocausts sufficient to sacrifice on an altar which is no longer the salvation of any one.

LECTURE THE FIRST *.

ON LIBERTY OF DISCUSSION IN MATTERS OF RELIGION.

DIVERS circumstances compel me to explain the meaning I attach to the words, liberty of discussion, as regards public teaching. I wish to do so with moderation; calmly, but with the most perfect frankness. So long as attacks came from a distance, even when I had fallen under the anathema of episcopal charges, and of holy

* Delivered May 10th, 1843.— I have noticed expressions of sympathy among my auditory as long as the attempts at interruption were continued.

chairs, it was possible, and perhaps decent, to preserve silence; but when insult came and showed its face here, within these precincts, at the very foot of these pacific chairs, it became necessary to speak.

I am told that scenes of disorder are meditated, and are to commence to-day, during my address. (*Derisive laughter. Applause.*) I should not give credence to this if I did not know, from what has just taken place during the lecture of a man whose every sentiment I share, of my dearest friend, M. Michelet, what kind of liberty we are to expect. Can it be true, that persons come here for the sole purpose of insulting us *incognito*, in case we should venture to think differently from them? Where are we then? Are we in a theatre; and how long is it, since I, for my part, undertook to please, individually, every spectator, on pain of infamy? In truth, that is a sordid task which I did not accept. Do you think that instruction consists in flattering the dominant idea of every man, without ever coming in collision with a single passion, a single prejudice? Silence would be a thousand times better. In entering here, let us remember that we are entering the College of France, that is to say, the very domains of discussion and free examination; that this asylum of liberty is confided to us all, and that it is my sacred duty not to allow this hereditary character of independence to diminish or to change.

If there be any persons here who are animated against me by an especial feeling of hatred, what, I ask, do they expect? what do they want? Do they hope, by menaces, to modify my words, or to stop my mouth? I should fear that the contrary would be the case, if my high sense of the duty I am fulfilling did not give me the power to persevere in the moderation which I believe to be the sign of truth. Do they think, since it is best to speak plainly, that their abuse will drive me to despair, or that I can do nothing better than make reprisals? If so, they are mistaken; I shall even go so far as to say, that I consider the violence of abuse a sign of sincerity, because, with a little more calculation, their accusations would have been better chosen. Are the opinions I have elsewhere published, the reasons why I am to be persecuted here? I am not sorry to have this opportunity of declaring that whatever I have written, up to this day, I believe, I think, I sustain still; whatever opinion may be formed on this subject, no one can deny that I have remained one and consistent with myself. Or, is it my general spirit of liberty in religious matters? I shall presently come to that point; but if you want a profession of faith, I believe, as the state teaches us, in a fundamental law, evolved from fifty years of revolutions and of trials, that all sincere communions in this country partake of the living Spirit of God. I do not believe that out of my church there is no salvation. In fine, is it the manner in which I announced the subject of my course of lectures? But you are yourselves witness; was it possible to do so with less of bitterness, more of moderation? It is the question then itself which they would like to stifle. Yes, let us be frank, it is this name of *Jesuits* which does all the harm; it is for touching on the origin, on the spirit of the Jesuits, that even before I have opened my mouth, I am accused by people who never forgive.

Why, it is asked, speak of the Society of Jesus in a course of lectures on the literature of the South? What affinity can there be between things so opposite to each other? I should be very unfortunate, and have strangely wasted my time, if you had not already perceived in all its extent this indissoluble affinity. At the end of the sixteenth century, in Spain, and, above all, in Italy, public opinion was effaced. Writers, poets, artists, disappear one after the other; instead of the ardent, audacious generation that preceded it, the new men stagnate in an atmosphere of death; we hear no more of the heroic innovations of the Campanellas, the Brunos: we have, instead, a honied poetry, an insipid prose, that exhales a kind of faint sepulchral odour. But, whilst everything perishes in the national genius, behold a little society, that of the Jesuits, grows visibly, insinuates itself everywhere in the perishing states, feeds upon what is left of life in the heart of Italy, draws strength and nourishment from the substance of this great partitioned body; and when so great a phenomenon appears in the world, influencing all other intellectual facts, and becoming their principle, I must not venture to speak of it! When, pursuing my subject, I come into immediate contact with so powerful an institution, which influences every mind, which comprehends, epitomizes the whole system of the South, I must pass on and avert my eyes! What remains then for me to do? To confine myself to a few sonnets, and to the amorous mythology of those periods of decay? Suppose it even so; in spite of ourselves we could not avoid the question. For, after having studied these miserable things, there would still remain to describe the deleterious influence which was one of their most manifest causes; and the only difference would be, if the question of Jesuitism were postponed, that I should invert the order, and place at the end what ought to have been at the beginning; to study the death of a people, if we endeavour to penetrate its causes, is as important as to study its life.

At least, it is added, you might have exhibited the effect without the cause, letters and policy without the spirit that swayed them, Italy without Jesuitism, the dead without the living. No, I could not, and, moreover, I will not.

What! I should discover, by careful observation, all Southern Europe exhaust itself in the development and the formation of this establishment, languish and perish under this influence; and I, whose business it is, at this moment especially, to study the inhabitants of the South, should say nothing of the cause which makes them perish! (*Murmurs.*) I should quietly behold my country invited into an alliance which others have so dearly atoned for; and I should not say, "Take care; you have the benefit of the experience of others;—the most unfortunate nations in Europe, those which are the least in credit, the least in authority, those which seem the most abandoned by God, are those in which the society of Loyola has its focus!" (*Murmurs, stamping of the feet, cries; for some minutes the speaker's voice is drowned.*) Do not yield to the impulse; example shows that it is fatal; do not sit under this shadow; it has put to sleep and poisoned, during two centuries, both Spain and Italy. (*Tumult, cries, hisses, applause.*) I ask you if, from these general facts, I may not draw the consequence,—what becomes of all instruction in such matters?

But my astonishment redoubles. For what order, for what society is this strange privilege claimed? Whom do you desire to place beyond the reach of discussion and observation? Can it be the living clergy of France? Or can it be one of those pacific and modest communions which require protection against the violence of an intolerant majority? No, it is a society which (we shall presently see whether with or without reason) has been at different times expelled from all the states of Europe, which the pope himself has condemned, which France has rejected, which does not exist in the eyes of the state, which rather is held to be legally dead in the public law of our country; and it is this remnant without a name, which hides itself, shrinks from sight, grows by denying itself; it is this which we are not permitted to study, to consider, to analyze, in its origin and its history! Every other order has confessedly had its time of decline, of corruption, has been accommodated in its spirit to a particular epoch, after which it has given way to others, pretty nearly in the same manner as political societies, states, peoples, which have all had their fixed day and their destiny; and the Jesuit society is the only one of which the faults, the phases of decline, the signs of decrepitude, may not be pointed out; it is blasphemy to contrast its time of degradation with its time of greatness, because this is to attribute to it the vicissitudes common to every other establishment; to doubt of its immutability is almost an effort of courage. Whither will this road lead us? Are we quite sure that this is the road of the France of July? (*Applause.*)

I will speak my whole mind. Yes, in this audacity there is something that pleases and attracts me; it seems that I now comprehend and exhibit the greatness of this society better than all its apologists; for they would that I should not speak of it; and I on the contrary maintain that this society has been so powerful, its organization so ingenious and full of life, its influence so long and so universal, that it is impossible not to speak of it, whatever subject we treat of towards the end of the revival of letters,—poetry, art, morality, politics, institutions. I maintain, that after having seized upon the whole substance of the South, it alone during a whole century has remained living in the bosom of these dead societies. At this very moment, torn in fragments, trampled or crushed by so many solemn edicts, it does not argue a little genius and a small courage to come to life under our eyes, half to raise itself, to speak as a master when it has scarcely emerged from the dust, to provoke, to menace, to defy anew intelligence and common sense. If the world, after having extirpated the Jesuits, is in a humour to allow itself again to be mastered, they are right to make the trial; if they succeed it will be the greatest miracle of modern times. At all events, they obey their law, their condition of existence, their destiny; I do not blame them, it is in their character. All will go well if, on the other hand, we all preserve our own. Yes, this reaction, in spite of the intolerance of which it boasts, does not displease me; it will be useful to the future, if every one does his duty: that is to say, if science, philosophy, human intelligence, being provoked and summoned, accept the great defiance. Perhaps we were about to betake ourselves to slumber in the possession of a certain number of ideas, which some cared no longer to increase; it is good that truths should from time to time be disputed, for man is thus incited to acquire new ones; if he is left in undisturbed possession of his inheritance he does not increase it, but allows it to diminish. They accuse us of being too bold; I accept a portion of the reproach; only I will say, that instead of being too bold, I begin to fear that we have been too timid. Compare in fact for a moment the state of instruction in our country and in the universities of the despotic governments of the North. Was it not in a catholic country, in a catholic university, at Munich, that Schelling developed during thirty years with impunity in his chair, with unceasing boldness, the idea of that new Christianity, of that new church, which transforms both past and present? Is it not in a despotic country that Hegel with still greater independence has revived all the questions which relate to dogmas? And there it is not only theories and mysteries that are freely discussed by philosophy, but even the letter of the Old and New Testaments, to which the same disinterested spirit of criticism is applied as to Greek and Roman philology.

Such is the life of instruction even in despotic states. Whatever can put man on the track of truth is permitted, allowed; and we, in a free country, on the morrow of a revolution, what have we done? Have we used, abused that philosophical liberty which the time granted us, and of which nobody could deprive us? Have we unfurled the banner of philosophy and of free discussion as far as it was lawful so to do? Assuredly not; as everybody believed that this independence was for ever conquered, nobody was in a hurry to make full use of it; the most daring questions were adjourned; it was desired by excess of care to remove every occasion of difference. Philosophy, which might have been betrayed into overweening pride by the triumph of July, has, on the contrary, bent herself to a humility that has surprised all the world; and this humble situation, in which at least we expected to find peace, is the refuge which they refuse to leave us. Must we concede, retire further? Why a single backward step might throw us out of our age. What must we do then? Advance. (*Applause.*) For my part I thank those who provoke us to action and life. Who knows that we should not have ended by sitting down in a sterile and false repose? Many thought that the alliance of belief and knowledge had at last been consummated, the goal attained, the problem solved. But no! our adversaries were right; the time of repose has not yet come; the struggle is useful when we engage in it in good faith; it is in these eternal struggles of knowledge and belief, that man raises himself to a superior belief, to a superior knowledge. Why should we be relieved from the condition of the holy combat imposed upon all our predecessors? The time will come when those who so violently dispute, will repose together; that time has not yet come; until then it is right that each man should perform his task and should combat in his own way, as the alliance has been broken on one side.

Once more I thank my adversaries; they follow their mission, which until now has been, by an immutable contradiction, to provoke, to spur on the human mind, to compel it to advance further every time it begins to pause, or to be satisfied with the tranquil possession of a portion only of truth. Man is more timid than he seems; if he is not opposed

he is too accommodating. Is not this his history during the whole of the middle age? And this history, this perpetual struggle, which constantly reanimates and excites him, has it not almost entirely taken place in the very localities where we now are, on this heroic mountain of Géneviève? Why do you wonder at the combat? We are on the very field of battle. Was it not here, in these chairs, that from Abelard to Ramus appeared all those who served the cause of the independence of the human mind, when it was most contested? That is our tradition: the spirit of those men is with us. As the objections, which they trampled under foot, and which were believed to be for ever buried with them, re-appear, let us do as they did; let us even carry the banner of free discussion still further. (*Applause.*)

At the point at which we have arrived, there is a fundamental question, which lies at the bottom of every difficulty, and on which I desire to explain myself so clearly, that no confusion shall remain in the minds of those who hear me. What, according to the spirit of our new institutions, is the right of discussion and examination in public instruction? In terms still more precise—is a man who teaches here publicly in the name of the state, before men of different creeds, obliged to adhere to the letter of a particular communion, to carry into all his researches this spirit of exclusion, to allow nothing to appear which might cause a temporary separation? If I am answered in the affirmative, I should like you to tell me which is the communion which ought to be sacrificed to the others; whether it ought to be that which excludes every other as so many errors; or that which receives them all as so many promises; for I do not imagine that any one would desire, without a moment's deliberation, to have the minority passed over as non-existent. Am I here Catholic or Protestant? To state the question is to solve it.

Even under the Restoration, when there existed a state religion, instruction derived a portion of its distinction from its very liberty; on one hand, a Protestantism learnedly impartial, on the other, a Catholicism boldly innovating, which approximated and blended in a community of ideas and hopes. Now, that which science, literature, philosophy, had set forth with so much splendour in theory, was introduced into the real world, into our institutions, by the Revolution of July. And now that there is no longer a state religion, how can you expect the state publicly to set up intolerance here? That would be an evident contradiction of her own principle. I know but one means of introducing the principle of exclusion into these chairs; it would be to allow all our freshest recollections to fall into oblivion, to shatter every thing that has been done in the full light of day, and by a splendid apostasy to step back over more than half a century. Until that day comes, not only will it be here permitted, but it will be one of the necessary consequences of the social dogma, that we should raise ourselves to a height at which the divided, separated, and inimical churches may approximate and become conciliated. This point of view, which is that taken by France in her institutions, is also that of knowledge; it cannot live in the tumult of controversies, but requires a serener region.

If the promised unity is one day to be realised, if those many creeds now opposed and armed against one another, are, as has always been predicted, to approach one another in the kingdom of the future, if one church is destined to gather together the tribes dispersed to the four winds of heaven, if the members of the human family secretly desire to blend themselves in one body, if the tunic of Christ, for which lots were drawn upon Calvary, is ever to re-appear in its integrity, I say that knowledge accomplished a good work, by entering first on the way leading to this alliance. (*Applause.*) We shall have for enemies those who love hatred and division in holy things. Never mind, we must persevere; man divides, God reunites. (*Applause.*)

Certainly the eyes of those must be shut who do not see that a new religious dawn is breaking upon the world; I am so persuaded of this, that my ideas always turn to that quarter, and I find it, so to speak, impossible to separate any department of human affairs from the influence of religion. Man for some time has been so often deceived by man, that we must not be surprised, if we find him incapable of looking with enthusiasm towards anything but God. But this admitted, who have been the first missionaries of this new Gospel? I answer; thinkers, writers, poets, philosophers. No one can deny that these are the missionaries who everywhere in France and in Germany first began to have recourse to that great groundwork of spirituality, which is the substance of all real faith. Strange to say, scarcely have they completed this precursory work, than they are anathematized! It is thought that if the human mind has raised itself towards heaven, it is for the purpose of denying and falsifying itself for ever; that the time has at length arrived to extinguish reason, and that it should be buried as quickly as possible in the God which it has at length regained. As usual, men dispute for the exclusive property and the primitiæ of this returning God. But this religious movement is more deep, more universal than appears; every one would shut it up, circumscribe it, wall it in, within a particular precinct: but this aggrandised renewed Christ, escaped, as it were, a second time from the sepulchre, will not be so easily enslaved; he divides himself, gives himself, communicates himself to all. Religious life appears not only in Catholicism, but in Protestantism; not only in positive faith, but also in philosophy. This movement will not be stayed in the South of Europe, I see it also fermenting in the Germanic and Slavonic races, among those who are called heretics, as well as among the orthodox. Whilst all the nations of Europe feel themselves shaken to the very centre by I know not what holy presentiments of the future, there are men who think, that all this movement is taking place, according to the designs of Providence, for the establishment of the Society of Jesus. At least, if we for a moment make this strange concession, they must allow that there is something good in their adversaries, since the generation educated by the Jesuits was that which expelled them, and the generation educated by philosophy is that which brings them back. (*Applause.*)

The history of the religious orders since the establishment of Christianity would be a singularly philosophical work. As philosophy has from time to time been reinvigorated by new schools, so religion has been raised, exalted from age to age, by new orders, affecting to possess it, and, in fact, at a given time possessing it pre-eminently. They have

each their peculiar life and virtue; they push forward during some time the chariot of faith, until, corrupted by the worldly spirit which they oppose, and mistaking themselves for a final cause, they praise and deify themselves. Every one of these orders has its written code of laws; in these charters of the desert appears at every line the profound instinct of the legislator: some are even as remarkable for their form as for their contents; some are brief, laconic, like the laws of Lycurgus; for example, those of the Anchorites: some remind us, by their flowery language, of the style of Plato; such are those of St. Basil: some by their extraordinary splendour might compare with the most poetical flights of Dante; they are those of the *Master*: some by the profound knowledge they display of men and of affairs, appear conceived in the true spirit of Macniavel—they are those of the Jesuits. The situation of the human mind at each of these epochs is impressed upon these documents. At the beginning, in the institutions of the Anchorites, in the rule of St. Anthony, the soul appears concerned only with herself. Far from being troubled with the desire of conversion, man, imbued still with the spirit of Paganism, studiously avoids man; he desires no communion with his fellow. Armed against everything which surrounds him, for the single combat of the desert *, his life, night and day, consists only in contemplation and prayer. *Pray and read all day* †, says the rule. At a later period, during the middle age, silent associations succeeded the hermitage. Under the law of St. Benedict, men lived united in the same monasteries; but this little society made no pretensions as yet to engage in contest with the great one. It lived entrenched behind its lofty walls ‡; it opened the door to the world if the world came to it; but it made no advances towards the world. The power of speech was held in awe. An eternal silence closed the lips of these brothers; for if they opened it was feared that Paganism might manifest itself. Every night these associates of the tomb slept in their cowl with their loins girded up, that they might be ready at once to answer the call of the archangel's trumpet. The spirit of the rule ordained that each hour should be piously occupied in the silent expectation of the last day. But when this epoch had passed, there was a revolution in the institutions of the orders. They desired to communicate directly with the world, which hitherto they had only perceived through the narrow grating of their monastery. The monk left the convent to bear abroad the word, the flame which he had preserved intact. Such is the spirit of the institutions of St. Francis, of St. Dominic, of the Templars, and of the orders which sprang up under the inspiration of the Crusades. The struggle was transferred from the desert to the city; but there still remained one step to take; this was reserved for the order which pretends to embody all those that preceded it, namely, the Society of Jesus. For all the others had a particular temperament, object, and habit; they belonged more to one place than to another; they preserved the character of their native country. Some indeed, by their very statutes cannot be transplanted out of a particular territory, to which they are attached like an indigenous plant.

* *Singularem pugnam eremi.* † *Lege et ora totâ die.*
‡ *Munimenta claustrorum.*

The character of Jesuitism, originated in Spain, prepared in France, developed, fixed in Rome, was to assimilate to itself the cosmopolitan spirit which Italy then impressed on all its works. This is why it harmonized with the spirit of the Revival in the south of Europe. On the other hand, it separated itself from the middle age by voluntarily rejecting asceticism and maceration. In Spain it at first contemplated only the possession of the Holy Sepulchre. In Italy it became more practical; it was not content with coveting a tomb, it coveted * also the living to make it a corpse. But by mixing and blending itself with temporal society it came to have all things in common with it, and to be incapable of teaching it anything. The world has conquered it, not it the world; and the epitome of the whole history of the religious orders is this, that, at the beginning, in the institution of the Anchorites, man was so exclusively occupied with God that worldly things had no existence for him; whilst at last, on the contrary, in the Society of Jesus man is so absorbed in things, that God disappears in the hubbub of worldly affairs. (*Applause.*)

Is this history of the religious orders finished? Until the present day, the revolutions of science and society have continually called into existence, as antagonists and correctives, new orders; the successive innovations in the spirit of these partial societies, harmonized admirably with the immutability of the Church. This is the most certain sign of vitality. Now, during the last three centuries, since the establishment of the Society of Jesus, has nothing happened to render a new foundation necessary? Has there not been enough of change, of rashness in the operations of the intellect? Does not the French Revolution deserve a corrective, similar to those which were applied in the middle age to every political and social commotion? Everything has changed, every thing has been renewed in temporal society. Philosophy, I confess it, under her modest appearance, conceals too much boldness and too much pride. She believes herself victorious! and it is against such an enemy that you oppose an effete religious order! For my own part, were I entrusted with the mission which others have undertaken, instead of being content with restoring societies which have already committed themselves, and roused a spirit of hostility—the Dominicans, the Jesuits—I should believe that there are in the world enough of new changes, tendencies, philosophies, heresies if you will, to make it worth while to oppose to them another rule, another form, at least another name; I should believe that this spirit of creation is the necessary testimony to the vitality of doctrine, and that a single word, pronounced by a new order, would be a thousand times more efficacious than all the eloquence in the world in the mouth of an antiquated society.

However this may be, I have said enough to show that preaching in a particular church and public instruction before men of different beliefs are not the same thing; that to expect one to do the work of the other is to destroy both. Belief and knowledge, those two phases of the human mind, which may perhaps one day be united in one, have always been regarded as distinct. At the epoch of which we are treating they were specifically represented in his-

* There is a rule of Loyola expressed in these terms: "If authority declares that white is black, affirm that i is black."—*Spiritual Exercises*, p. 291.

tory by two men who appeared at no great distance of time one from the other; Ignatius Loyola and Christopher Columbus. Loyola by an absolute adherence to the letter of authority, in the midst of the greatest commotions, preserves, maintains the past, snatches it as it were from the tomb, to reinstate it in the world. As to Christopher Columbus, he exhibits how the future comes to pass by the union of belief and liberty in the mind of man. He possesses as well as any man the tradition of Christianity; but he interprets, he develops it; he listens to every voice, to all the religious presentiments of the rest of mankind; he believes that there may be something divine, even in the most dissenting creeds. From this conception of religion, of the truly universal church, he raises himself to a clear view of the destinies of the globe; he gathers together, he scrutinizes, the mysterious words of the Old and the New Testament; he ventures to give them a meaning, which, for a while, scandalizes infallibility; one day he gives it the lie, the next he compels it to submit; he breathes the breath of liberty into all tradition; from this liberty springs the word by which another world is born; he shatters the outward letter, he breaks the seal of the prophets; of their visions, he makes reality. This is a tendency different from the first. These two ways will long remain open before they unite. Every one is free to choose, to advance or to retreat. For my part it is my duty to establish, to assert the right, here, publicly, to prefer to the tendency which concerns only the past, that which opens a vista into futurity, and by augmenting the bounds of creation, augments the idea of the power of God. This I hope I have done without hatred and without tergiversation; and whatever may happen, of this one thing I am certain, that I never shall repent of having done so. (*Continued applause.*)

[The question was decided this very day. Warned by the press, both the friends and the enemies of liberty of discussion gathered together, and filled two amphitheatres. During three quarters of an hour, it was impossible to speak. Many persons, even among our friends, thought it would be necessary to adjourn to another day. This I knew would be a confession of defeat, and I resolved to remain, if necessary, until night. Such also was the feeling of the greater part of the assembly. I thank the crowd of unknown friends, who, within and without, by their firmness and moderation, put an end from this day forth to all hope of disturbances.]

LECTURE THE SECOND.

ORIGIN OF JESUITISM: IGNATIUS LOYOLA: THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES*.

I know the spirit with which this audience is animated, and I trust I have said enough for it to know me too. You know that I speak without hatred, but with a quiet determination to speak my whole mind. (*Interruption.*) An impartial observer, beholding what has lately taken place within these precincts, will willingly allow that a new fact is manifesting itself—the importance conceded by all to religious questions. It is a thing of no mean significance, to behold men pursuing such subjects with the interest (I will not say the passion) with which they formerly engaged in politics alone. It was felt that the interest of all was concerned; and one word only was required to strike out the spark which was hidden at the bottom of every heart. The questions with which we meet in our subject, are the most important that can possibly occupy us; they come in contact with the actual world only at one point, on account of their very magnitude. Let us learn, I pray you, to raise ourselves with them, and to preserve that calmness which befits the search after truth. That which is here done remains not hidden within these precincts. Far off, even beyond the limits of France, there are contemplative minds observing our doings.

There are times when men are brought up from the very cradle in a habit of silence, because they have never to expect a serious contradiction; but there are times when they are trained to the discipline of free discussion, in open day, and those times are the present. The worst service that could be rendered to any cause, is to endeavour to stifle the examination of it by force. Success is impossible; the attempt never succeeds except in persuading even the most conciliatory minds that the cause defended is incompatible with the new order of things. Of what use are all these puerile menaces? France is not to be hissed off the stage. No man in this country can circulate his ideas without meeting somewhere with public control. The times are past when an idea, a society, an order, could insinuate, form, establish itself in secret, and then suddenly burst forth, when its roots were so deeply buried that they could no longer be extirpated. In whatever path men enter, they always find some watchful sentinel ready to give the alarm. No traps are now set; there are no ambuscades. That freedom of speech which I now employ to-day, you may employ to-morrow; it is my safeguard, but it is yours also. What would become of my adversaries if they were deprived of it? I can easily imagine a philosopher reduced to his books; but the Church without speech, who can imagine it for a moment? And yet you pretend to stifle speech in the name of the Church. Go; all I can say to you is this, that its greatest enemies could not do otherwise.

I have shown that the establishment of the Society of Jesus is the very groundwork of my subject. Let us consider this question in the most impartial manner. Do not think that I condemn entirely the sympathy which it inspires in some persons of these times. I begin by saying, that I believe firmly in their sincerity. In the midst of modern society, often uncertain and without

* Delivered May 17th, 1843.

an aim, they meet with the remains of an extraordinary establishment which, while all else has changed, has immutably preserved its unity. This spectacle astonishes them. At the sight of these still majestic ruins, they feel themselves attracted by a power which they do not estimate. I would not take my oath that this state of dilapidation does not influence them more powerfully than prosperity itself would. Perceiving all the outward forms preserved, rules, written constitutions, customs subsisting, they imagine that the Christian spirit still inhabits these images; the more so, that a single step taken in this direction leads to many others, and that the principles of the body are connected together with infinite art. Having once entered this road, they advance further and further still, seeking beneath the forms of the doctrine of Loyola, for the genius and spirit of Christianity. Now it is my duty to tell these persons, and all those who hear me, that life is to be found elsewhere, that it exists no longer in this constitution, this image void of the Spirit of God; that what has been, has been; that the perfume has escaped from the vase; that the soul of Christ is no longer in this whited sepulchre. Even should they visit me with a hatred which they believe eternal, and which it is impossible for me to share; yet, if they come here violent, menacing, I forewarn them, I tell them to their face, I will do every thing in my power to lead them out of a road where, in my opinion, they will find nothing but hollowness and deception; and it shall not be my fault, if, having delivered them from the embraces of an egotistical rule and of a dead system, I do not lead them into an entirely contrary system, which I believe to be the living road of truth and of humanity.

In the most ordinary affairs of life people take advice; they hear both sides of the question; and yet when men are asked to submit the guidance of their thoughts, their hopes of futurity, to an order of which the primary maxim, in conformity with the genius of secret societies, is to bind you at every step, concealing that which is to follow, there are those who desire that no one shall show them the end! They are full of hatred against those who desire to point out whither this darksome road leads. Many other more persuasive voices than mine impel men towards the past. Suffer then what it would be madness to oppose; suffer in another place, another voice to point out another road, basing its conclusions, without anger, upon history and ancient documents; after which the simplicity of no one will have been taken advantage of. If you persevere, your convictions, at least, will have been submitted to the test of public contradiction; you will have acted as sincere men should act in serious matters. I oppose you openly, in good faith. I expect that you will employ similar weapons against me.

Who knows, if among those who believe themselves animated with the greatest aversion, there are not present some, even now, who in future will be grateful to him who has checked them this day from taking a step which would have committed them for ever? Men ought to know whither their steps are tending; and my first business must be to explain the mission of the order of Jesus in the contemporary world. Jesuitism is a warlike machine; it must always have an enemy to combat, otherwise its prodigious combinations would be useless. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it had Protestantism for an antagonist. Not content with this adversary, the idolatrous nations of Asia and America furnished it with a splendid occupation. It glories in struggling with the powerful. In our time, what enemy has brought it to life again? Not surely the schismatic church, because, on the contrary, she recalled and saved it in Russia. Not idolatry. What then is the adversary powerful enough to awaken the dead? To exhibit this with greater clearness, I will insist only on the testimony of the Papacy itself, on the bulls condemning and restoring the order. From these documents and these dates, you yourselves shall draw the inference. The bull suppressing the institution is of the 21st July, 1773. I must quote several passages, premising beforehand that I do not intend using terms more explicit or more violent than those which the Papacy has given utterance to by the mouth of Clement XIV.

"Scarcely had the society been formed, (*suo ferè ab initio,*) than various germs of division and jealousy manifested themselves not only among its own members, but also between it and the other regular bodies and orders, as well as the secular clergy, the academies, the universities, the public colleges of belles lettres; and even the princes who had received it within their dominions.

"The precautions taken were far from appeasing the cries and complaints that were raised against the society. On the contrary, in nearly every quarter of the globe afflicting disputes were raised against its doctrines, (*universum pene orbem pervaserunt molestissimæ contentiones de societatis doctrinâ,*) which many persons denounced as opposed to the orthodox faith and public morals. Dissension increased within the bosom of the society, and without, charges against it became more frequent, particularly with reference to its too great avidity for worldly goods.

"We have remarked, with the greatest sorrow, that all the remedial measures which have been resorted to have had scarcely any effect in destroying and dissipating these serious troubles, accusations, and complaints; and that many of our predecessors, as Urban VIII., Clement IX., X., XI., XII., Alexander VII. and VIII., Innocent X., XI., XII., XIII., and Benedict XIV., have laboured to bring about so desirable a result, but ineffectually. They endeavoured, nevertheless, to restore peace to the Church by publishing very salutary constitutions, by forbidding all traffic, and absolutely interdicting the use and application of maxims which the holy see had justly condemned as scandalous and manifestly harmful to morals, &c.

"In order to take the safest course in a matter of so great importance, we thought it required a long space of time, not only to enable us to make exact researches, to weigh every thing maturely, and to deliberate wisely, but also to implore, with many sighs and continual prayers, the help and support of the Father of Light.

"After having taken so many necessary measures, in the assurance that we are aided by the Holy Spirit, being besides impelled by the necessity of fulfilling our ministry, and considering that the Society of Jesus holds out no further hope of those abundant fruits and those great advantages, on account of which it was instituted, approved of, and enriched with so many privileges by our predecessors,

that it is, perhaps, impossible, whilst it exists, that the Church should be restored to true and lasting peace; persuaded, impelled by so many powerful motives, and by others, with which the laws of prudence and the good government of the universal Church supply us, but which we keep in the profound secrecy of our heart; after mature deliberation, of our certain knowledge, and in the plenitude of our apostolical power, we extinguish and suppress the said society, abolish its statutes and constitutions, even those which have been ratified with oath, by apostolical confirmation, or in any other manner."

On the 16th of May, 1774, the cardinal-ambassador in France transmitted a confirmation of the bull to the minister of foreign affairs, accompanied with a commentary which was at the same time a warning to the king and to the clergy.

"The pope has decided upon the suppression, at the foot of the altar, and in the presence of God. He believes that monks, proscribed by the most Catholic states, and strongly suspected of having entered, both of old and recently, into criminal conspiracies, having in their favour only the exterior of regularity, decried in their maxims, given up, in order to render themselves powerful and excite awe, to commerce, stock-jobbing, and politics, could only produce fruits of dissension and discord, that a reform would only palliate the evil, and that it was better to prefer before all things the peace of the universal Church and of the holy see. .

"In a word, Clement XIV. believes the Society of Jesuits incompatible with the tranquillity of the Church and the Catholic states. It was the spirit of the government of this company which was dangerous; it is this spirit, then, which it is important should not be revived; and it is to this that the pope directs the serious attention of the king and the clergy of France."

My conclusion now begins to appear. Do not forget that the bull of interdiction scarcely preceded by fifteen years the breaking out of the French revolution of 1789. The precursory genius which gave to France the royalty of intelligence, governed the world even before it developed itself openly. It had passed from writers to princes, from princes to popes. Behold the concatenation of events! France is about to throw herself into the path of innovation; and the papacy, inspired by the pervading genius of the time, shatters the machine created to nip in the bud the principle of innovation. The spirit of 1789, and of the Constituent Assembly, is no other than that of the pontifical bull of 1773. What has happened since then? As long as new France remains victorious in the world, the Company of Jesus is no longer heard of. Before the freely or gloriously displayed banner of the French Revolution, this company disappears, as though it had never existed. Its fragments are hidden under other names. The Empire which, nevertheless, loved the strong, left its remains in the dust, well knowing that he who could accomplish every thing, could not raise even one stone of it without being unfaithful to his origin; and that among the decisions come to by nations, there exist some which must not be trifled with. Nevertheless, the moment has come when the Society of Jesus, crushed by the papacy, is triumphantly re-established by the papacy. What has come to pass? The bull restoring the order is dated August 16th, 1814; does this date tell you nothing? That was the time when France besieged, trampled on, was compelled to hide her flag, to contradict in her law the principle of the Revolution, to accept just as much air, light, and life, as was vouchsafed to her. In the midst of the crusade of ancient Europe, each employed its customary arms in this incursion of the armies of every region; the papacy let loose also the resuscitated army of Loyola, in order that the mind being circumscribed in its operation as well as the body, the defeat should be complete, and that France, forced to bend the knee, should not entertain, even in the inmost recesses of her being, the thought of recovering her feet.

Such are the facts, the history, the reality, concerning which it will be found impossible to deceive the rising generation. This must be made quite clear; this is the issue to which we must come, if we once enter on this path. It does not appear, it is not pointed out at the outset, but it is the necessary goal. On the one hand the French Revolution, with the development of religious and social life; on the other hand, concealed no one knows where, its natural antagonist, the Order of Jesus, with its unshaken connexion with the past. It is between these things we have to choose.

Let no one think that they can be conciliated. It is impossible. The mission of Jesuitism in the sixteenth century was to destroy the Reformation; the mission of Jesuitism in the nineteenth century is to destroy the Revolution, which supports, includes, envelopes, and goes beyond the Reformation. (*Applause.*) This, it must be confessed, is an important mission. The matter in question is not the University; it is not a mere college dispute. Something higher is aimed at. The object now, as formerly, is to enervate the principle of life, noiselessly to dry up the future in its source. That is the whole question. It is now stated for our solution. But it is destined to develop itself elsewhere, to awaken those who are wrapped in the profoundest slumber, feigned or real; for it is probably not without reason that we have been so irresistibly compelled to unmask it here.

I now, without any circumlocution, carry my examination into the heart of the doctrine, which I shall first study historically, impartially, in its author, Ignatius Loyola. You are well acquainted with that life, over which chivalry, enthusiasm, and cool calculation, by turns held sway. Nevertheless, we must examine the first beginnings, and see how so much asceticism was able to agree with so much policy, the indulgence in visions with the aptitude for business. Placed at the confines of two epochs, do not be astonished that this man was so powerful, that he is so still, that he stamps his conquest with an indestructible seal. He exercised, at the same time, the power which sprang from the ecstasy of the twelfth century, and the authority based on the consummate experience of the modern world: he shared in the spirit of St. Francis of Assisi, and of Machiavel. In whatever way we regard him, he is one of those who lay siege to the human mind from the most opposite extremities.

In a castle in Biscay, a young man, of an ancient family, receives, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, the military education of a Spanish noble. Whilst learning the sword exercise, he reads,

by way of recreation, the exploits of Amadis ; this is the whole of his acquirements. He becomes page to Ferdinand, then captain of a company ; handsome, brave, worldly, greedy after excitement and battles. At the siege of Pampeluna by the French he retires into the citadel ; he defends it with desperate courage. In the breach his right leg is broken by a Biscayan. He is carried on a litter to a neighbouring castle, that of his father. After a painful operation, submitted to with heroic fortitude, he asks, to distract his thoughts, for his books of chivalry. In that old plundered castle were found only the lives of Jesus Christ and the saints. He reads them ; his heart, his thoughts, his whole mind become lighted up with a sudden revelation. In a short time this young man, so engrossed by worldly passions, becomes animated by a sort of divine madness ; the page is soon transformed into an ascetic, a hermit, a flagellant. Such were the beginnings of Ignatius Loyola.

What was the first thought which fired the mind of this man of action ? The project of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. While reading the lives of the holy Fathers, he draws, paints roughly, the scenes and figures to which they refer. Soon the idea of treading that sacred ground engrosses him. He believes he sees, nay he sees the Virgin beckoning to him ; he sets out. As his wound is not quite cured, he mounts on horseback, carrying at the pommel of his saddle his girdle, his gourd, his cord sandals, his staff—all the insignia of the pilgrim. On his road he meets a Moor, with whom he discusses the mystery of the Virgin. A violent temptation seizes him to put the unbeliever to death ; he abandons the reins to the instinct of his horse. If he is brought back into the company of the man, he will kill him ; if not, he will forget him. Thus he begins at once to place his conscience at the mercy of chance. At some distance he dismisses his servants, puts on the haircloth shirt, and continues his journey with bare feet. At Manreza he enters the hospital ; he performs the vigil of arms before the altar of the Virgin, and suspends his sword on the pillar of the chapel. He redoubles his macerations ; he girds his loins with a chain of iron, his bread is mixed with ashes, and the Spanish noble begs his bread from door to door in the streets of Manreza. But even this does not satisfy this heart devoured with asceticism. Loyola retires into a cavern, whither the light of day never reaches, except through a fissure in the walls ; there he passes whole days, even whole weeks, without tasting food ; he is found stretched in a swoon on the brink of a torrent. In spite of all these penances, his mind is still troubled, he is assailed, not by doubt but by scruple; he subtilizes with himself : the same internal combat which Luther braved when about to change every thing, Loyola sustained in the attempt to preserve every thing. Even the idea of suicide pursues him ; in this internal warfare he groans, he cries, he rolls himself upon the earth. But his was a soul not to be overcome by the first assault ; Ignatius raises his head ; the vision of the Trinity, of the Virgin calling him towards her Son, saves him from despair. In the cavern of Manreza he becomes conscious of the power which is in him : he knows not yet what he is to do ; but this he knows, that he is to do something.

A little merchant-vessel gives him, through charity, a passage to Gaeta ; he is now on the road to the Holy Land. In Italy, breathless and a beggar, he glances over Rome, and then drags himself towards Venice. "'Tis too late," cries a voice ; "the vessel of the pilgrims has departed." "Never mind," replies Loyola ; "if vessels are wanting, I will cross the sea on a plank." With such a determined will, it was not difficult to reach Jerusalem ; he arrives there, still with bare feet, on the 4th of September, 1523. Stripped of every thing, he strips himself further to purchase of the Saracens the right to behold and re-behold the holy sepulchre. But just as he attains the goal of his desires, he perceives another and more distant good. Hitherto he had desired only to touch these stones ; now that he has touched them, he looks beyond. Above the holy sepulchre Christ appears to him in the heavens, and beckons him to approach nearer. To call, to convert the nations of the East is the fixed idea which possesses him. Henceforth he has a positive mission ; and from the moment when his imagination attained the desired end, another man is created within Loyola. His imagination calms ; a vast sphere of reflection opens ; the zeal for *souls* becomes more intense than the love of the *Cross* *. The ascetic, the hermit is transformed, the politician commences.

At the sight of this deserted sepulchre, he understands that the calculations of reason only can bring back the world to it. In this new crusade it is not the sword, but the mind that must work the miracle. It is a fine sight to behold this last of the crusaders proclaiming, in view of Calvary, that arms alone can work nothing in bringing back men to belief ; from that day forth his plan is made, his system prepared, his determination fixed. He is ignorant of all things, scarcely knowing how to read or write. In a few years he determines to know all that the learned can teach. And, behold, in truth, the soldier, the amputated invalid, abandoning his imaginary projects and the delights of asceticism, to take his place in the midst of children in the elementary schools of Barcelona and of Salamanca. The knight of the court of Ferdinand, the anchorite of the rocks of Manreza, the free pilgrim of Mount Tabor, abases his apocalyptic spirit to grammar ! What does he, this man to whom the heavens are open ? He learns conjugations, he spells Latin. This prodigious self-government, in the midst of divine illuminations, already marks a new epoch.

Nevertheless, the man of the desert re-appears in the pupil. He raises, they say, the dead ; he exorcises spirits. He has not become so much of a child but that the saint appears at intervals. Besides, he professes a strange kind of theology, which nobody until then had taught, and which begins to scandalize the Inquisition. He is cast into prison, and is liberated only on condition that he does not open his mouth again until he has studied four years in a regular school of theology.

This sentence determines him to go whither knowledge called him—to the University of Paris. Is it not time that the idea which has been so long ripening, should manifest itself ? Loyola is nearly thirty-five years old ; why does he yet wait ? This strange scholar has for chamber companions, in

* Père Bouhour's Life of St. Ignatius, p. 122.

the college of St. Barbe, two young men, Pierre Le Fèvre, and François Xavier. The one is a shepherd of the Alps, ready to receive the impression of any powerful word; Loyola, in his case, is reserved; he does not reveal his project until after three years of caution and calculation. The other is a gentleman, overweening alike from youth and from birth. Loyola praises, flatters him; he becomes again, for his sake, the noble of Biscay.

Moreover, in order to subjugate minds, he possesses a more certain means—the book of *Spiritual Exercises*, a work which contains his whole secret, and which he had sketched in the hermitages of Spain. Prepared by his conversation, none of his friends escaped the influence of this strange production, which they called *the Mysterious Book*. Already two disciples had taken this bait; they belonged to him for ever. Others of the same age join the first; in their turn they felt the fascination. These were Jago Laynez, who afterwards was general of the order; Alphonso Salmeron; Rodriguez D'Azevedo,—all Spaniards or Portuguese.

One day these young men assemble together on the heights of Montmartre, under the eye of the master. In sight of the vast city, they make a vow to go together to the Holy Land, or to place themselves at the disposal of the pope. Two years afterwards, these same men arrive at Venice by different roads, each with a stick in their hands, a sack on their back, the *Mysterious Book* in their wallet. Whither are they going? They do not know. They have entered into alliance with a spirit which has subjugated them by its logical power. Loyola reaches the rendezvous by a different road. They believed they were about to be embarked for the solitudes of Judaea. Loyola points out to them, instead of those solitudes, the field of combat—Luther, Calvin, the Anglican Church, Henry VIII., attacking the Papacy. With one word he sends François Xavier to the uttermost ends of the eastern world. He keeps his other eight disciples with him to oppose to Germany, to England, to the half of France and of Europe, which had all been shaken. At the bidding of the master, these eight men advance with eyes shut, without counting or estimating the power of their adversaries. The Company of Jesus is formed; the captain of the citadel of Pampeluna leads it to the combat. Amidst the struggles of the sixteenth century, a legion emerges from the dust of the roads. This beginning is grand, powerful, impressive; the seal of genius is there. I should be the last person to deny it.

If such was the origin of the Society of Jesus, let us have recourse to the works which became its soul, and contain what Tacitus calls the secrets of empire—*arcana imperii*. Jesuitism has been studied in its developments; but no one, that I know of, has exhibited it in its primitive ideal. The book of *Spiritual Exercises* cast, one after the other, all the first founders of the order in the same mould. Whence did it derive this extraordinary character? That is what we must examine. We here approach the source of the spirit of the Company.

After having passed through all the conditions of ecstasy, enthusiasm, and sanctity, Loyola, with a spirit of order, of which I cannot describe the immensity, undertook to reduce into a system, all the experiments which he had made upon himself, even in the fervour of his visions. He applied the method of the modern mind, of physical philosophers, to that which is beyond all human method—to the enthusiasm of things divine. In one word he composed a physiology, a manual, or rather the formula * of ecstasy and sanctity.

Do you know what it is that distinguishes him from all the ascetics of the past? It is that he was able, coldly, logically, to observe himself, to analyze himself in that state of rapture, which in the case of others excludes the very idea of reflection. Imposing on his disciples as operations, acts which with him were spontaneous, he was enabled in thirty days to bow down, by this means, both will and reason, pretty nearly as a horseman breaks his courser. He only wanted thirty days—*triginta dies*—to subdue a soul. Observe, in fact, that Jesuitism developed itself at the same time with the modern Inquisition. Whilst this dislocated the body, the *Spiritual Exercises* dislocated the mind under the machinery of Loyola.

To arrive at the state of sanctity, we find in this book rules such as the following: *Firstly*, trace on a piece of paper lines of different lengths, answering to the greatness of the various sins. *Secondly*, shut yourself up in a room, of which the windows are half-closed (*januis ac fenestris clausis tantisper*); now prostrate † yourself with your face upon the ground; now lay yourself on your back, raise yourself, sit down, &c. *Fifthly*, give vent to exclamations (*quintum, in exclamationem prorumpere*). *Sixthly*, in the contemplation of hell, which contains two preludes, five points, and one colloquy, behold in spirit vast conflagrations; monsters and souls plunged in flaming crucibles; imagine you hear complaints, vociferations; imagine also a putrid odour of smoke, of sulphur, and cadaverous cloacæ; taste of the bitterest things, such as tears, gall, and the worm of the conscience ‡. But it is not visions only that are thus imposed. You would scarcely suppose it, but even the sighs are set down; the aspirations and the respirations are marked; the pauses, the intervals of silence, are written down beforehand, as in a music-book. You will not believe me; I must quote: "The third manner of praying, is by measuring, after a certain fashion, the words and the times of silence §." This means consists in omitting some word between each breath, each respiration. And a little further on,—"Take care that there be equal intervals between the respirations, the sobs, and the words." (*Et paria anhelituum ac vocum interstitia observet.*) All this means that the man, whether inspired or not, is to become a machine for sighing and sobbing, which is bound to sigh, weep, exclaim, sob, at a particular moment, and exactly in the order which experience teaches to be most useful.

Education having been thus begun, how is the

* Servatis ubique iisdem formulis. — *Exercit. Spirit.* p. 180.

† Nunc prostratus humi, et pronus aut supinus, nunc sedens, aut stans, &c. p. 86.

‡ Punctum primum est, spectare per imaginationem vasta infernorum incendia.... Tertium imaginariè etiam olfactu fumum, sulphur, et sentinæ cujusdam seu fæcis atque putredinis graveolentiam persentire. Quartum, gustare similiter res amarissimas, ut lacrymas, rancorem, conscientiæque vermem, &c.—*Exercit. Spirit.* p. 80, 82, 83.

§ Tertius orandi modus per quamdam vocum et temporum commensurationem.—*Exercit. Spirit.* p. 200.

Christian automaton completed? By what steps does he raise himself to the dogmas, the mysteries of the Gospel? You shall see If a mystery is in question, the prelude (præludium) to every other operation is to represent a certain material place, with all its dependencies. For instance, is the Virgin in question? Figure to yourself a little house (*domuncula*). Is the Nativity? A grotto, a cavern, arranged *in a comfortable or uncomfortable manner*. Is the preaching of the Gospel? A road with its windings more or less steep. Is it the bloody sweat? You must imagine, in the first place, a garden of a certain length (*certâ magnitudine, figurâ, et habitudine*), measure the length, width, and contents. Is it the kingdom of Christ? Represent certain villas and fortresses (*villas et oppida*). After which, to begin with, imagine a human king* among his people; address that king, converse with him, gradually substitute the figure of Christ, put yourself in the place of the people, and enter thus into the true kingdom.

Such is the way to raise yourself to the mysteries. Behold the consequence! Does it not show a want of confidence in the human mind which overthrows the very nature of Christianity, always to set out from the material impression? Is it not to enter by stealth into the spiritual kingdom? And so many minute precautions, put in the place of the sudden rapture of the mind, will they not necessarily degenerate with the disciples into deceptions to disconcert the prince of deception? What! God is there kneeling, weeping in the bloody sweat, and instead of being immediately carried beyond yourself at the very thought, you waste your time in showing me an inclosure, in pitifully measuring its surface, in methodically tracing the plan of the paths (*viam planam aut arduam*)! You are at the foot of Tabor, at the inexpressible moment of transfiguration, and you study the form of the mountain, its height, its breadth, its vegetation? Great God! is this the Christianity of the Apostles? Is this the Christianity of the Fathers of the Church? No! for it is not that of Jesus Christ himself.

We see nothing in the Gospel of this premeditation, and these theatrical effects. There the doctrine alone speaks, not things. The Gospel repeats the word, and surrounding objects are illuminated. Loyola does just the contrary. As he himself well expresses it†, it is by the help of the senses, and of material objects, that he wishes to reach the spirit. He employs the sensations as a trap to catch souls, scattering thus the seed of those ambiguous doctrines, which grew afterwards so abundantly. Instead of at once exhibiting God, he conducts man to God by a roundabout path. Is that, I again ask, the straight road of the Gospel?

All this is connected with a still more radical difference between the Christianity of Jesus Christ and the Christianity of Loyola. This difference I perceive and will explain.

In the spirit of the Gospel, the Master gives himself to all, fully, without reserve, without drawback. Each disciple becomes, in his turn, a focus which scatters life, develops it around him, and the movement never halts in tradition. Loyola, on the contrary, with a feeling which will never be fully fathomed, communicates to his disciples the least part of himself, the exterior or bark of his thoughts. He had understood and felt what enthusiasm was in his youth. But as soon as he aimed at organizing a power, he no longer grants to any one this principle of liberty and life; he keeps the flame and lends the ashes. He had raised himself on the wings of ecstasy to divine raptures, he submits all others to the yoke of method. To be more certain of reigning alone without successors, he begins by depriving them of whatever constituted his greatness; and as he demanded for his God not merely a filial awe, but a servile terror, *timor servilis*, he leaves no issue open by which man could raise his head. Christianity made apostles; Jesuitism makes instruments, not disciples.

Let us turn our eyes in another direction; and if, as I have always thought, the mind left too much to itself is in want of nourishment, if the religious sentiment is being breathed again into the world, if the new star is rising, let us not remain behind, but let us advance first to meet the God who is re-awakened in every heart. Let others, if they will, bind themselves to the letter, we must hasten towards the Spirit; the enthusiasm which alone creates, renews societies, is not dead in France, though it may have cooled. Let not the new generation, which contains the promise of the future, dissipate its strength in too great attention to minute points, but aspire to continue the tradition of life; and let us all unite to show that religion is not exclusively confined to the priest, or the truth to the pulpit.

* Punctum primum esto proponere mihi ob oculos humanum regem.—*Exercit. Spirit* p. 97.

† Admotis sensuum officiis, *Exercit. Spirit.* — Deinde repetitiones et usus sensuum velut prius, p. 167.

LECTURE THE THIRD*.

THE RULES OF THE SOCIETY.—CHRISTIAN PHARISAISM.

Thanks to you, freedom of discussion will not be stifled; here, as every where else, right will overcome might. At the first tidings of the fact that the right of examination was openly menaced, doubts existed upon so strange a matter; when the fact was established, conflicting opinions instantly came to a truce; you pressed around us; and by that irresistible power which springs from general conviction, you have given to our words the only support that we can desire. Whatever may be the difference of our opinions upon other subjects, we are now bound up in the same cause. We could not retreat; you could not forsake us: that

* Delivered May 27th.

that brief interval of rest, it should merely preserve enough of life to imagine itself free to alienate itself for ever. Let it return if it will into the world, let it enter another order if that pleases it better; the doors are open, now that it is hampered by the thousand ties which the teacher has drawn around it; the wonder is, that it should be pretended that that exhausted heart should be able to exert one moment of free will, so as to plunge itself into everlasting slavery. Recollect all the Machiavellian combinations with which your memory is stored, and tell me if you discover any thing which surpasses the tactics of this order in its private contests with the soul.

The individual is subdued: it now remains to learn what he becomes in the bosom of the society; and this leads us to a hasty consideration of the spirit of the *Constitutions**. One characteristic of Loyola's genius was, that he began by closing against his disciples the avenues to ecclesiastical benefices; by that single word he established a church within the Church. By interdicting to his disciples all hopes beyond the company, he knew that he should fill them with unbounded ambition to enlarge the authority of the order. All being walled up in the Institution of Jesus, it became necessary that each should labour with extraordinary energy, to exalt, adorn, and glorify his prison; none can become either bishop, cardinal, or pope; all will have their share in the immortality of the order. But, how singular is that immortality! In the *Spiritual Exercises* the traces at least of the past enthusiasm appear. In the *Constitutions* all is cold, frozen like the vaults of those catacombs in which are symmetrically arranged vast piles of bones. All this is very ingeniously contrived; the edifices which the sun of life lights up are imitated, but, unhappily, they are constructed with the remains of the dead; and a society thus established may exist a long time, without being worn out, for the great principle of life has been withheld from the very beginning.

Loyola, before proclaiming any one of his rules, solemnly placed it for eight days upon the altar; whether it related to the principle of his law, or merely to a school regulation, to the care of the infirmary, to the porter, the keeper of the wardrobe, or the mysteries of the conscience,—he bestowed on all these things the same sacred authority, abasing the great to exalt the little. In his legislation you may discover the same mistrust of the reason, as you do in his ascetic books. Among all the founders of Christian institutions, I first observe the Christian, the man himself, the creature of God; in the law of Loyola, I behold nothing but provincial fathers, rectors, examiners, consulters and admonitors, procurators, prefect of spiritual things, prefect of the health,—a prefect of the library, prefect of the refectory, watchman, steward, &c. Each of these functionaries obeys a particular law, clearly and positively laid down; it is impossible that each should not be perfectly aware of the duties belonging to every hour of the day. Is this all? Yes, if a temporal, external association is concerned; almost nothing, if a really Christian society is concerned. I see, in fact, that the duties are admirably distributed, that each functionary has his distinct task: but show me beneath all this, a Christian spirit; in the midst of so many duties, so many denominations, so many worldly occupations, man escapes my view, the Christian vanishes.

* Regulæ Societatis: The Rules of the Order.

Moral, spiritual life is kept out of sight in this law; examine it in all good faith, without prejudice, and ask yourselves, if you will, at each page, if the word of God constitutes the basis of this scaffolding; in order that this should be, the name of God should at least be uttered; and I affirm that that is the name which most rarely appears. The experience of a man of business, a complicated machinery, a wise arrangement of persons and things, the anticipated regularity of a code of procedure, take the place of the prayers, the exaltations which constitute the substance of other rules. The founder confides greatly in industrial combinations, very little in the resources of the soul; and in this rule of the Society of Jesus all is found except faith in the Gospel and name of Jesus Christ.

This is the most important characteristic of this legislation. For the first time, the saints confide no longer in the spiritual power of Christ; in order to re-establish his dominion, they make a direct appeal to calculations, borrowed from the policy of cabinets. The spirit of Charles V. and Philip II. are substituted for the spirit of the Gospel.

From this seal of mistrust, profoundly imprinted upon the spiritual work of Loyola, you necessarily behold the whole form of his institution spring. In the first place, since it is the mind itself that is suspected, it follows that all the members of the community, instead of feeling themselves united in a calm, brotherly manner in the faith, like the early Christians, regard one another as so many unbelievers; from which it results that, in the very first page, instead of the prayer, which forms the introduction and basis of other rules, the practice of informing is recommended as the foundation of Loyola's constitution*. *To denounce one another*, are almost the first words of the rule, constitute the first concessions to the logical spirit. The soldiery of Loyola is no longer composed of such as are inspirited by enthusiasm to battle openly in the light of day; by its very origin, it will be no longer the Theban legion, but the organized police of Catholicism. Secondly, in accordance with the same principle, if the soul is no longer the prime mover of all, it is nothing but a suspicious object, whence arises the necessity of weighing it down beneath a cadaverous yoke of obedience, not intelligent but blind—*obedientia cæca*. This is why submission in other orders is nothing in comparison to this voluntary death of the conscience. However much other societies may distinguish themselves by the practice of other virtues, that of the Company of Jesus consists pre-eminently in self-abnegation. Among the Trappists, man is enabled to preserve an internal refuge in his own silence and martyrdom; among the Jesuits, the soul, in spite of itself, is compelled to take itself by surprise, to escape from itself, and to narrow itself by application to external employments.

Another consequence which is comprehended within the two first, is the systematic necessity imposed of repressing all great instincts, and of developing the smaller ones. It has been remarked, that the Society of Jesus, so fruitful in able men, has never produced any great man, except Loyola.

* Manifestare sese invicem . . quæcumque per quemvis manifestantur.—*Regul. Societ.* p. 2.

This is the unanswerable reason; the Castilian pride of Loyola impressed him with the notion that his disciples would be incapable of bearing up, like him, under the trials of spiritual warfare and enthusiasm, whence he stifled in his followers the heroic ecstasies which constituted his own power. I will not pause to consider whether this pride of the Spanish saint is consistent with the Gospel. I only remark, that in withholding from his followers the inconvenience of enthusiasm and divine fortitude, he prevented any one of them from rising to his own height; and I warn you that to conform to his law, is nothing else than to make a vow of mediocrity. Only imagine a great poet, Dante, for instance, desirous of forming a school, and fortifying his disciples against the dangers of sensibility, of imagination, of poetical passions,—he would act precisely as Ignatius Loyola did. In other orders, we behold men equal the founders; their life increases from generation to generation. The Dominican St. Thomas was greater than St. Dominick; but who ever heard in the Society of Jesus of a man who equalled or surpassed the founder? This, from the very nature of things, is impossible.

Add this last consideration, which comprehends the preceding ones, that the Order of Jesus represents exactly in its development the personal history of Ignatius Loyola. In the first place, the early disciples, the St. Francis Xaviers, the Borgias, the Rodriguez, the Bobadillas, are filled with the fire which the master acquired in the solitude of the grotto of Manreza; an enthusiastic genius leads them on. By the second generation, all is changed; the icy policy of Loyola in its maturity is bequeathed to the Aquavivas and his successors. To speak more justly, it is the soul of Loyola which seems to grow cold, to congeal more and more in the veins of the Society of Jesus. The society imitates its author during three centuries; and the expiring order of the present day imitates him still, re-produces him, even in death; like him it raises itself to a sitting posture when it was thought lost; and, in the midst of its agony, the word to which it gives utterance is still the last word of Loyola,—dominion, blind obedience, *obedientia cæca*. Let humanity bend like a staff in the hand of an old man—*ut senis baculus!* This was the bequest of the founder—it is the last wish of the society.

By following the same series of ideas, it will not be difficult for me to show how, from the same negative principle, the same want of faith in the Spirit, sprung the *Theory of Cases of Conscience*, which, with many persons, constitutes the distinctive characteristic of Jesuitism. The principle of Loyola was necessarily calculated to produce and develop the application of legal formulæ to the conscience. In fact, from the moment when the soul is mistrusted, when the cry of conscience is disregarded, all must be written. The written word takes the place of the internal word, the rules of doctors necessarily replace the word and the light created for the purpose of enlightening every man that enters the world. The less a society has of vitality, the more it possesses of ordinances, decrees, and laws, which contradict and clash one against the other. Apply this to religious life, and see into what a labyrinth you enter! As the soul no longer possesses the right of deciding every thing by one of those sovereign words, which are written by God Himself, and which proceed from the very innermost being of man, these rules entail other rules, these decisions other decisions; and it is impossible that beneath this scaffolding of contradiction the moral instinct should not be overwhelmed. By an inconceivable contradiction, which is only the consequence of its principle, it is no longer the religious law, which, by the simplicity of its nature, governs the civil law. It is, on the contrary, the religious law which miserably, shamefully, comes to imitate,—what? the laws of civil procedure, the subtleties of courts of law It is the divine law, which, overthrown and degraded from its sublime unity, comes to conform itself to the method and humiliation of the scholastic tribunals.

Has not religion fallen enough? Instead of the priest, I behold the special pleader at the tribunal of God.—Well! it must fall still lower; for in this path there is no pause. The jurisprudence of the scholastic system was at least corrected by a basis of equity, which prevented the judge from voluntarily involving himself in absurdity; the priest, by consenting to follow the procedure of the middle age, condemned himself to descend infinitely lower. No longer confiding to the moral instinct in its divine simplicity, and not possessing the rational independence of the jurisconsult, whither can this man be carried, with his conscience voluntarily dumb, and his reason voluntarily blinded? Whither can he go, except along the road of chance and probabilities, where, confounding with one another in the darkness the notion of good and the notion of evil, engaging himself more and more beyond the limits of truth in a monstrous abyss, cunning only in putting remorse to sleep, he often foresees, imagines, and creates in theory impossible crimes?

Do not wonder then that degeneration was so rapid, since it was contained in the very ideal of the society: I could, if I would, bring to bear on this subject some strange testimonies. Listen to the terrible confession which escaped from one of the most famous disciples of Loyola, from one of those who approached the nearest to his genius, from one of his contemporaries, Mariana! It is not I who speak, but a member of the Institution of Jesus, after having passed fifty years in the community:—"Our whole institution," he says, "seems to have no other object than to bury under the earth our evil actions, and to conceal them from the knowledge of men*". I might add to this confession some astonishing avowals omitted by Pascal, as the way to obtain the good-will of princes, of widows, and of noble and opulent young men. I might go very far on in this path; but I abstain.

It is not necessary to say what it is attracts you to this discussion. It is neither its relation with the times in which we live, nor the curiosity of scandal. You are interested because the question is in itself great, universal: let us allow it to retain this character. The question is between reality and appearance, truth and falsehood, the life and the letter. Whenever a doctrine endeavours to imitate the life which it has lost, you may

* Totum regimen nostrum videtur hunc habere scopum, ut malefacta injecta terrâ occultentur, et hominum notitiæ subtrahantur.

discover the principle and the element of Jesuitism as well among the ancients as among the moderns. It would not be difficult to show that every religion has, at one time or other, produced its Jesuitism, which is nothing else than its degeneration.

Without leaving the sphere of our tradition, the Pharisees are the Jesuits of the Mosaical system, as the Jesuits are the Pharisees of Christianity. Did not the Pharisees likewise distrust the spirit? Did not they ask what the spirit is? Were they not the determined defenders of the letter? Did not Christ compare them to sepulchres? Is not this also the comparison most affected by our modern ones in their Constitutions? If this be true, wherein is the difference? And if there is no difference, Christ has pronounced his opinion by accursing the scribes, and the doctors of the law.

Take, then, care—and here I address myself to those who, separated from me, exhibit the greatest aversion to me—take care that you do not shut yourselves up alive in those tombs; you will repent when it is too late. There are still great things to be done; remain where the combat of the spirit is taking place—where are danger, life, reward. Do not lose yourselves, do not bury yourselves in these catacombs: you know it as well as I do; God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.

I will, if it be necessary, admit for a moment that, on emerging from the middle age, some minds, carried away by an excess of asceticism, may have found it necessary to submit themselves to this dry and icy rule. I will admit that these efforts of the middle age, suddenly compressed by an overwhelming method, may have turned, if not to great thoughts, at least to bold enterprises. But in our days, in 1843, what does this doctrine come to do in the world? What does it give us that we do not possess as it is in too great abundance? We, now, above all things, all of us, hunger and thirst after sincerity and truth. This society teaches us manœuvres and stratagems, as if there were not enough manœuvre and stratagem in the visible course of affairs! We cannot live without liberty; it brings us absolute dependence, as if shackles did not sufficiently abound. We want an interpretation, spiritual, great, powerful, open to all, regenerating; it gives us an interpretation, narrow, small, material, as if there were not enough of materialism in the age. We want life; it gives us the letter. In a word, it brings nothing to the world with which the world is not surfeited; and this is why the world will have nothing more to say to it!

Consider, moreover, that if there is a country on the face of the earth, the temper of which is incompatible with the Society of Jesus, it is France. Of all the first generals of the order, of all those who gave it its momentum, not one was a Frenchman. No one has communicated the spirit of our country to this combination of the leaven of Spain and of the Machiavellism of Italy in the sixteenth century. I can understand how, where it has its roots, even when combated by public opinion, the spirit of the institution can produce statesmen and controversialists, Marianas, Bellarmins, Aquavivas. But among us, transplanted from its native soil, sterile itself, Jesuitism can do nothing but spread sterility. Every thing here contradicts and hurtles against it. If we are worth any thing, it is for our spontaneous energy—the reverse is the case with Jesuitism; it is for our good faith, even to indiscretion, to the advantage of our enemies,—whilst Jesuitism is wholly the reverse; it is for the rectitude of our minds,—Jesuitism delights in subtleties and concealed intentions; it is for a certain aptitude to inflame ourselves in the cause of others,—the society is all for itself; it is, in fine, for the power of our reason,—and it is reason that this community above all things distrusts.

What then do we want with an institution which is careful to repudiate in every thing the character of the mission which God himself has given to our country? I now see distinctly that it is not alone the spirit of the Revolution that is attacked, as I lately advanced; the very existence of the national spirit of France is in danger. Two incompatible principles are in combat, one of which must destroy the other. Jesuitism must destroy the spirit of France, or France must destroy the spirit of Jesuitism. This is the result of all I have told you.

LECTURE THE FOURTH*.

ON THE JESUIT MISSIONS.

It is not our fault, if in the path on which we have entered, we are obliged to take care that our parts are not shifted. Our strength lies in the openness of our position; and if it happens to be misinterpreted in a place † from which all France is addressed, we owe a word of explanation to remarks which fall from so great a height. We are accused of pursuing a phantom. It would be easy to answer that we pursue nothing, that we are only describing the past: but, I will ask, if you talk of phantoms, why so much hatred and so many efforts made to prevent its even being mentioned? If Jesuitism is dead, why so much violence? If living, why deny it? Why? Because now, as ever, it has been in too great haste to show itself; because it has been betrayed by its impatience; because in showing itself it has run the risk of destroying itself. But our trouble will not have been in vain if we have contributed to bring it into the light of day. It is now too late to deny its existence.

The only thing that astonishes me is, that we have been accused of attacking freedom of instruction, because we have maintained the right of free discussion. What, we the violent, we the intolerant? Who would have thought it? Violent, because we have defended ourselves? Intolerant, because we have not been exclusive? All this is strange, it must be confessed. The tolerance which is required is permission to condemn, to fulminate, without giving the power to answer. The common right which is claimed, is it the privilege of anathema? At least this should have been clearly confessed.

Of what avail are all these tricks, when the question can be expressed in one word? Will France, deprived of all association, abandon the

* Delivered May 31st. † Chamber of Deputies, May 27th.

future to a strange and powerful association, naturally and necessarily the enemy of France? Without any circumlocution, I will only say, that I behold, in the past, Jesuitism acquiring dominion over the spirit, to materialize it; over morality, to demoralize it; and it is my earnest hope that no one in these days may acquire dominion over liberty to destroy it.

However this may be, let us give ourselves the pleasure of considering our subject in its largest and most general relations. Jesuitism, in its origin, took upon itself the task of putting an end to idolatry and protestantism. Let us see how it accomplished the first of these undertakings.

At the time of the discovery of America and Eastern Asia, the first thought of the religious orders was to bind these new worlds in the unity of the Christian faith. Dominicans, Franciscans, Augustins entered immediately on this path; they were weary with holding in check the old world; their strength no longer sufficed to embrace the new. Scarcely was it formed, before the Society of Jesus entered upon this career; and it was that which it pursued with most glory. To unite the East and the West, the North and the South, to establish moral obligations which should bind the whole world, to accomplish the unity promised by the prophets—never did a greater design present itself to the mind of man. To attain this end would have required the all-powerful life of Christianity at its very commencement. Were the doctrines which constituted the soul of the Society of Jesus, capable of consummating this miracle?

For the first time, unknown populations were to come in contact with Christianity; that moment could not fail of exerting an incalculable influence on the future. The Society of Jesus, by throwing itself into the van, could decide or compromise the universal alliance. Which of these two things happened?

In Eastern Asia Christianity discovered the strangest thing in the world, a sort of Catholicism peculiar to the East, a religion replete with outward analogies to that of the court of Rome, a Paganism with all the forms and many of the dogmas of papacy,—a God born of a Virgin, incarnate for the salvation of men, a Trinity, monasteries, convents without number, anchorites devoted to macerations and incredible flagellations, the whole exterior of the religious life of Europe in the middle age, hermitages, relics, chivalry; at the summit a sort of pope, who, without commanding, exercised an authority as infallible as that of God himself. What would the Catholicism of Europe do when confronted with the Catholicism of India? Would it consider it as the degeneration of a principle common of yore both to one and the other? Or would it consider it as an imitation of the truth framed by the evil spirit? The chances of religious alliance were very different according to the solution given to this strange problem.

In this enterprise the Society of Jesus remained in Asia what it had been in Europe; it repeated there in the history of its missions the diverse phases of the character of its author.

Its precursor in the Indies was Francis Xavier of Navarre. He had been among the first to receive the impulse of Ignatius Loyola. Born, like him, of an ancient family, he had left the paternal castle to visit Paris and study philosophy and theology. At St. Barbe, Loyola fired him with his own young enthusiasm. Xavier never understood the revolution which replaced in the mind of the founder, the hermit by the politician. Sent into Portugal, and from thence to the Indies, before the Society had a recognized existence, he preserved the spirit of heroism with scarcely any mixture of human calculation. When we meet in his letters with such words as the following—"Frame all your words and actions with your friends, as if they were, some day, to become your enemies"—we think we perceive one of the last counsels of Loyola as it fell into his transparent heart.

This man, still young, having just left the brilliant castle of Navarre, appearing alone as a wanderer on the shores of Malabar, will ever be a subject of great admiration. In that marvellous India he at first beheld none but those who dwelt without the cities, the miserable castes, the banished, the pariahs, the little children; as soon as the sun went down, he was to be seen taking a little bell, and going about from hut to hut, exclaiming—"Good people, pray to God!" He approaches the source of Oriental knowledge, but sees it not; he believes the opposition he encounters to be only that of childish minds; whilst, in fact, he is already surrounded by Brahminical colleges. In this holy ignorance of his situation, he sends home for priests who are able neither to confess, to preach, nor to teach; he thought it quite sufficient if they could baptize. In the name of the infant Christ, Xavier cuts an invisible path to Cape Comorin; he takes possession of infinite solitudes, of shoreless seas, escaping, by the greatness of things, from the narrow influences of the rule of Loyola: the populations among which he travels consider him as a holy man; in that consists his safety.

At Cape Comorin he embarks and traverses in a little felucca the great Indian ocean. Impelled, as he believes, by the breath of the Holy Ghost, he reaches the Moluccas, and, after infinite trouble, the kingdom of Japan. At this extremity of the East he finds himself, for the first time, in contact, not with untrained minds, but with a religion armed at all points, with Bhuddism and its living traditions; instead of being disconcerted, he argues, in a language of which he knows only a few words, or, rather, it is his manner, his sincerity, his faith, which argue and attract; his soul dwelt in the regions of miracles. But this island of Japan soon becomes too small for his great desire of proselytism; at all hazards he must penetrate into China, that closed world. He crosses to the island of Sancham, the nearest to the continent. In a few days a boatman undertakes to carry him at night to the gates of Canton. His faith would do the rest. The boatman did not keep his promise, and he dies of impatience and hope deferred at the gates of the great empire. This is what the enthusiasm of an isolated man, without support, without companions, without immediate hope of assistance from the Society, succeeded in doing. His faith and love cast around him a halo which preserved him, and opened every road to him. Strange people, who understood not his language, saw on his face the impress of the man of God; in spite of themselves, they recognized and saluted him. The fascination was contagious; a single man had landed on those

shores, and already there was a Christian Asia. After the sanctity of one, let us see what calculation, and cunning, and numbers were able to effect.

Along the road opened by the enthusiasm of Xavier, a new generation of missionaries crowded, bringing with them the book of the *Constitutions*, a code of maxims and instructions which they had profoundly studied.

If all this policy was to result in the establishment of religion, was it the Christian dogma which was presented for the belief of the new nations? Were so many manœuvres to end in imposing the Gospel by surprise? Here the stratagem appears in all its greatness. It was seriously expected that the Oriental world would fall into the greatest trap that was ever laid; it was believed that these vast populations, confirmed in their religion by the experience of so many centuries, would rush into the snare; a false Gospel was held out to them, in the belief that there would be always time to give them the new one. From Japan to Malabar, from the Archipelago of the Moluccas to the banks of the Indus, an attempt was made to envelop islands and continents in a net of fraud, by giving to this other universe a false god in a false church. And it is not I who thus speak. I am supported by the first authorities, by popes, such as Innocent X., Clement IX., Clement XII., Benedict XIII., Benedict XIV., who, in an uninterrupted succession of decrees, letters, briefs, bulls, have attempted perpetually, but vainly, to bring back the missionaries of the Society of Jesus to the spirit of the Gospel. It is a remarkable circumstance, which shows the power of the system, that the same men who are formed to sustain the papacy, as soon as they are no longer under its hand, turn round against its decrees with more violence than all the orders put together; it was not their fault if they did not succeed in abolishing in those distant countries not only Papacy, but Christianity itself.

What was the change they imparted to it? Did they impregnate it with another life? did they adapt it to the manners, climate, necessities of a new world? No! What then did they do? Not much, in truth. These men of the Society of Jesus, in teaching Christ, hid only one thing, the passion, the agony, Calvary. These Christians only denied the cross: *illos pudet Christum passum et crucifixum prædicare.* They were ashamed to show Christ in the passion. These are the very words of the congregation of cardinals and of pope Innocent X.; or if they did make use of the cross, they hid it under the flowers which were scattered at the feet of the idols; so that whilst they adored the idol in public, they thought it lawful to refer their adoration to the hidden object. Such were the stratagems by which they thought to win empires and numberless peoples. In the country of pearls and precious stones, these men, all for externals, thought they were doing wonders in drawing minds to them, by only showing Christ triumphant in the midst of the presents of the Magi, reserving to themselves the power of communicating some portion of the truth when conversion was effected and baptism had been received. To compel them to give up these absurd practices into which they were led by their system, decree upon decree was required, charge upon charge, bull upon bull; letters were found insufficient. The pope was obliged to interfere, as it were, in person. A prelate was sent, a Frenchman, the cardinal of Tournon, to put down this Christianity without the cross, this Gospel without the passion; but scarcely had he arrived, than the Society caused him to be cast into prison, where he died of surprise and of grief.

The dogma thus mutilated, the application was immediately felt. If we may deny Christ, poor, naked, suffering, what follows? We may also deny the poor, the banished and sacrificed classes; hence (for they did not shrink from the logical conclusion) the refusal to grant the sacrament to the humble, to the classes which were esteemed as outcasts, to the pariahs *. To this, in fact, they did come; and in spite of the authority and the threats of the decrees of 1645 of Innocent X., of 1669 of Clement IX., of 1734, 1739, of Clement XII., of the bull of 1745 of Benedict XIV., this monstrous exclusion from Christianity of the poor, that is to say, of those to whom it was first sent, was persisted in.

The condemnation, which the vicar apostolical of Clement XI. pronounced at Pondicherry, in 1704, on the very spot was, as follows:—"We cannot suffer that the physicians of the soul should refuse to men of low condition the duties of charity, which are not refused to them even by the Pagan physicians, *Medici Gentiles*." The expressions of Benedict XIV., in 1727, evince still more plainly this eagerness of the missionaries to deny the wretched ones by whom St. Francis Xavier commenced:—"We will and order that the decree respecting the administration of the Holy Sacraments to the dying of humble condition, called Pariahs, should be at length observed and executed without further delay, *ulteriori dilatione remotâ*." In spite of this, however, twenty years afterwards the papacy was compelled to thunder anew on the same subject, and continued to do so until the abolition of the society. Now these are not prejudiced opinions, the assertions of enemies; they are facts stated by the authority before which our adversaries are compelled to bow their heads.

Now I ask, are these Christian missions, or Pagan missions? At any rate how much have they preserved of the spirit of the Gospel? The Apostles of Christ also found on emerging from Judæa a world new to them, rich, proud, sensual, full of gold and jewels,—above all, inimical to slaves. Among these men was there one, who, in presence of the splendour of Greece and Rome, dreamt of dissembling the doctrine he was commissioned to teach, of hiding the cross before the triumph of Pagan sensuality? In the midst of that world of patricians, was there one who denied the slave? On the contrary, what they principally thrust in the face of this proud society was God suffering, Christ beaten, the Eternal plebeian in the manger of Bethlehem. What St. Peter and St. Paul exhibited at Rome in the midst of its intoxication was the cup of Calvary, with the gall and hyssop of Golgotha; and that was the reason of their triumph. What did Rome want with a god invested with gold and with power? That image of force had appeared to it a hundred times; but to be mistress of the world, to revel in the riches of the East, and to meet with a god naked and scourged, who

* Infirmis etiam abjectæ et infimæ conditionis, vulgo dictis Parias.

aspired to win it by the cross of the slave, this it was that astonished, struck, and in the end subjugated it.

Suppose that instead of all this, the Apostles, the missionaries of Judæa, had attempted to take the world by surprise, to adapt themselves to it, to exhibit only that part of the Gospel which was analogous to Paganism, that they had concealed Calvary and the sepulchre from the voluptuous denizens of Greece and Rome, that instead of imparting to the earth the word in its integrity, they had only suffered to be seen that which would please the earth; in a word, imagine that the Apostles in their missions had followed the same policy with the missionaries of the Society of Jesus,—I say that they would have met in their attempts upon the Roman world with the same success which the Jesuits encountered in the Eastern world; that is to say, that after a momentary success, obtained by surprise, they would soon have been rejected and extirpated by the society for which they had laid a trap. Princes, cunningly circumvented, might have lent their ear for a moment; but the minds of so many patricians, of so many Roman matrons, would not have taken such root in the Gospel as to defy every tempest. A few gay persons would have been attracted by the promise of futurity acquired without trouble; but the rejected slaves would not have hastened to meet the slave God. In a war of policy against policy, the art of Tiberius and Domitian would doubtless have countervailed that which was opposed to it. The manœuvres of the world mixed with the Gospel, without deceiving the world, would have dried up the Gospel in its sources; the result of these stratagems would have been, by corrupting the doctrine of Christ, to have deprived of it, for a long time, the deceived and at the same time undeceived world.

Such is the history of the Society of Jesus, in its celebrated missions to the East. We have too much accustomed ourselves in these times to believe that cunning can bring any thing to pass. See to what it comes when it is applied on the great scale of humanity. Follow the history of their vast undertakings on the coast of Malabar, in China, —above all, in Japan. Read, study these events in the writers of the order, and compare the project with the result! The history of these missions is in itself very uniform: at the outset an easy success; the head of the country, the emperor, gained over, seduced, surrounded; a portion even of the population following the conversion of its chief; then, at a given time, the chief discovering, or believing to discover, an imposition; after this, reaction as violent, as in the first instance confidence was extreme; the population deserting at the same time with the chief; persecution uprooting the souls really acquired; the mission hunted out, leaving scarcely a vestige behind; the Gospel compromised, shipwrecked on an accursed land, which remains for ever desert: such is the summary of all these histories.

And yet who can read them without admiration! What ability! What resources! What knowledge of details! What courage! How little am I understood if I am believed not to feel all these things! What heroism among individuals! What obedience among the inferiors! What combination among the superiors! Patience, fervour, audacity could no further go.

But that which is more surprising even than all this, is, that all these labours, all this devotion, produce no lasting effects. How did this come to pass? Because, if individuals were devoted, the maxims of the body were corrupt. Was any thing similar ever beheld? The society deserves more our pity than our anger. Who has laboured more, and reaped less? It has sown the sand: for having mixed cunning with the Gospel, it has experienced the strangest punishment; and this punishment consists in perpetual toil and perpetual disappointment. That which it raises with one hand in the name of the Gospel, it destroys with the other in the name of policy. Alone it has received this terrible law—that it should produce martyrs, and that the blood of its martyrs should produce nothing but thistles.

Where in the vast East are its establishments, its colonies, its spiritual conquests? In those powerful islands where it reigned for a while, what remains of it? Who remembers it? In spite of so many private virtues, of so much blood bravely spilt, the breath of deceit has pierced there and dissipated every thing. The Gospel, carried thither by a spirit opposed to it, would not grow and flourish. Rather than give encouragement to inimical doctrines, it preferred itself to perish. This was the result of the trap set to catch the whole world.

But I hear it said, They have nevertheless done one great thing in the East. Yes, certainly. What? They have opened the way for England. —Ah! I am in waiting for them there; for there the punishment is complete. Mark this: the missionaries of the Society of Jesus, the heralds, the defenders, the heroes of Catholicism, opened the way for Protestantism! The representatives of the papacy prepared the extremity of the world for Calvin and for Luther! Does not that seem a malediction of Providence? It exhibits them, at least, in a depth of misery which must wring pity even from their greatest enemies. (*Applause.*)

But this punishment has been inflicted on them not in Eastern Asia alone; every where I see these clever setters of snares taken in their own toils. It is said that their most powerful adversaries, the Voltaires, the Diderots, were formed in their own schools; and this is still true if you apply it not only to individuals, but to territories, to whole continents. Follow them into the vast solitudes of Louisiana and North America,—among their most glorious fields of victory.

There too, other Francis Xaviers, sent by an order of the chief, plunge singly and silently into the midst of lakes and forests hitherto untraversed. They embark in the canoe of the savage; they follow with him the course of mysterious rivers; they scatter the seed of the Gospel; and once again the tempest of wrath disperses it before it has time to germinate. The evil genius of the society treads secretly behind each of the missionaries, and strikes the soil with sterility as soon as they put in the plough. After a moment of hope every thing disappears, destroyed by an invisible power. The happy time of this savage Christianity was in the midst of the seventeenth century. Already in 1722, Père Charlevoix followed in the steps of these missions of the Society of Jesus. He scarcely discovered any traces of them; and these defenders of Christianity were proved to have once more worked only for their enemies; and these

pretended apostles of the papacy opened a road to Protestantism, which surrounded them before they were aware of it. When they emerged from the depths of the forest, where they had rivalled the Indians in stratagem, they thought they had been building for Rome, whilst they had been building only for the United States; once more see the great policy of Providence,—cunning is turned against cunning.

However, it was given to the Society of Jesus to realize once, in the case of one people, the ideal of its doctrines. During the space of a hundred and fifty years it succeeded in infusing its whole principle into the organization of Paraguay; from this political application you may estimate it in its whole extent. In Europe, in Asia, it was more or less opposed by the existing powers; but in the solitudes of South America, a vast territory was granted to it, with the power of applying to a new nation, to the Indians of the Pampas, its civilizing genius. It happened that its method of education, which extinguished nations in their maturity, seemed to agree for a time wonderfully well with these infant people; it was enabled, with a truly admirable intelligence, to attract them, to group them, to isolate them, to keep them in an eternal noviciate. They erected a republic of children, in which every thing was conceded them with wonderful ease, except that which can alone develop the man in the newly-born.

Every one of these strange citizens of the republic of the Guaranis was expected to veil his face before the fathers, to kiss the hem of their robes; transferring to the legislation of a whole people the recollections of the schools of those days, for the slightest fault men and women, even magistrates, were whipped in the public squares. From time to time vitality endeavours to display itself among those people in swaddling-clothes; then there arise the cries of wild beasts, insurrections, revolts, which from time to time expel, disperse the missionaries; after which, each man returns to his former condition, as if nothing had happened,—the crowd to its puerile dependence, the teachers to their divine authority. The breviary in one hand, and the rod in the other, a few men lead and preserve this flock, the last remains of the empire of the Incas. In itself this is a great spectacle, especially if we add the infinite art exhibited in cutting off communication with the rest of the universe; and in spite of the silence which is cast around, continual revolutions that excite I know not what suspicions, which none can shake off, neither the king of Spain, nor the regular clergy, nor the pope. This education of a people is consummated in profound mystery, like a dark conspiracy. From time to time, when they are prepared, the missionary fathers, according to their own expressions, set out with their neophytes to hunt the Indians as if they were tigers, shut them up in enclosures reserved for the purpose, and little by little appease, tame, and bring them into the Church.

This Constitution was the triumph of the Society of Jesus, because into it it was able to infuse its whole soul and character. But are we sure that this mysterious colonization will be the germ of a great empire? Where is the sign of life? Everywhere else we at least hear the babblings of society in the cradle. Here, I confess, I fear, that so much silence in the same place during three centuries, is of evil augury; and that the discipline which has so quickly succeeded in enervating the virgin vigour of nature, is not that which develops the Guatamozins and the Montezumas. The Society of Jesus has fallen, but its people of Paraguay survives it, and is becoming more and more silent and mysterious. Its frontiers are not to be traversed. Its silence has redoubled, so has its despotism; the Utopia of the Company of Jesus has been realized; a state without movement, without noise, without pulsation, without apparent respiration. God grant that so much mystery does not hide a corpse!

Thus, to recapitulate, a Machiavellian heroism, entangling itself in its own toils, or which leaves in its rear nothing but the silence of death, is the result of all these stratagems to communicate the word of life; isolated successes, always uncertain, and gained over tribes separated by deserts, over families, over individuals; a perfect impotence as soon as the struggle is undertaken with established religions,—Islamism, Brahminism, Bhuddism.

Nevertheless, to be just, we must accuse, not only the policy of the Society of Jesus, but a more deeply-seated evil. To evangelize the earth, what do we present to the earth? A divided Christianity. That which began the evil in the missions, was the conflict of the orders; that which completed it, was the conflict of creeds.

Everywhere we have seen, at the extremities of the earth, Catholicism and Protestantism mutually paralyzing each other. Distracted by these opposing influences, what could Islamism, Brahminism, Bhuddism, do but wait until we were all agreed? The first step to take, therefore, is to strive, not to render discord eternal, but to manifest the living unity of the Christian world; for we are not alone in the expectation of one day uniting all people in the people of God. Out of all the religions which divide the earth, there is not one which does not aspire to encroach upon and overwhelm the other, as it were by a miracle. And yet, behold them, they no longer undertake any thing serious one against the other; scarcely do they rob each other by surprise of one or two individuals; they have abandoned every hope of an open contest. Something, I know not what, tells them they cannot overcome one another. Suppose that ages have passed away, you will find them still in the same place, only more immoveable still. In spite of all, if they remain as they are, Catholicism will not extirpate Protestantism, or Protestantism Catholicism.

Must we then give up all hopes of the unity, the fraternity, the moral universality promised? This would be to give up the cause of Christianity itself. Live in indifference, one by the side of the other, as in the sepulchre, without any hope of a communion of hearts? That would be the worst of deaths. It would be impious and impossible to recommence blind and sanguinary struggles. Instead of wasting our time in these sterile hatreds, I think it would be much better to labour seriously to develop in ourselves the heirloom and tradition we have received. For in the midst of this profound immobility of creeds, which keep one another mutually in check, the future will belong not to that which most successfully harasses its rival, but to that which ventures to take a step in advance. The rest will retire before this manifestation of life.

This step alone will open the empires, closed at present to the missionaries of the letter. The nations which now hang in suspense, and from which nothing is expected, feeling the impulse of the spirit re-entering the world, will raise themselves up, and complete their journey towards God. Intestine war ceasing in Christendom, the task of the missionary may at length be accomplished.

LECTURE THE FIFTH.

POLITICAL THEORIES OF THE JESUITS: ULTRA-MONTANISM.

Among the dignitaries of the Church, a man, whose sincerity I respect, a bishop of France, asserting the rights of his situation and of his convictions, in a letter made public, and directed in part against my teaching,* concludes with these words, which are addressed to me,—"*Since he has been neither punished, nor censured, nor disavowed, it is evident that he has received his mission.*" These words, clothed with high authority, compel me to say, what will give pleasure to my adversaries,—viz. that I have received my mission from no one but myself. I have consulted only the dignity, the rights of thought. I did not wait to know whether I should be approved or censured, before I determined to walk in this path, which I conceive to be that of truth. If therefore it be an error, under the reign of the Revolution, to assert the right of discussion, if it be an error in the spirit of Christianity to invoke unity instead of discord, reality instead of appearance, life instead of the letter, the fault is justly attributable to me alone, and the more so as I feel that every day I grow more rooted in my opinion, and that I have passed the age at which men obey, without knowing it, an impulse from without. By what favour should I have been chosen to speak in the name of the University? I, who do not even belong to that body? No, gentlemen, the whole fault is mine; and if punishment is to be inflicted, let it be inflicted on me alone. (*Applause.*)

The character which we have discovered, from the outset, impressed on the doctrine of the Society of Jesus, exhibits itself very exactly in its internal economy and government. The whole spirit of the Company is contained in the principle of domestic economy I am about to unfold. The Society of Jesus has succeeded, with wonderful ability, in conciliating poverty and wealth. By poverty, she makes friends with piety; by riches, with power. But how can these things be conciliated in its laws? Thus:—

According to its rule, submitted to the Council of Trent, it is composed of two kinds of establishments of different natures,—of professed houses incapable of possessing any thing as property (that is the essential part); and of colleges capable of acquiring, inheriting, possessing (that is the accidental part): which is as much as to say, that the Society is instituted so as to be able at the same time to refuse and to accept, to live according to the Gospel, and to live according to the world. Let us be more precise. At the end of the sixteenth century, I find that it had twenty-one professed houses, and two hundred and ninety-three colleges; that is to say, twenty-one hands to refuse, and two hundred and ninety-three to accept and grasp. This, in two words, is the secret of its internal economy. From this let us pass to its relations with the external and political world.

* The Bishop of Chartres.

The Society of Jesus, in the midst of its foreign missions, fell at length into its own toils. I wish to day to examine if any thing similar has happened to it in Europe; whether the policy of the sixteenth century has not become, in its hands, a two-edged sword, which has at length been turned against itself.

What is the character of a truly living religion, in its relations with the political world? It communicates its power to the states of which it becomes the foundation; it breathes a powerful breath of life into the nation which conforms to its principle; it takes interest in their welfare, and gives them support and protection. What would you say if, instead of this life, which is as it were contagious, you should find a religious society which, to whatever political form it is annexed, a monarchy, an aristocracy, or a democracy, secretly declares itself the enemy of this constitution, and labours to undermine it, as though it were impossible to endure any alliance with it? What will you say of a society which, in whatever medium it is placed, has the sovereign art of discovering, beneath the artificial forms of written laws and institutions, the true principle of political life, and immediately sets about destroying it?

As long as they existed, the religions of antiquity served as the basis of certain political forms; Pantheism as that of the Oriental castes, and Polytheism as that of the republics of Greece and Rome. In the case of Christianity something wholly new is beheld—a creed which, without allying itself exclusively with any political mould, is compatible with every known system of society. Since it is life itself, it distributes it to all who come in contact with it; to the feudal monarchies of the barbarians, to the citizen republics of Tuscany, to the senatorial republics of Venice and Genoa; to the Spanish Cortes; to pure, absolute, and limited monarchy; to tribes and clans; in one word, to every group of the human family: and this religious soul, distributed everywhere, penetrating into all forms, in order to develop and increase them, constitutes the organisation of the Christian world.

In the midst of all this, I perceive a strange circumstance which suddenly enlightens me as to the nature of the Order of Jesus. Situated in the midst of a monarchy, it undermines it in the name of democracy *; and on the other hand, it undermines democracy in the name of monarchy. Whatever it may have been at the commencement, it ends, strange to say, by being equally opposed to French royalty under Henry III., to the English aristocracy under James II., to the Venetian oligarchy, to Dutch liberty, to the Spanish, Russian, and

* Bellarmin, De Potestat. Summ. Pontif. c. v. p. 77.

Neapolitan autocracies. This is the cause why it has been expelled thirty-nine times by governments not only of different, but of antagonistic forms. A period always arrives when these governments feel convinced that the order is upon the point of stifling amongst them the very principle of existence; then, of whatever origin they may be, they repel it after having invited it. We shall presently see for the advantage of what theory the Society of Jesus, in the end, causes the death of every positive form of Constitution, of State, and of Political Organization.

In examining the spirit of the first political writers of the order, we perceive that they come forward at the epoch of the formation of the great monarchies of Europe, just at the moment when they were completed. The future of Spain, of France, of England, in the sixteenth century, belonged to royalty; the life of nations and of states was at that moment personified in it. The pulsations, the throbbings of life of the modern nations, on issuing from the middle age, are measured by royal authority. In the absence of other institutions, it represents at the end of the Revival the labours of times gone by,—unity, nationality, the nation; and it is against that power that the writers of the Society of Jesus declare themselves at the outset: they lower it, they desire to mutilate it, wherever it comprehends the principle of the initiative, and ventures to bear the banner.

But in the name of what idea do the Bellarmins, the Marianas, seek to ruin it?

Who would believe it? In the name of the sovereignty of the people. "Monarchies," say this school, "were beheld in dreams by Daniel, because they are nothing but unreal spectres, and possess nothing of reality, but a vain outward pomp." Unconscious of what theory they were letting loose, and believing that they were appealing only to a phantom, they invoked opinion and popular will to lower and depreciate the public power which separated them from domination. It is true that, after having fixed the universal will, *beneplacita multitudinis*, as the basis of monarchy, these great democrats of 1600 find no difficulty in reducing to nothing the authority of universal suffrage; so that, upsetting royalty through the people, and the people through the ecclesiastical authority, nothing remains at last but to concede every thing to their principle.

Thus, when all the parts were changed, and the writers of the order had prematurely made use of sovereignty to abolish sovereignty, what place of refuge do you think remained to those who wished to protect the civil and political law against theocracy? The school of the Society of Jesus threatened to kill liberty by liberty, even before it was born. To escape from this extraordinary trap, Sarpi and the Independents were compelled to advance the doctrine that political power, royal power existed by divine right; and that thus the state had a reason for its existence, as well as the papacy; that it could not be put down by it, since it possessed, like it, an indisputable foundation: that is to say, that by a disregard of all truth, and by a stratagem which threatened to destroy at its birth the idea of civil and political existence, the order appealed to the sovereignty of the people only for the purpose of destroying it, and the Politicians were constrained to appeal to divine right only for the purpose of saving it.

The question thus laid down, there remained only one decisive step for the theocratical party to take, and this was to push things as far even as the avowal of the doctrine of *regicide;* they did not shrink even from this necessity. No doubt, in the midst of the madness of the League, preachers of various orders were not wanting to welcome the doctrine. But what no one denies, is, that it was the Society of Jesus that first learnedly advocated it, and erected it into a theory. Their popular axiom of those times is well known; "A pawn only is required to check-mate a king!"

From 1590 to 1620 the most important doctors of the order, withdrawn from the struggle and peacefully shut up within the precincts of their convents, the Emanuel Sas, the Alphonso Salmerons, the Gregories of Valencia, the Anthony Santarems, positively establish the right of political assassination. Here, in two words, is the whole theory, which, during this period, was very uniform. Either the tyrant possesses the state by legitimate right, or he has usurped it. In the first case, he may be stripped of his power by a public judgment, after which every man becomes executioner at will; or else the tyrant is illegitimate, and then every man in the country can put him to death. *Unusquisque de populo potest occidere*, says Emanuel Sa in 1590; "It is allowable for every man to kill a tyrant, who is so substantially," says a German Jesuit, Adam Tanner, *tyrannus quoad substantiam;* "It is honourable to exterminate him," *exterminare gloriosum est*, observes another no less authoritative author:— Alphonso Salmeron invests the pope with the right of putting to death by a single word, provided he does not assist with his own hand, *potest verbo corporalem vitam auferre;* for in receiving the right of pasturing the sheep, has he not also received the right of destroying the wolves? *potestatem lupos interficiendi?* According to the theory of Bellarmin, the most wise, the most learned, the most moderate of all, at least in forms, it was not for monks, nor ecclesiastics, to commit massacres, *cædes facere*, nor to kill the king by stratagem; the custom* is first to admonish them in a fatherly manner, *paternè corripere;* then to excommunicate them; then to deprive them of royal power; after which their execution belongs to others. *Executio ad alios pertinet.*

There exists a celebrated work wherein these theories are expounded with an audacity which cannot fail to excite great astonishment, when we reflect for what readers it was intended. I speak of the *King's Book*, by Mariana. This work was written under the inspection of Philip II., for the instruction of his sons. Every where else Jesuitism takes secret paths; here it rises up with all the pride of a Spanish hidalgo. Since it feels that Spanish royalty is entwined in the meshes of theocracy, and as it speaks in the name of papa Rome, it feels itself permitted to say any thing Hence the strange freedom with which the civil authority is spurned, even if it make the slightest attempt to escape from a dependence to which it has given its assent!

In spite of the difference of character, the *king* of Mariana may be compared to the Machiavellian *prince*. Machiavel employs all vices, provided they are of a stern nature; he wishes to use them in favour of the independence of the state: Mariana

* Ipsorum mos est.

acknowledges every virtue, provided he can turn it to the destruction of the state and the advancement of the clergy. Will you believe, that in the name of these very virtues, he seeks to exact impunity for every crime which ecclesiastics may commit? And this is not a piece of advice, but a command. "Let no one belonging to the clergy be condemned*, even if he shall have deserved to be so." It is better that their crimes should go unpunished, *præstat scelera impunita relinqui*; this impunity being established, he concludes by requiring that the heads of the clergy should be, not only the heads of the church, but also of the state; and that civil, as well as religious matters, should be abandoned to their control. I confess, I like to discover in Mariana's Jesuitism, Castilian pride,—*If not, not;* who would have expected to find the formula of the frankness of the ancient *fueros* transported into the diplomacy of Loyola?

And after all these hard conditions which the theocratic spirit imposes on this ideal royalty, what sort of guarantee will it bestow? The guarantee of the dagger. After Mariana has bound royalty by theocratic power, he hangs over its brow the threat of assassination, and establishes thus, at the foot of the Papacy, an absolute monarchy, governed by the right of the dagger. Behold, how in the midst of the theory, he interrupts himself, in order to flash before the eyes of his royal pupil the still bloody knife of Jacques Clement. "Lately," he says, "a magnificent and memorable exploit † has been accomplished in France, for the instruction of impious princes. Clement, in killing the king, has created for himself a great name, *ingens sibi nomen fecit.* He perished (Clement), the everlasting glory of France (*æternum Galliæ decus*), according to the opinion of most persons—a young man of a simple mind and delicate frame, but a superior power nerved his arm and his soul ‡."

This example thus sanctified, in his turn he founds his doctrine of regicide with the firmness of a Machiavel. In ordinary cases, an assembly ought to be called in order to carry a decision; in the absence of that assembly, the public voice of the people, *publica vox populi*, or the advice of grave and erudite men §, ought to suffice. Above all, let it not be feared "that too many persons will abuse this privilege of wielding iron. Human affairs would proceed much better, if many strong-nerved men were found, *forti pectore*, who held their own safety lightly; the greater part will be withheld by their love for life."

In the path which Mariana followed with so much confidence, a scruple suddenly arrested him; What was it? He doubted whether it is permitted to use poison as well as steel. Here the casuistical distinctions from which, up to this moment, he had freed himself, re-appear. He will not use poison, from this purely Christian motive, that the prince, in drinking the medicament ‖ prepared for him, would unwittingly commit a half-suicide, a thing opposed to evangelical law. Nevertheless, since fraud and cunning are lawful, he discovers this loop-hole; that poisoning is permitted, so long as the prince does not poison himself; for instance, if a venom is made use of, subtle enough to kill, even by impregnating the substance of which the royal vesture is composed, *nimirum cum tanta vis est veneni, ut sellâ eo aut veste delibutâ vim interficiendi habeat.*

Now, recollect, that this book is no ordinary book; that it is written for the education of the future king of Spain! What depth, and what audacity! In the very court, under the pure gold of the Gospel, and the morality of Xenophon, to cause the point of the dagger to be felt by anticipation on the breast of the royal disciple; to present the threat at the same time as the instruction; to suspend the arm of the society over the child that is to reign; to attach the dagger of Jacques Clement to his crown! What a masterstroke, on the part of the Society of Jesus! What intrepid pride on the part of the teacher! And, for the pupil, what a warning, what sudden fear, what unappeasable terror! Do not be surprised if this youthful Philip III. lives as though his blood were stagnated in his veins; if he retires as much as possible from royalty; if he does not quit the solitude of the Escurial except to imitate the pilgrimage of Loyola. Since that day, half in terror, half in respect, the Spanish dynasty of the house of Austria vanished beneath that cold hand always raised against it. It resembles that of the commandant in *Don Juan.* King or people, it drags away past return whoever hold out their hands to it.

A young dauphin of Spain may well be excused for turning pale, when a man accustomed like Philip II. to every conspiracy, said, "The only Order of which I understand nothing, is the Order of the Jesuits." Would you like to have an opinion of them from a man pre-eminently courageous, to whom they had taught fear? There is the answer of Henry IV. to Sully, who was opposed to the recal of the Jesuits: the king confesses that he only throws open France to them because he is afraid of them. "Of necessity, I am compelled of two things to do one; viz. to barely and simply admit the Jesuits, to relieve them from the defamation and opprobrium by which they have been overwhelmed, and to put to the proof their fine oaths and excellent promises; or to reject them more decidedly than ever, and to persecute them with all the rigour and hardships possible to conceive, in order that they may never approach either me or my states; in which case, there cannot be a doubt that they would be thrown into the deepest despair, and consequently into designs upon my life, which would render me miserable and wretched, living ever in the fear of poisoning or assassination*; for these people have agents and correspondents everywhere, and the greatest dexterity in twisting minds as they please; I would rather be dead at once; agreeing on this point with Cæsar, that the sweetest death is that which is the least foreseen or expected †."

This avowed regicidal doctrine endured but for a time. It belonged to the period of enthusiasm which marked the first phases of the Order of

* Neminem ex sacrato ordine supplicio quamvis merito subjiciat.—*De Rege*, lib. i. cap. x. p. 88.

† Facinus memorabile, nobile, insigne.—*Ib.* l. i. c. vi.

‡ Sed major vis vires et animum confirmabat.—*Ib.* p. 54.

§ Viri eruditi et graves —*Ib.* c. vi. p. 60.

‖ Noxium medicamentum.—*Ib* l. i. c. vii. p. 67.

* In spite of these terrible words, will it be believed that our adversaries adduce the sympathies of Henry IV., in their own favour? According to them, these words are only an additional *grace* in the Bearnois. At this rate, if we are not their friends, we are evidently their partisans.

† Mémoires de Sully, t. v. p. 113.

Jesus. In 1614, the times having changed, the right of the poignard is replaced by a more profound institution, which, without killing the man, annihilates the king only. The confessor succeeds the regicide. Jacques Clement, Jean Châtel, De Barrière, no longer exist; but in their stead is seen something infinitely more terrible. Behind every king a member of the Society of Jesus treads, who, night and day, with the authority of infernal menaces, holds this soul in his hand, shatters it in spiritual exercises, brings it down to the level of the company; it renounces the creation of ministers, in order to set itself upon the throne beside the penitent. Royalty is not shattered at the foot of theocracy, but still more has been done; an intruding head has glided into the crown through the confessional, and the work is accomplished. For the business was not to pour into the ears of kings the living truth, but rather to disarm their conscience by filling it with a number of hatreds and interested rivalries; and nothing is so surprising as to see, in the midst of the life which springs up in modern society, so many princes, so many sovereigns, mechanically moved by that will which they borrow every day from those who profess to destroy the will.

Whenever a dynasty falls to decay, I perceive rising from the earth, and taking its stand like an evil genius behind, the figure of one of those solemn Jesuit confessors, who softly and paternally draws it towards death; Father Nithard behind the last inheritor of the Austrian dynasty in Spain, Father Auger behind the last of the Valois, Father Peters behind the last of the Stuarts; not to mention the times which you have witnessed, and which border on our own. Call to mind, however, the figure of Father Le Tellier in the Memoirs of St. Simon. He is the only one whom that fearless writer has pourtrayed with a shudder. What a lugubrious air, what a presentiment of death overspread all that society! I know, in fact, of nothing more terrible than the exchange made between those two men, Louis XIV. and Father Le Tellier, the king who every day gives up a portion of his moral life, and Father Le Tellier who infuses every day a portion of his leaven; that imposing wreck of a noble mind which no longer attempts a defence, that sustained intriguing ardour, which grasps every concession made by conscience; that rivalry between greatness and littleness, that triumph of littleness; and, finally, the soul of Father Le Tellier, which seems entirely to occupy the place of the soul of Louis XIV., and grasp the conscience of the kingdom; and in this inconceivable exchange, in which all is taken from one, and nothing given to the other, France, which no longer recognizes its aged king, and who, by his death, feels itself delivered at once from the double burden of the egotism of absolute power and the egotism of a political religion. What a warning! In spite of the difference between that time and ours, how necessary it is never to forget it! (*Applause.*)

Here we arrive at a decisive revolution in the political theories of Jesuitism. Never was there so prompt a change, or so audacious a manœuvre. We are entering on the eighteenth century; the doctrines which Jesuitism had sustained from its birth, cease to be a phantom; they assume a body, a reality in men's minds. Government of opinion, sovereignty of the people, freedom of popular election, right founded on the social contract, liberty, independence—all these things cease to be mere words; they circulate, they stir, they are developed during the whole century. In one word, they are no longer the theses of a college; they are realities.

In the presence of the doctrines by which they began, what are those intrepid republicans of the Order of Jesus about to do? To deny, to crush them, if they can. With that powerful instinct which they possess of arresting life in its very germ, they turn round and precipitate themselves against their own doctrines, as soon as these begin to exhibit life. Is not this the part they have played for a century and a half? Is there one of them, who, during all that interval, has not applied himself to destroy that force of opinion which the founders had put forth without knowing that the word would grow, and that the programme of the League would become a truth?

In the sixteenth century, who proclaims, even with the good will of Philip II., the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people, when it has no chance of being carried into effect? The Society of Jesus. In the eighteenth, who incessantly attacks the sovereignty of the people, when, ceasing to be an abstraction, it becomes an institution? The Society of Jesus. Who, in the eighteenth century, are the most abusive enemies of philosophy? Those who in the sixteenth laid down the same principles without desiring to make any other use of them than as a weapon of attack. Who are those who, in the eighteenth century, endeavour to strengthen with their doctrines the absolute and schismatic power of Catherine II. and of Frederick II.? Those who in the sixteenth, talked of nothing but overthrowing, of trampling under foot, of stabbing, in the name of the people, all absolute and schismatic powers: for we must not forget that when the Society of Jesus was abolished by the pope, it found a refuge against supreme authority in the bosom of the despotism of Catherine II. For a moment a strange league was observed, that of despotism, of atheism, of Jesuitism, against all the living power of opinion. From 1773 to 1814, in that interval when the Order of Jesus was by the Papacy supposed to be dead, it determined to live in spite of it, retired, so to speak, within the heart of the atheism of the Russian court; there it was found entire, the moment it was wanted.

If these are not sufficient contradictions, let us examine the documents which in our own days are the most imbued with its spirit. No one of our time has reproduced the new political maxims of the theocratic school with more authority than MM. De Bonald and De Maistre. Ask them what they think of election, of opinion, of the sovereignty of the people. That sovereignty, answers in the name of them all, their orator, M. De Maistre, is an *anti-christian* dogma; so much for orthodoxy. But to condemn what was once sanctified is not sufficient; it must also be buffeted with that affectation of insolence, peculiar to fallen aristocracies, when they have no longer any other weapons. Hence that sovereignty, so vaunted by the Bellarmins, the Marianas, the Emanuel Sas, is no longer for M. De Maistre, anything but a *philosophical cant**; *to derive it from the people, is to render it odious and*

* M. De Maistre, Le Pape, p. 152.

ridiculous *. Are these desertions enough? Arrived at this point, the evolution is completed. The weapon sharpened against monarchical institutions has been turned against popular institutions; and if, from all that goes before, anything evidently results, it is that after having desired in the sixteenth century to destroy royalty by the authority of the people, in the nineteenth an attempt has been made to ruin the people by the authority of kings. It is no longer the prince who is to be stabbed—What is it then? Public Opinion.

Thus the function of Jesuitism, in its relation with politics, has been to shatter, one through the other, monarchy by democracy, and so on reciprocally, until all these forms, being worn out or depreciated, nothing remains but to commit ourselves to the Constitution and the ideas inherent in the society of Loyola; and I cannot conceal my surprise that any persons of our own day allow themselves to be blinded by this semblance of democracy, without perceiving that the pretended *demagogy* of the League concealed nothing but a huge pitfall to entrap at once royalty and the nation. When Mariana and the doctors of that school have argued sufficiently to support royalty by democracy, they add, without being in the least disconcerted, these few words which overthrow the whole scaffolding: *Democracy is a perversion; democratio quæ perversio est.*

What then did the members of the Society of Jesus desire to attain by so many stratagems, and so much labour? What do they still desire? To destroy for destruction's sake? By no means. They desire, as is natural to every society, to every man, to realize the ideal which they have written in their law, to approach it by secret ways, if they cannot attain it openly. It is the condition of their nature, which they cannot renounce without ceasing to exist. The whole question is reduced into the discovery of what social form is necessarily derived from the spirit of the Society of Jesus. But to discover this plan, it is sufficient to open our eyes, since, with the audacity which they ally to stratagem, their great writers have accurately defined it—That ideal is theocracy.

Open the works of their theorist, of him who has so long protected them by his pleading, of that man who gives so soft and so moderate an expression to ideas so violent, of their doctor, their apostle, the sage Bellarmin. He does not conceal it; his formula of government is the submission of political power to ecclesiastical power. The privilege of escaping even in civil matters from the jurisdiction of the state † is reserved for the clergy. Political power is to be subordinate to religious authority, which can depose it, revoke it, enclose it, *like a ram separated from the flock*: it is again the privilege of the clergy to escape, even in temporal affairs, from common law, by the divine law; in one word, his theory is the unity of the State and the Church, on the condition that the one shall be subject to the other, as the body is to the soul,—a monarchy, a democracy, an aristocracy, no matter what, with the *veto of the pope*; that is to say, a decapitated state: such is the charter of the order drawn up by the pen of the wise Bellarmin.

* M. De Maistre, Le Pape, p. 159.

† Clericos a jurisdictione seculari exemplos non tantum in spiritualibus, sed etiam in temporalibus.—*De Potest. Summ. Pontif.* c. 34, p. 273, 281, 283, &c.

Who would have expected to meet, word for word, in the sixteenth century, as a contract of alliance, the Ultra-montanism of Gregory VII.? We are touching burning coals; that which is most cherished, most imperishable in the spirit of the founders of the order. Not satisfied with reproducing, in the very bosom of the Reformation, the religious dogma of the middle age, they strove at the same time to reproduce its political dogma.

In their anxiety to grasp every thing, they wished to restore to Papacy the ambition that she had herself laid aside; as though that sovereign power, which raises and deposes governments by a sort of social miracle, could be recomposed painfully by science, controversy, and effort! This power appears in action, but as soon as it is required to prove its right, it ceases to be. I know not that Gregory VII. made long treatises, to show the power he possessed of fulminating; but he did fulminate, by a letter, a word, a sign: kings bowed the head, the doctors were silent.

But to imagine that in order to ascend to this Sinai of the middle age, to collect the rays of light which proceeded from the brow of Hildebrand, and reached directly to the heart of the prostrated nations—to imagine that to bring about such miracles, all that was necessary was to heap reasoning upon reasoning, authority upon authority, wile upon wile; this is to take once again the letter for the life. The Society of Loyola assisted in maintaining Papacy on the throne of the middle age; and because its outward appearance remains the same, it cannot conceive how Papacy no longer exerts the authority which it possessed in the middle age: the Society of Jesus has restored to Papacy its material thunders, and it is astonished that Papacy does not terrify the world therewith, forgetting that in order to launch thunders against minds you must begin by awaking them.

This is the real misfortune of the order in its political system. Deceived by the material visions of Hildebrand, it pursues an impossible ideal. It agitates eternally, without coming to any result, and nevertheless is really unhappy, believe me, in spite of its pretended conquests; for it is fretting itself—for what? In order to inspire Papacy with a passion for authority, which that Papacy cannot, will not any longer conceive. It stirs, it wears itself out, and why? In order to regain a shred of that phantom of Gregory VII., which each century, each year, escapes more and more, and buries itself still further in the impenetrable past.

Indisputably, the union of the church and the state, of the spiritual and temporal, is a lofty idea. I will readily admit that the separation of one from the other is in itself a misfortune; but as it has happened in the sight of the whole world, and as we have not been able to hinder it, the greatest misfortune would be to deny it. When all the nations of the Christian family acknowledged in the middle age the authority of the same leader, the interference of the supreme authority in public affairs might have been a laudable undertaking. The dependence of European nations, under the same spiritual power, only established their reciprocal equality. Now, that half of them, by throwing off this yoke, have given themselves full swing, is it not evident what would be the situation of those who should accept it once more as it was in the past?

After the rupture of the sixteenth century, I defy any one to show me one nation in which the interference, even indirectly, of spiritual authority with temporal affairs, that is to say, Ultra-montanism, has not been a cause of ruin! Since when has France been all that she could become? Since Louis XIV., and the declaration of 1682, which distinctly proclaimed the independence of the state. On the other hand, what have you done with those nations who have remained the most faithful to your doctrines? What have you done with Italy? In the name of unity, you have divided it into fragments, and she cannot reunite herself. What have you done with Spain, Portugal, and South America? These nations have followed the impulse of theocracy; how have they been rewarded? By every appearance of death. What have you done with Poland? She, too, remained faithful. You have delivered her into the arms of schism.

Elsewhere, those nations which now are powerful, which possess at least all the signs of prosperity, those which aim at grand undertakings, those that are awake, that are expanding,—England, Russia, the United States,—are they Ultramontanists? According to you, scarcely are they Christian.

Whence comes so strange a reversal? Why does submission to spiritual authority every where bring along with it decay and ruin? Why have the nations who have followed that direction fallen into a state of irremediable stagnation? Is it not the very nature of the spirit to vivify instead of stagnating? Assuredly. Ought not the soul to command the body? Yes; doubtless. The doctrine of Ultra-montanism is, then, philosophically, theoretically, true? I consider it as correct. What is wanting in it then, that Providence refutes it in so striking a manner? Only one condition: for instance, if the order of things were reversed; if the spirit ceased to think, and abandoned its task to the body; if the letter were preserved, without preserving the reality; if the spiritual had allowed itself to be dispossessed of the spirit; if by a tremendous reversal of the order of things, there had for three centuries been more martyrs in political revolutions, than in ecclesiastical quarrels; more enthusiasm in the laity than in the clergy; more ardour in philosophy than in controversy; in one word, more soul in temporal than in spiritual matters;—it would result therefrom that one would have preserved the letter, while the other conquered the thing; but to take the lead of the world, it is not sufficient to say with the lips, "*Lord, Lord;*" to preserve power, these words should comprehend reality, inspiration, and life.

LECTURE THE SIXTH *.

PHILOSOPHY OF JESUITISM.—CONCLUSION.

We have now seen the Society of Jesus alternately struggling with the individual in the *Spiritual Exercises* of Loyola, with the political world in Ultramontanism, with foreign religions in their missions. To complete our examination of their doctrines, there remains to see them warring upon the human mind in philosophy, science, and theology. It was little to expedite to the ends of the world hardy messengers, to surprise a few hordes by means of a Gospel in disguise, to ruin monarchy by the people, and the people by monarchy; all these half-executed projects, which look so ambitious, wax pale before their resolve to remodel, from the foundation upwards, the education of all mankind.

The founders of the order were thoroughly cognizant of the instincts of their age. They were born in the midst of an excitement of innovation which dazzled every mind; an overflowing spirit of creation and of discovery was sweeping and hurrying on the whole world. In this general intoxication, as it were, of science, poetry, philosophy, men felt themselves precipitated towards an unknown future. How stay, suspend, freeze human thought in the midst of this mighty rush? There was but one means, and this the heads of the Order of Jesus attempted. It was, to make themselves the representatives of this onward tendency; to fall in with it, the better to stay it; to erect over the whole earth scientific establishments to fetter the wings of science; to allow the spirit an apparent movement, which should render all movement impossible; to waste it in incessant gymnastics; and, under false appearances of activity, to flatter curiosity, nip the genius of discovery in the bud, overlay knowledge with the dust of books; in a word, to make the restless mind of the sixteenth century turn in a sort of Ixion's wheel. Such was, from its outset, that great plan of education, followed up with so much prudence and such consummate art. Never was so much reason brought to bear in conspiracy against reason.

The Society of Jesus has been accused of persecuting Galileo. They did better than that, for they laboured with incomparable skill to render the appearance of another Galileo in all forthcoming time impossible, and to root the mania for discovery out of the mind of man. There stood before them that everlasting problem—the alliance between belief and knowledge, between religion and philosophy. If, like the mystics of the middle age, they had been contented with debasing the one and exalting the other, no doubt the age would have hearkened unto them. To do them justice, they sought, at least, to leave the two terms subsistent. But how did they resolve the problem of the alliance? By allowing reason to shine nominally; by granting it all the chances vanity can desire, all the externals of power, on the single condition of refusing it the use.

Hence, wheresoever the society establish themselves, whether in the midst of cities, or of the vast deserts of India or of America, they build, face to

* Delivered June 14th, 1843.

face, a church and a college: one house for belief, one house for knowledge. Is this not a proof of sovereign impartiality? Whatever recals, or satisfies the pride of human intellect, manuscripts, libraries, physical and astronomical instruments, all are collected, even in the depth of deserts; so as to tempt one to think here is a temple dedicated to human reason. Let us not, however, suffer ourselves to stop at those outward shows, but let us sound the very depths of the system, and consult the spirit which gives the clue to the whole establishment. The society, in rules destined to secresy, have themselves drawn up the constitution of knowledge under the title of *Ratio Studiorum*. One of the first injunctions which meets my eye is the following:—"No one, even in matters which cannot prejudice piety, to lay down a new question"— NEMO NOVAS INTRODUCAT QUÆSTIONES. What! when there is no danger to persons, to things, or even to ideas, to imprison oneself, from the beginning, in a circle of problems; never to look beyond; not to deduce from a conquered truth a new truth. Is not this burying the talent of the Gospel? No matter. The terms are explicit; the threat which accompanies them admits of no circumlocution—"Such as are of too liberal a cast of mind must be dismissed from teaching *." But, if it is forbidden to arouse the mind by new truths, surely all will be at liberty to debate questions already laid down, especially if they be as old as the world. No; this is not allowed. Let us explain.

I see long ordinances touching philosophy. I am curious to know what the philosophy of Jesuitism may be. I set about studying that portion of those ordinances which sums up the leading idea of all the rest; and what do I discover? A striking confirmation of every word I have advanced on the subject. Under the head of philosophy, one would expect to meet with the serious and vital questions of destiny, or, at least, with that sort of liberty which the middle age knew how to reconcile with the subtlety of scholasticism. You are mistaken. That which constitutes the chief feature of the *programme* is the subject that cannot be introduced into it; the skilful discarding of all great questions, so as to admit only the petty ones. You might guess for ever, and not hit upon the question first forbidden to be discussed in the philosophy of Jesuitism. It is prescribed that you are to think as little as possible of GOD, and never to speak of Him:—*Quæstiones de Deo prætereantur* † ! "The pupil is not to be detained with the consideration of Being more than *three or four days* ‡" (and the course of philosophy is to last three years). As to the study of Substance, it must be altogether shunned (*nihil dicant*, "the teacher must not touch on it")! Above all, the discussion of principles is to be excluded §. And, most especially, the teacher *must abstain* (*multò magis abstinendum*) from referring to the first cause, or to free-will, or to the eternal nature of God. "*Let them say nothing, let them do nothing* ‖" are sacramental words of constant recurrence, which constitute the whole spirit of this code of philosophy. Let them go on *without inquiry* (*non examinando*) is the fundamental principle of its theory.

* Hi a docendi munere sine dubio removendi.—*Rat. St.* p. 172.

† "Pass over all questions . . . relative to God."

‡ Adeò ut tridui vel quatridui circiter spatium non excedant.—*Rat. St.* p. 227.

§ Caveat ne ingrediatur disputationem . . . de principiis. —*Ib.* p. 227.

‖ Nihil dicant, nihil agant!

And so, once again, but more strikingly than on any other subject, the show instead of reality, the mask instead of the person. Fancy for a moment what must have been this pretended science of the mind, decapitated, void of the idea of cause, of substance, and even of God; in other words, denuded of all that constitutes its greatness! They betrayed their own opinion of it by this singular clause in their rules—"Whosoever is unapt at philosophy, may be turned over to the study of cases of conscience *;" though, to speak the truth, I am uncertain whether most contempt lurks in these words for philosophy, or for theological morality.

Yet, mark their consistency with themselves. From the commencement they were mistrustful of the spirit, of enthusiasm, of the soul; whence they were led to mistrust the principle, and the source of these three, that is, the idea of God. In the fear they ever entertained of real greatness, they could not fail to create an atheistical knowledge, an atheistical metaphysics, which, without a breath of life, possessed, nevertheless, all its outward signs. And hence, after the end and aim of knowledge have been lopped away, that pompous display of discussions, theses, of intellectual struggles, of word-combats, which characterize the education given by the Order of Jesus. The more they stripped reflection of its gravest topics, the more they allured to those intellectual exercises and tricks of fence which marked the nothingness of the discussion; so that they abounded in spectacles, solemnities †, academic tourneys, spiritual duels. It is hard to suppose that mind had no share in so many literary occupations, artificial rivalries, exchanges of written thought. Here was the miracle of the teaching of the Society of Jesus—to attach man to immense labour, which could produce nothing; to amuse him by smoke, to lure him from the path of glory, to render him immoveable at the very moment in which he was beguiled by all the appearances of literary and philosophical progress. If the Satanic genius of inertia had been bodily manifest on earth, this is the course it would have pursued.

Apply this method, for a moment, to any given people, among whom it may come to prevail—to Italy, to Spain, and weigh the result. Those nations, still animated by the daring of the sixteenth century, would infallibly have rejected death presented under its natural features. But how recognize death presenting itself in the shape of discussions, examination, subject of curiosity? And so, in a few years, in those cities renowned for art, poetry, policy—Florence, Ferrara, Seville, Salamanca, Venice,—new generations believe themselves to be walking in the living footsteps of their ancestors, because, in the hands of the Jesuits, they restlessly stir more, and intrigue *in vacuo*. If metaphysics be without God, it follows that art must be without inspiration, and is reduced to an exercise ‡, a play of the fancy §. They imagine themselves still to be of kindred to the poets, and to

* Inepti ad philosophiam ad casuum studia destinentur. —*Rat. St.* p. 172.

† Solemniorem disputationem.

‡ Exercitatio. V. Imago primi sæculi, p. 444, 460.

§ Ludus poeticus. V. *ib.*, p. 157, 444, 447, 706.

continue the lineage, if they expound Ezekiel in company with Catullus, and the *Spiritual Exercises* of Loyola side by side with Theocritus; and when they compose for spiritual meditation in the house of trial eclogues imitated word for word from Virgil's Thyrsis, from his Alexis and Corydon, *sitting alone on the sea-shore:* and these monstrous works, from whose insipidity * there is exhaled an odour as of a whitened sepulchre, but audaciously presented as a model of new art by the Society of Jesus, are precisely those that serve most to expose it.

They have believed that as art is only fiction, they could do as they pleased with her. But art has disconcerted all their calculations; and, having continued on the false principle on which they began, they have culminated to an extreme of ridiculousness and bad taste, such as all others may despair of attaining. Christianity begins her poetry by the hymn *Te Deum;* Jesuitism begins by the official eclogue of St. Ignatius, and of father Le Fèvre, *concealed under the persons* of Daphnis and of Lycidas—*S. Ignatius et primus ejus socius Petrus Faber, sub personâ Daphnidis et Lycidæ.* Now, this is not the poem of an individual; it is the representative of a class of poetry peculiar to the society, which they themselves put forward as a novelty, in their collective works. Here, I cannot refrain from remarking, that Jesuitism has evinced its ability in all other matters, and assumed all other masks; but the instant it endeavoured to appropriate poetry, that daughter of inspiration and of truth turned upon it, and, by surpassing ridicule, avenged philosophy, morality, religion, and good sense at one and the same time.

One step more, to come to our journey's end. From philosophy, let us for a moment elevate ourselves to theology; that is, to the relations of Jesuitism with the Christian world in the sixteenth century. The predominant question in the religious revolution, was a question of liberty. The Church was divided. What course will Jesuitism pursue between the Reformation and the Papacy? On this single point hangs its whole existence; and here it has far surpassed Machiavel in policy. The fundamental, throughout the whole of this century, is for each communion to pronounce for or against free-will. And for which, think you, will these men decide, who, in their inmost heart, have sworn to the bondage of the human mind? Unhesitatingly, openly, and officially, they preach liberty, and screen and array themselves under her banners. It cannot be too often repeated, that, in this struggle of the sixteenth century, they are the champions of free-will, the advocates of metaphysical independence. So readily, too, do they push this doctrine into exaggeration, that the religious orders which preserve the lively tradition of Catholicism, and especially the Dominicans, are scandalized. The Inquisition threatens them; the Popes themselves, unable to penetrate such depth of purpose, are on the point of condemning, but, whether through alarm or instinct, refrain, and allow matters to go on until the result gives the clue to a manœuvre, such as neither Papacy, nor Inquisition, nor the ancient orders, had ever been able to conceive.

And mark the advantage of the light Jesuitism had struck out, both upon the Reformation and the Papacy. By pushing the doctrine of free-will to its utmost consequences, it fell in with the independent instincts of the modern age; and, how forcible the appeal to the Protestants, when it invited them to inward independence, and to break the yoke of predestination and of fatalism! This was an all-powerful argument to use against the Protestants of France and Germany, who felt themselves held back by the very instinct which had impelled them to separation. Luther and Calvin had denied free-will. The disciples of Loyola, forcing their way through this breach, seized upon and recovered modern man by that very sentiment which circumstances have most developed within him. Confess that it was a master-stroke, to enslave the human mind in the name of liberty.

In all this, the religious policy of Jesuitism quadrates exactly with that of the first Roman emperors. Just as Augustus and Tiberius erected themselves into the representatives of all the ancient rights of the Republic, in order to crush them all, so did the Jesuits stand forth the representatives of the innate and metaphysical rights of the human mind, in order to reduce it to the most absolute bondage ever witnessed. Indeed, they have, as much as possible, realized the wish of the emperor, who longed for all mankind to have but one head; the difference being, that instead of striking it off, they have enslaved it.

Now, what will they do with this soul which they have just restored to its native independence—restore it to the Church? Undoubtedly. But to which; to the democratic Church of the early ages, or to the Church founded by the solemn representations of Councils, or to the Church, the Reformation of which was demanded by the whole fifteenth century? All depends, to arrive at a conclusion, on knowing the form which Jesuitism desires to predominate in the constitution of Catholicism. In the sixteenth century, there were three tendencies in Europe, and three modes of terminating the debate—to give the predominance to the Councils (which was to develop the democratic element), or, to the Papacy (which was to promote autocracy), or, finally, to limit one by the other, as had been done before. With these questions before them, what was the decision of these great champions of the *innate right of human liberty* *!"

Their doctrine, both in the Council of Trent and on all occasions, went to extirpate every element of liberty out of the Church; to humble to the dust the councils, those great representative assemblies of Christendom; to sap by the foundations the rights of the bishops, anciently elected by the people, and to leave nothing theologically subsistent but the pope; that is, to borrow the expressions of an illustrious French prelate of the sixteenth century, to found, not a monarchy, but, at one and the same time, a temporal and a spiritual tyranny. Do you detect, now, that long and wily course which startled even the Inquisition

* In one of these poems, of double meaning, *St. Ignatius, being struck by a stone, there flashes forth from within him, the fire of divine love*—"Percussus concipit ignes." *Ib.* p. 714. This solemn collection of characters and riddles, is entitled, *The Christian Parnassus, raised under the auspices of St. Ignatius*—Sti Ignatii auspicio adsurgens, p. 450.

* Jure innatæ libertatis humanæ. Molin. Comment. p. 761.

herself? They seize modern man in the name of liberty, and they at once plunge him, in the name of divine right, into irremediable bondage; for, says their orator, their general, Laynez, the Church is *born in bondage, and devoid of all liberty and all jurisdiction.* The pope alone is everything; the rest is only a shadow.

Thus, you see, one dash of the pen effaces that tradition of divine life which circulated throughout the body, that transmission of the right of the company of the Apostles unto the whole Christian community. Instead of that Gallican Church, which was linked unto others by one same community of sanctity, power, and liberty; instead of that vast foundation by which the nations were linked unto God in one sublime organization; instead of those provincial, national, general assemblies, which communicated of their own life to the head, and, reciprocally, drew from him part of their own life, what is there left in theory even in the Catholicism of the Society of Jesus? An old man raised, whilst he trembles, on the shield of the Vatican. In him all centres, all is absorbed. If he gives way, all topples down; if he totters, all goes wrong. After this, what becomes of that Church of France so magnificently eulogized by Bossuet? A breath is enough to scatter it in pieces.

The end is that, despite themselves, they communicate death to that which they wish to be eternal. For, in short, you can make no one believe that there is more appearance of life when vitality is confined to one member, than when it is diffused throughout the Christian universe. For fifteen centuries Christendom was submissive to the spiritual yoke of the Church, the image of the company of the Apostles. But this yoke did not content them; and they sought to bow down the whole world under the hand of one only master. On this point, I feel how inadequate my own words are, so borrow the language of another. They have sought (this is the accusation flung in their teeth by the bishop of Paris, in open council, at Trent) *to make the spouse of Jesus Christ a prostitute at the pleasure of man.* And this is what the Christian world will never forgive them. A frank, open war, might in time have been forgotten, or even maxims of false piety and stratagems of detail: but to take all at once possession of the human mind by ambuscade; to invite, beguile it in the name of inward independence, of free will, and to precipitate it, without a moment's grace, into everlasting bondage, is an attempt which rouses the simplest to indignation. And, as its aim is not one country only, but threatens all humanity, the reprobation is not confined to one people, but extends to all. There must have been a universal crime to account for a universal chastisement.

They have attempted to take the conscience of the world by surprise. When, in 1606, they were expelled from an eminently Catholic city, from Venice, this mildest people of the earth followed them in crowds to the sea-shore, with the parting cry, "Away! Ill betide you!" *Andate in malora!* This cry was re-echoed in the two following centuries: in Bohemia in 1618; at Naples and in the Low Countries in 1622; in India in 1623; in Russia in 1676; in Portugal in 1759; in Spain in 1767; in France in 1764; at Rome and throughout Christendom in 1773. In our days if men, thanks to God, more patient and enduring, say nothing, still, beware of awaking that great echo, whilst, from one end of Europe to the other, all things are still exclaiming, as on the shores of Venice, *Andate in malora!*

These are the observations I have to offer on the fundamental maxims of the Order of Jesus. I have confined myself to an exposition of its principles; and have shown how rigorously faithful the order has been to them in all times; how there were two individuals in the person of its founder—a hermit and a politician; and how this duality of piety and Machiavelism has been reproduced in all departments; in theology by Laynez and Bellarmin; in education by the pious Francis Borgia and the crafty Aquaviva; in the missions by St. Francis Xavier and by the apostates of China; and, to sum up all in one word, by the fusion of Spanish devotion with Italian policy.

We have combated Jesuitism in the spiritual order. This is not enough. Let us, still, all watch, lest it find its way into the temporal order.

Grievous is it assuredly, that it should have entered the Church; but it would be ruin were Jesuitism to insinuate itself into morals and into the state; for you need not be told that policy, philosophy, art, science, and letters have a Jesuitism of their own as well as religion. Everywhere it consists in one thing—the giving to appearances the signs of reality. What would a nation be, whose political condition were to present all the appearances of movement and of liberty—ingenious clockwork, assemblies, discussions, opposing doctrines and watchwords, and conflicting names of things, and yet, with all this outward "hurly-burly," it was constantly to revolve in the same circle? Would there not be cause to fear that all these outward shows and semblances of life would gradually accustom it to do without the essential characters of things?

What would a philosophy be that should seek at any cost to exalt its own orthodoxy? Would there not be cause for fear that, without attaining to the rigour of theology, it would lose the God within? What would art be, if it were to substitute a jargon of words for the spontaneous emotions of the mind? What, on such suppositions, would all these things be,—save the spirit of Jesuitism transferred into the temporal order?

I say not that these things are consummated; I say that they threaten the world. And what means have we of preventing them? The means are in you, in you who are full of a young life that stops not to calculate. Preserve those feelings in their freshness; for they are given you, not for yourselves, but to renew the world and bring it back again to youth. I know that all opinions are at the present day obnoxious to suspicion; but freeze not up your young spring of life by too many suspicions; and do not believe, that in this country of ours, men of heart will ever be wanting, resolved to go as far in their acts as they do in their thoughts. Must I tell you the sure means of contending with Jesuitism under all its forms? That means does not consist in my glozing from this chair and talking sentiments which every one can talk better than myself, or in your listening to me with kindness and attention. Words are of little use amidst the stratagems of the world around us. No; life, life is what is wanted: and, before we separate, we must here publicly undertake for each other to regulate

our-life on the maxims most opposed to those which I have described—that is, to persevere to the end, and in all things, in sincerity, truth, and liberty. In other words, we must promise to remain faithful to the genius of France, which is at once progress, elastic strength, honourable purpose; for it is by these signs that the foreigner knows you to be Frenchmen. If, on my side, I violate this oath, may each and all of you remind me I am forsworn wherever we meet!

But, I hear it objected, you speak of sincerity, yet your secret thought is that Christianity is at an end, and you say not a word of it. Declare at least, of all this medley of beliefs of our time, what sect you design to occupy its place.

I have not exaggerated my orthodoxy; nor do I wish to exaggerate the sectarian spirit attributed to me. Since the question is put, we will answer it aloud. We are of the communion of Descartes, of Turenne, of Latour d'Auvergne, of Napoleon; we are not of the religion of Louis XI.—of Catherine de Medicis, of Father Le Tellier, of M. de Maistre, or even of that of M. de Talleyrand.

So far, indeed, am I from believing Christianity at an end, that, on the contrary, I am persuaded its true spirit is only now beginning to be applied in the civil and political world. In the purely human point of view, a revelation does not terminate until it has transfused its whole soul into the living institutions of the nations; on this reasoning, the religion of Moses gives way to the new word, after it has interpenetrated the whole social fabric of the Hebrews, and moulded it in its own image. The same thing is true of Polytheism; its last hour is come, the instant it has thoroughly imbued with its spirit Greek and Roman antiquity.

This laid down, turn your eyes, not on the Pharisees of Christianity, but on the spirit of the Gospel. Who will dare assert that the Word is wholly incarnate in the world, is capable of no further transformation, no new realization, and that the source is dried up by having quenched the thirst of so many people and states? I look at the world, and see one half of it still under the Pagan law. Where are the equality, the brotherhood, the intimate union announced unto us? Perchance, in the written laws; but where will you find them in the heart and in life?

Christian humanity modelled herself, I grant, on the life of Jesus Christ. I grant, too, that I can discern, through the eighteen centuries that are past, modern humanity weeping and groaning in the naked manger of the middle age; and through numberless intellectual discords, the struggles of the Scribes and Pharisees, and the manifold poignant and national griefs of all countries—the imitation of the chalice of hyssop and vinegar held to the lips of the scourged nations. But is this all the Gospel? Is this the fellowship of brothers met together in one and the same spirit? Is this union, concord, heart-felt peace amongst all men—the aurora of the transfiguration after the night of the sepulchre? Is this Christ triumphant on the throne of the tribes? Are not all these things, too, part and parcel of the New Testament? Are we to give up all hope of unity, of the final triumph, as a vain promise? Are the sword and the cup of gall all that we are to receive of the Gospel? Who dares to say this, although there are many who think it?

To prepare men's souls for this unity, this promised oneness, is the true spirit in which the education of the modern man should be undertaken. The Society of Jesus could not utterly mistake this end in the system which they applied to all mankind; and here I award them all praise. The misfortune was, that, in order to lead the world to social unity, they began, as usual, by destroying life, by annihilating in men's souls the ties of family, country, humanity. You can scarcely find the three words mentioned in their constitutions and rules, even as regards laymen. All vibrates between the order and the papacy. Still, I acknowledge that this abstract education, whilst it shattered every social tie, conferred a certain negative independence, which serves to account for the kind of attraction it possessed. The pupils escaped from the, at that time, stern discipline of the paternal roof, from that of the state, and of the world. No fault could be found with them, so long as the Institution was content. The being that went forth finished from this education, was, strictly speaking, nor child, nor citizen, nor man; it was a Jesuit in a short coat *.

For my own part, I can understand no education to be real but that which, far from destroying the three homes of life—one's family, one's country, and all mankind, brings them all into it in their just proportion. That is real education when the child is reared, through these stages, into fulness of life; when his family, first of all, instil into him, by degrees, their cherished remembrances, those thoughts of the past which are deeply graven on the mother's heart; when these, his first ardent feelings, his youthful fires, are extended to his country, to France, which becomes to him a graver mother; when the state, taking him in its arms, makes a citizen of him, willing and capable, on the first signal, to rally round his country's banner; when, developing still more this all-living love, he ends by enfolding humanity and all past ages in a religious embrace; when, at each of these stages, he feels the hand of God rekindling his young soul. This is a road towards unity, which is not an abstraction, but each step in which is marked by reality, and responded to by the quick beating of the heart. This is not formula; it is life itself.

The greatest pleasure we could do our adversaries, would be, whilst opposing Christian Pharisaism, to throw ourselves back upon absolute scepticism: no, nor upon Jesuitism nor Voltairianism; let us seek the star of France elsewhere.

I began this course last winter, by warning my hearers against indulging in the slumbers of the mind, induced by material enjoyments. I must conclude it by a like warning. It is on you that we must calculate the future of France. Remember that your country will one day be whatever you in your hearts are at that moment. You, who are on the eve of leaving in order to betake yourselves to different careers, public or private; you who will to-morrow be orators, writers, magistrates, or greater; you whom I am now addressing for the last time, perhaps, if ever I have chanced to awaken one instinct within you, one bright vision

* ("*Un Jésuite en robe courte;*" that is, one of those incorporated members who do not avow their connection with the Society, but have a dispensation to mix in the world.)—TRANSLATOR.

to be realized in a future day, do not ye, I beseech you, hereafter consider these to be mere dreams, youthful illusions, to be denied the moment they can be applied, that is, the moment interest begins to interfere. Neither deny, for yourselves, your own hopes. Belie not your best thoughts, those born within you, under God's own eye, when, far removed from the unholy desires of the world, unknown, poor perhaps, you stood alone in the presence of heaven and earth. Raise, beforehand, round yourselves, a wall which corruption cannot overleap ; for the instant you quit these precincts, corruption waits to seize you as her prey.

Above all, watch ! However slightly souls may slumber in indifference, there are, as you have seen, on every hand, messengers of death, who come and go through subterranean passages. To have gained a title to rest, it is not enough to have laboured for three days, even under a July sun. You must fight still, not in the open streets, but within the depths of your souls, wherever fate shall cast you. You must fight by heart and by thought to recover the victory, and to gather its full triumph and fruition.

What remains to add ? One thing, which I deem of high importance. By the diversify of schools here at your command, you are the favourites of science and learning, as well as of fortune. All is thrown open to you, all smiles. Amongst the numerous objects offered to human curiosity, you can choose that to which your inward vocation summons you. You possess, waiting on your desire, all the delights as well as all the advantages of knowledge. But whilst you are thus giving yourselves up to enjoyment, and generously sowing in your minds germs of thought that will one day spring up and blossom, and bear fruit, how many spirits are there not, as young as you, as devoured by the thirst of knowing all things, but constrained by ill-fortune to devour themselves in secret, and often to waste away in famine of the intellect, as well as famine of the body ! One word, would, perhaps, have been enough to have revealed to them their vocation ; but that word they will never hear. How many long to come and share with you the bread of knowledge, but cannot ! As ardent as you for good, they have enough to do to gain their daily bread ; and they are not the smaller number, but the greater.

If this be so, I tell you, that whatever station of life be yours, you are the lieges of those men, and are bound to turn to their profit, honour, advancement, and dignity, all the lights you have acquired under a happier star. I tell you that you belong to a multitude of unknown brothers, and that you have contracted here unto them a debt of honour —and this is, to defend, every where, their rights, their moral existence, to make clear for them, as far as possible, the path to knowledge and to future eminence and happiness, which has been thrown open to you without your having been obliged even to knock at the gate.

Share, then, multiply the bread of the soul. 'Tis an obligation you have contracted both with knowledge and with religion ; for it is certain that there is a religious knowledge, and an irreligious knowledge. The first, like the Gospel, scatters and diffuses abroad all it possesseth ; the second, unlike the Gospel, fears to disburse and waste its privileges, fears to make too many the sharers in rights, life, and power : it raises the proud, abases the humble, enriches the rich, impoverishes the poor. 'Tis an impious knowledge, and we will none on't.

A word, and I have done. This struggle, which, perhaps, after all, is now only begun, has been good for all ; and I thank Heaven for having allowed me to bear a share in it. It offers a salutary lesson to those who can read it. Men's minds were supposed to be divided, lukewarm ; and the moment to be propitious for daring all. The danger is only required to be made evident : the spark once struck, we are banded together as one man. The feeling on this question would be the feeling evidenced to-morrow by all France, on any question that brought the peril home to the heart. Let them not stir too much, then, what they call our ashes. Under these ashes still lives a sacred fire.

THE END.

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